

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1914

POPULAR EDUCATION

BY AGNES REPPLIER

THIS is so emphatically the children's age that a good many of us are beginning to thank God we were not born in it. The little girl who said she wished she had lived in the time of Charles the Second, because then 'education was much neglected,' wins our sympathy and esteem. It is a doubtful privilege to have the attention of the civilized world focused upon us both before and after birth. At the First International Eugenics Congress, held in London in the summer of 1912, an Italian delegate made the somewhat discouraging statement that the children of very young parents are more prone than others to theft; that the children of middle-aged parents are apt to be of good conduct but of low intelligence; and that the children of elderly parents are, as a rule, intelligent, but badly behaved. It seems to be a trifle hard to bring the right kind of a child into the world. Twenty-seven is, in this eugenist's opinion, the best age for parentage; but how bend all the complicated conditions of life to meet an arbitrary date; and how remain twenty-seven long enough to insure satisfactory results? The vast majority of babies will have to put up with being born when their time comes, and make the best of it. This is the first, but by no means the worst, dis-

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advantage of compulsory birth; and compulsory birth is the original evil which scientists and philanthropists are equally powerless to avert.

If parents do not know by this time how to bring up their children, it is not for lack of instruction. A few generations ago Solomon was the only writer on child-study who enjoyed any vogue. Now his precepts, the acrid fruits of experience, have been superseded by more genial, but more importunate counsel. Begirt by well-wishers, hemmed in on every side by experts who speak of 'child-material' as if it were raw silk or wood-pulp, how can a little boy born in this enlightened age dodge the educational influences which surround him? It is hard to be dealt with as 'child-material' when one is only an ordinary little boy. To be sure, 'child-material' is never thrashed as little boys were wont to be, it is not required to do what it is told, it enjoys rights and privileges of a very sacred and exalted character; but on the other hand it is never let alone, and to be let alone is sometimes worth all the ministrations of men and angels. The helpless, inarticulate reticence of a child is not an obstacle to be overcome, but a barrier which protects the citadel of childhood from assault.

We can break down this barrier in

our zeal, and if the child will not speak, we can at least compel him to listen. He is powerless to evade any revelations we choose to make, any facts or theories we choose to elucidate. We can teach him sex-hygiene when he is still young enough to believe that rabbits lay eggs. We can turn his work into play, and his play into work, keeping well in mind the educational value of his unconscious activities, and by careful oversight pervert a game of tag into a preparation for the business of life. We can amuse and interest him until he is powerless to amuse and interest himself. We can experiment with him according to the dictates of hundreds of rival authorities. He is in a measure at our mercy, though nature fights hard for him, safeguarding him with ignorance of our mode of thought, and indifference to our point of view. The opinions of twelve-year-old Bobby Smith are of more moment to ten-year-old Tommy Jones than are the opinions of Dr. and Mrs. Jones, albeit Dr. Jones is a professor of psychology, and Mrs. Jones the chairman of a mother's congress. The supreme value of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's much-quoted 'Lantern Bearers' lies in its incisive and sympathetic insistence upon the aloofness of the child's world, — an admittedly imperfect world which we are burning to amend, but which closed its doors upon us forever when we grew into knowledge and reason.

My own childhood lies very far away. It occurred in what I cannot help thinking a blissful period of intermission. The educational theories of the Edgeworths (evolved soberly from the educational excesses of Rousseau) had been found a trifle onerous. Parents had not the time to instruct and admonish their children all day long. As a consequence, we enjoyed a little wholesome neglect, and made the most of it. The new era of child-study

and mothers' congresses lay darkling in the future. 'Symbolic education,' 'symbolic play,' were phrases all unknown. The 'revolutionary discoveries' of Karl Groos had not yet overshadowed the innocent diversions of infancy. Nobody drew scientific deductions from jackstones, or balls, or gracehoops, save only when we assailed the wealth of nations by breaking a window-pane. Nobody endeavored to make of 'Puss-in-the-Corner' or 'London Gates' 'a sort of Ariadne clew to the labyrinth of experience,' enabling us 'to master, instead of being mastered by, the infinitude of particular objects and events.' The profundity of such a purpose linked to the triviality of such a pastime would have puzzled our parents as much as it now puzzles me. Nobody was even aware that the impulses which sent us speeding and kicking up our heels like young colts were 'vestigial organs of the soul.' Dr. G. Stanley Hall had not yet invented this happy phrase to elucidate the simplicities of play. How we grasped our 'objective relationship' to our mothers without the help of bird's-nest games, I do not know. Perhaps, in the general absence of experimentation, we had more time in which to solve the artless problems of our lives. Psychologists in those days were frankly indifferent to us. They had yet to discover our enormous value in the realms of conjectural thought.

The education of my childhood was embryonic. The education of to-day is exhaustive. The fact that the school-child of to-day does not seem to know any more than we knew in the dark ages is a side issue with which I have no concern. But as I look back, I can now see plainly that the few things little girls learned were admirably adapted for one purpose, to make us parts of a whole, which whole was the family. I do not mean that there was

any expression to this effect. 'Training for maternity' was an unused phrase, and the short views of life, more common then than now, would have robbed it of its savor. 'Training for citizenship' had, so far as we were concerned, no meaning whatsoever. A little girl was a little girl, not the future mother of the race, or the future savior of the Republic. One thing at a time. Therefore no deep significance was attached to our possession of a doll, no concern was evinced over our future handling of a vote. If we were taught to read aloud with correctness and expression, to write notes with propriety and grace, and to play backgammon and whist as well as our intelligence permitted, it was in order that we should practice these admirable accomplishments for the benefit of the families of which we were useful and occasionally ornamental features.

And what advantage accrued to *us* from an education so narrowed, so illiberal, so manifestly unconcerned with great social and national issues? Well, let us admit that it had at least the qualities of its defects. It was not called training for character, but it was admittedly training for behavior, and the foundations of character are the acquired habits of youth. 'Habit,' said the Duke of Wellington, 'is ten times nature.' There was precision in the simple belief that the child was strengthened mentally by mastering its lessons, and morally by mastering its inclinations. Therefore the old-time teacher sought to spur the pupil on to keen and combative effort, rather than to beguile him into knowledge with cunning games and lantern slides. Therefore the old-time parent set a high value on self-discipline and self-control. A happy childhood did not necessarily mean a childhood free from proudly accepted responsibility. There are few things in life so dear to girl or

boy as the chance to turn to good account the splendid self-confidence of youth.

If Saint Augustine, who was punished when he was a little lad because he loved to play (and playing, he observes, is the business of childhood), could see the glorification of play in twentieth-century schoolrooms, he might enjoy the spectacle, and question the results. Nothing is too profound, nothing too subtle, to be evolved from a game or a toy. We are gravely told that 'the doll with its immense educational power should be carefully introduced into the schools,' and that a ball, tossed to the accompaniment of a song insultingly banal, will enable a child 'to hold fast one high purpose amid all the vicissitudes of time and place.' And when boys and girls outgrow these simple sports, other and more glorious pastimes await them; pastimes which will teach them all they need to know, without effort and without exaction. Listen to Judge Lindsey's glowing description of the schoolroom of the future, where moving pictures will take the place of books and blackboards, where no free child will be 'chained to a desk' (painful phrase!), and where 'progressive educators' will make merry with their pupils all the happy day.

'Mr. Edison is coming to the rescue of Tony,' says Judge Lindsey. (Tony, by-the-way, is a boy who does not like school as it is at present organized.) 'He will take him away from me, and put him in a school that is not a school at all, but just one big game, — just one round of joy, of play, of gladness, of knowledge, of sunshine, warming the cells in Tony's head until they all open up as the flowers do. There will be something moving, something doing at that school all the time, just as there is when Tony goes down to the tracks to see the engines.

'When I tell him about it, Tony shouts "Hooray for Mr. Edison!" right in front of the battery, just as he used to say "to hell wid de cop."'

Now this is an interesting exposition of the purely sentimental view of education. We have been leading up to it for years, ever since Froebel uttered his famous, 'Come, let us live with our children!' and here it is set down in black and white by a man who has the welfare of the young deeply at heart. Judge Lindsey sympathizes with Tony's distaste for study. He points out to us that it is hard for a boy who is 'the leader of a gang' to be laughed at by less enterprising children because he cannot cipher. Yet to some of us it does not seem altogether amiss that Tony should be brought to understand the existence of other standards than those of hoodlumism. Cipherying is dull work (so, at least, I have always found it), and difficult work too; but it is hardly fair to brand it as ignoble. Compared with stealing brass from a freight-car, which is Tony's alternative for school attendance, it even has a dignity of its own; and the perception of this fact may be a salutary if mortifying lesson. Judge Lindsey's picturesque likening of our antiquated school system, which compels children to sit at desks, with the antiquated Chinese custom which bound little girls' feet, lacks discernment. The underlying motives are, in these instances, measurably different, the processes are dissimilar, the results have points of variance.

Nobody doubts that all our Tonys, rich and poor, lawless and law-abiding, would much prefer a school that is not a school at all, 'but just one big game'; nobody doubts that a great deal of desultory information may be acquired from films. But desultory information is not, and never can be, a substitute for education, and habits

of play cannot be trusted to develop habits of work. Our efforts to protect the child from doing what he does not want to do, because he does not want to do it, are kind, but singularly unintelligent. Life is not a vapid thing. 'The world,' says Emerson, 'is a proud place, peopled with men of positive quality.' No pleasure it can give, from the time we are seven until the time we are seventy, is comparable to the pleasure of achievement.

Dr. Münsterberg, observing with dismay the 'pedagogical unrest' which pervades our communities, expresses a naïve surprise that so much sound advice and so much sound instruction should leave the teacher uninspired and unelated. 'The pile of interesting facts which the sciences heap up for the teacher's use grows larger and larger, but the teacher seems to stare at it with growing hopelessness.'

I should think so. A pile of heterogeneous facts — segments of segments of subjects — reduces any sane teacher to hopelessness, because he, at least, is well aware that his pupils cannot possibly absorb or digest a tithe of the material already pressed upon their acceptance. Experience has taught him something which his counsellors never learn, — the need of limit, the 'feasibility of performance.' Hear what one teacher, both sane and experienced, has to say concerning the riot of facts and theories, of art and nature, of science and sentiment, which the school is expected to reduce into an orderly, consistent, and practical system of education.

'It is not enough that the child should be taught to handle skillfully the tools of all learning, — reading, writing, and arithmetic: his sense of form and his æsthetic nature must be developed by drawing; his hand must be trained by manual work; his musical nature must be awakened by song;

he must be brought into harmony with his external environment by means of nature lessons and the study of science; his patriotic impulses must be roused by the study of American history and by flag-drills; temperance must be instilled into him by lessons in physiology, with special reference to the effects of alcohol on the human system; his imagination must be cultivated with the help of Greek and Norse mythology; he must gain some knowledge of the great heroes and events of general history; he must acquire a love for and an appreciation of the best literature through the plentiful reading of masterpieces, while at the same time his mind should be stocked with choice gems of prose and verse which will be a solace to him throughout his later life; it might be well if, by displacing a little arithmetic or geography he could gain some knowledge of the elements of Latin or of a modern language; in some manner there must be roused in him a love for trees, a respect for birds, an antipathy to cigarettes, and an ambition for clean streets; and somewhere, somewhere in this mad chaos he must learn to spell! Do you wonder that teachers in progressive schools confide to us that they fear their pupils are slightly bewildered? Do you wonder that pupils do not gain the habit and the power of concentrated, consecutive work?¹

And this irrational, irrelevant medley, this educational vaudeville, must be absorbed unconsciously by children roused to interest by the sustained enthusiasm of their teachers, whom may Heaven help! If the programme is not full enough, it can be varied by lectures on sex-hygiene, lessons in wood-craft (with reference to boy scouts), and pictures illustrating the domestic habits of the house-fly. These, with plenty

of gymnastics, and a little barefoot dancing for girls, may bring a school measurably near the ideal proposed by Judge Lindsey, — a place where 'there is something moving, something doing all the time,' and which finds its closest counterpart in the rushing of engines on their tracks.

The theory that school work must appeal to a child's fluctuating tastes, must attract a child's involuntary attention, does grievous wrong to the rising generation; yet it is upheld in high places, and forms the subject-matter of many addresses vouchsafed year after year to long-suffering teachers. They should bring to bear the 'energizing force of interest,' they should magnetize their pupils into work. Even Dr. Eliot reminds them with just a hint of reproach that if a child is interested, he will not be disorderly, and this reiterated statement appears to be the crux of the whole difficult situation. Let us boldly suppose that a child is not interested, — and he may conceivably weary even of films, — is it then optional with him to be or not to be disorderly, and what is the effect of his disorder on other children whose tastes may differ from his own?

The Right Reverend Mandell Creighton, who appears to have made more addresses to the teachers of England than any other ecclesiastic of his day, repeatedly warned them that they should not attempt to teach any subject without first making clear to children why this subject should command attention. If they failed to do this, added the bishop triumphantly, the children would not attend. He was of the opinion that little pupils must not only be rationally convinced that what they are asked to do is worth their doing, but that they must enjoy every step of their progress. A teacher who could not make a child feel that it is

¹ *The Existing Relations between School and College*, by Wilson Farrand.

'just as agreeable' to be in school as at play, had not begun his, or her, pedagogical career.

This is a hard saying and a false one. Every normal child prefers play to work, and the precise value of work lies in its call for renunciation. Nor has any knowledge ever been acquired and retained without effort. What heroic pains were taken by Montaigne's father to spare his little son the harsh tasks of the schoolboy! At what trouble and cost to the household was the child taught 'the pure Latin tongue' in infancy, 'without bookes, rules, or grammar, without whipping or whining'! Greek was also imparted to him in kindly fashion 'by way of sport and recreation.' 'We did tosse our declinations and conjugations to and fro, as they doe, who by means of a certaine game at tables learne both Arithmeticke and Geometrie.' Assuredly the elder Montaigne was a man born out of date. In our happier age he would have been a great and honored upholder of educational novelties, experimenting with the schoolrooms of the world. In the sixteenth century he was only a country gentleman experimenting with his son, — a son who bluntly confesses that of the Greek thus pleasantly trifled with, he had 'but small understanding,' and that the Latin which had been his mother tongue was speedily 'corrupted by discontinuance.'

All the boy gained by the most elaborate system ever devised for the saving of labor was that he 'overskipped' the lower forms in school. What he lost was the habit of mastering his 'prescript lessons,' which he seems to have disliked as heartily as any student of Guienne. Neither loss nor gain mattered much to a man of original parts. The principal result of his father's scheme was the lingering of certain Latin words among the simple

folk of Perigord, who, having painfully acquired these strange terms in order to rescue their little master from his schoolbooks, retained and made use of them all their lives.

An emphatic note of protest against our well-meant but enfeebling educational methods was struck by Professor William James in his *Talks to Teachers*, published in 1899. The phrase 'Economy of Effort,' so dear to the kindly hearts of Froebel's followers, had no meaning for Dr. James. The ingenious system by which the child's tasks, as well as the child's responsibilities, are shifted to the shoulders of the teacher, made no appeal to his incisive intelligence. He stoutly asserted that effort is oxygen to the lungs of youth, and that it is sheer nonsense to suppose that every step of education can possibly be made interesting. The child, like the man, must meet his difficulties, and master them. There is no lesson worth learning, no game worth playing, which does not call for endeavor. Rousseau, it will be remembered, would not permit Émile to know what rivalry meant. That harassed child never even ran a race, lest the base spirit of competition should penetrate his nerveless little being. But Professor James, deaf to social sentimentalities, averred that rivalry is the spur of action, and the impelling force of civilization. 'There is a noble and generous kind of rivalry as well as a spiteful and greedy kind,' he wrote truthfully, 'and the noble and generous form is particularly common in childhood. All games owe the zest which they bring with them to the fact that they are rooted in the emulous passion, yet they are the chief means of training in fairness and magnanimity.'

I am aware that it is a dangerous thing to call kindness sentimental; but our feeling that children have a right to happiness, and our sincere effort to

protect them from any approach to pain, have led imperceptibly to the elimination from their lives of many strength-giving influences. A recent volume on *Child Culture* (a phrase every whit as reprehensible as 'child-material') speaks always of naughty children as 'patients,' implying that their unfortunate condition is involuntary, and must be cured from without, not from within. The 'rights of children' include the doubtful privilege of freedom from restraint, and the doubtful boon of shelter from obligation. It seems sweeter and kinder to teach a child high principles and steadfastness of purpose by means of symbolic games than by any open exaction. Unconscious obedience, like indirect taxation, is supposed to be paid without strain. Our feverish fear lest we offend against the helplessness of childhood, our feverish concern lest it should be denied its full measure of content, drive us, burdened as we are with good intentions, past the borderline of wisdom. If we were

Less winning soft, less amiably mild,

we might see more clearly the value of standards.

Last winter I had sent me several numbers of a Los Angeles newspaper. They contained a spirited and sympathetic account of a woman who had been arrested for stealing a child's outfit, and who pleaded in court that she wanted the garments for her daughter, the little girl having refused to go to school, because other children had laughed at her shabby clothes. The effect of this pathetic disclosure was instantaneous and overwhelming. The woman was released, and kind-hearted people hastened to send 'nicey' frocks by the 'wagonload' to the ill-used child. A picture of the heroic mother in a large plumed hat, and another of little Ellen in curls

and hair-ribbons occupied prominent places in the paper. The public mind was set at rest concerning the quality of the goods donated. 'Ellen is going to school to-day,' wrote the jubilant reporter. 'She is going to wear a fluffy new dress with lace and hair-ribbons to match. And if any rude boy so far forgets himself as to tear that wondrous creation, there will be others at home to replace it. Happy, oh, so happy was the little miss, as she shook her curls over the dainty dress to-day. And the mother? Well, a faith in the inherent goodness of mankind has been rekindled in her bosom.'

Now the interesting thing about this journalistic eloquence, and the public sentiment it represented, is that while shabbiness was admittedly a burden too heavy for a child to bear, theft carried with it no shadow of disgrace. Children might jeer at a little girl in a worn frock, but a little girl in 'lace and hair-ribbons' was manifestly above reproach. Her mother's transgression had covered her with glory, not with shame. There seems to be some confusion of standards in such a verdict, some deviation from the paths of rectitude and honor. It is hard for a child to be more poorly dressed than her companions; but to convince her that dishonesty is the best policy and brings its own reward, is but a dubious kindness. Nor is it impossible so to stiffen her moral fibre that her poor dress may be worn, if not with pride, at least with sturdy self-control.

On this point I know whereof I speak, for when I was a little girl, my convent school sheltered a number of Southern children, reduced to poverty by the Civil War, and educated (though of this no one was aware) by the boundless charity of the nuns. These children were shabby, with a pathetic shabbiness which fell far below our very moderate requirements. Their

dressess (in my prehistoric days school uniforms were worn only on Thursdays and Sundays) were strangely antiquated, as though cut down from the garments of mothers and grandmothers, their shoes were stuffed, their hats were hopeless. But the unquenchable pride with which they bore themselves invested such hardships with distinction. Their poverty was the honorable outcome of war, and this fact, added to their simple and sincere conviction that a girl born below the Mason and Dixon line must necessarily be better than a girl born above it, carried them unscathed through the valley of humiliation. Looking back now with an unbiased mind, I am disposed to consider their claim to superiority unfounded; but at the time their single-mindedness carried conviction. The standards they imposed were preëminently false, but they were less ignoble than the standards imposed by wealth. No little girl or boy born in these peaceful years can know what it means to have the character set in childhood by history, by the vividness of early days lived under strange and violent conditions, by the sufferings, the triumphs, the high and sad emotions of war.

There is a story told by Sir Francis Doyle which illustrates, after the rude fashion of our forebears, the value of endurance as an element of education. Dr. Keate, the terrible head-master of Eton, encountered one winter morning a small boy crying miserably, and

asked him what was the matter. The child replied that he was cold. 'Cold!' roared Keate. 'You must put up with cold, sir! You are not at a girls' school.'

It is a horrid anecdote, and I am kind-hearted enough to wish that Dr. Keate, who was not without his genial moods, had taken the lad to some generous fire (presuming such a thing was to be found), and had warmed his frozen hands and feet. But it so chanced that in that little sniveling boy there lurked a spark of pride and a spark of fun, and both ignited at the rough touch of the master. He probably stopped crying, and he certainly remembered the sharp appeal to manhood; for fifteen years later, with the 3d Dragoons, he charged at the strongly entrenched Sikhs (thirty thousand of the best fighting men of the Khalsa) on the curving banks of the Sutlej. And as the word was given, he turned to his superior officer, a fellow Etonian, who was scanning the stout walls and the belching guns. 'As old Keate would say, this is no girls' school,' he chuckled; and rode to his death on the battlefield of Sobraon, which gave Lahore to England.

Contemplating which incident, and many like it, a distinguished American educator remarked that the direct product of English public schools is a little indifferent Latin verse; the by-products are the young men who run the Indian Empire.

MUCH ADO ABOUT WOMEN

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

WHEN one or another eminent suffragist has turned up in the divorce court, people have been used to think of it as somehow prejudicial to the suffrage cause. The same thought has occurred to them when they have seen or heard of the breaking-up of families, the separation of man and wife and the distribution of the children to relatives or institutions, even without divorce. When that kind of occurrence seemed to be a result of zeal on the part of the wife and mother for the independent and untrammelled life for women, they have put it down as an evidence of failure. But it begins to suggest itself that perhaps they have been making a mistake, and that possibly these social and domestic catastrophes ought to be rated as evidences of success. For they certainly look like evidences of rebellion, and it seems that rebellion, a universal rebellion of all the women, is what the sincere Feminists want and are practicing to bring to pass.

That is what Mr. George told us in his paper on 'Feminist Intentions' in the December number of this magazine. He calls the Feminists 'promoters of sex-war,' and thinks they ought to own up to their true dispositions. He distinguishes sharply between Suffragists and Feminists, disclosing that the Suffragists are only half-way fighters in the war for women's rights, 'content to attain immediate ends,' whereas the Feminists want to change the whole attitude of mankind, as they see it, toward women.

Lord Haldane, in his address the

other day before the American Bar Association, talked about a thing for which he said we have no name, but which the Germans call 'Sittlichkeit.' It is that, he said, which really counts, far more than stated laws, in regulating the relations of human beings, and he defined it as 'the system of habitual or customary conduct, ethical rather than legal, which embraces all those obligations of the citizen which it is "bad form" or "not the thing" to disregard.' 'It is the instinctive sense,' he said, 'of what to do and what not to do in daily life and behavior, that is the source of liberty and ease. And it is this instinctive sense of obligation that is the chief foundation of society.'

It is the 'Sittlichkeit' that Mr. George's Feminists want to change. 'The Suffragists,' he says, 'wish to alter the law, the Feminists wish to alter also the conventions.' But, as a first step, they too think it necessary to alter the laws, and to that end they seek to employ sex-strikes and sex-wars; to get the vote and then band all the women together to such ends as the opening of every occupation to women and the leveling of the wages of women and men. They argue that women are what they are, and know what they know, and behave as they behave, and are paid what they receive, not because they were created so, but because they have never had a fair chance to be otherwise. They propose that woman shall have a fair chance; that she shall have a full, even share of all the education, all the power, all the

good employments, and all the money that is in process of distribution.

To some minds, that may sound ambitious, but it is only what any good and really earnest father wants for his daughters. The habits of a lifetime, which began a generation or more ago, the habit of being a source of maintenance and the need of keeping in hand the means of maintenance, the habit of power and of keeping hold of the sources of power, may make him less than fair perhaps in dividing his acquisitions with his wife; but when it comes to the daughters whom he is going to leave in the world when he quits it, he is all for securing to them as far as he can a full share of all that is worth having. Hardly can sex-selfishness squeeze in between him and his girls. As between them and all males, he is for them. He wants them to lose no good thing that may lawfully be coming to them. He wants no man to bully them, no man to impose upon their generosity, no man to bring them to want, or sorrow, or a hungry heart. A large proportion of the fathers are Feminists at heart when they think of their girls. If they do not become Feminists in political practice it will be because they fail to see enough net profit for the girls in the programme of that party.

It is the other way with mothers. They love their daughters, live with them more closely and intimately than with their sons, train and handle them more. But they are subject in their relations with them to jealousies which their sons do not excite. The daughters as they come to full age may naturally reach out for a share of the power in the woman's kingdom which the mother has ruled, and clashes may result. But a woman's relations with her sons are not exposed to this hazard. Less on her defense with them, she feels in them an unquenchable and

often too generously indulgent interest, and may look with prejudice on propositions the fulfillment of which might seem to leave them in the world with nails pared and teeth drawn, exposed to a ruthless female competition. Mothers want their sons to have a fair show in this life. They may even go so far in maternal self-denial as to want them to marry, and to wish that there may be left in the world some girls willing and suitable to be married. Having themselves tried marriage, they know that it involves some renunciations, and is only imperfectly successful when each of the partners in it lives and works for self and on his own hook. Mothers of sons may be reluctant and critical Feminists. They have taken trouble about their boys and will hardly look with favor on any rash abridgment of their birthright.

This idea, which Mr. George says the Feminists have, that they can get up sex-wars that will change the relations of women and men, is mistaken. The relation between the male and the female goes a long way and has various phases. It begins with a very small male baby drawing nourishment from the breast of a very much interested woman, and it goes on, constantly changing, to an old man piloted across the street by his granddaughter. You can't smash *all* these relations because great economic changes have befallen the world, and a lot of girls have had to find new employments.

Perhaps, after all, when eminent Suffragists or Feminists bring up in the divorce court, it does count for failure in their politics, and not for success. The Feminists may change the *Sittlichkeit* so that women who extricate themselves from marriage bonds will be met with congratulations and applause, but it hardly looks like it. Sympathy when due, and consideration, seem enough. The problems of life have to

be worked out by men and women together. So it has been in the past, so it will be in the future, and it is not likely that women with a demonstrated incapacity to get along with a tolerable man, or men with a demonstrated incapacity to get along with a tolerable woman, are going to be successful leaders in the new adjustment of human relations.

And who could wish the modification of the *Sittlichkeit* about women to go on faster than it is going? It should go no faster than women can be trained to meet the new expectations which are geared to it. Most of the things which Mr. George says the Feminists are after — more education for girls, new employments, more pay, more independence, more freedom of action, half of what there is generally — seem to be prosperously on their way with the applause of the nations. Surely nobody can doubt that the present woman-movement will go along as far as present conditions of human life can stand, and will produce considerable changes.

But what is behind it; what is the cause of it? Feminists?

I don't see that the Feminists are anything more than a natural and somewhat amusing symptom of what is going on. They make the mistake of thinking of man as the master of woman, whereas the real master of both man and woman is Necessity. The world has jolted along as it could. There has been a great deal to do, and men and women, respectively, have done what they had to. Life has been rough; women have needed protection, and have had to pay perhaps overmuch for it, and the tradition that was based on the woman's need of protection seems to have outlasted somewhat the facts on which it rested. The world has come to be a safer place to live in, women are safer in it than they were,

and in a very much better position to strike out, if they choose, for themselves.

The world is also richer than it was, by enormous increases. There is far more to distribute. The women are richer, have more power of money, have a just claim on a larger share of the general wealth than they used to get, and are making their claim good. To the woman of courage, capacity, and training the world seems already a very open field. The pioneering has been done: the paths are broken in all directions and a vast deal of work and money is going into the improvement of the roads. Why, why should these Feminists that Mr. George tells about, want to get up sex-wars, when things are going too fast their way already?

Besides all else, we see just now the phenomenon of great political movements, considerably penetrated by religion, to enlarge the liberties and increase the physical and mental welfare of the great mass of the people. Most of the Feminists seem to know very little about the Christian religion; to have only faint and largely erroneous glimmerings of perception of what it is about, of its pith and genius, and its enormous powers — once rid of fetters — to bring about righteousness and liberty and justice in the world. Somehow the religion of Christ has got loose again in our world with all the gain in liberation and good-will and sanity of procedure which people look for who understand it. It has been conspicuous in recent politics, and even the churches seem considerably stimulated by it.

And so, considering all the forces which are working nowadays for the enlargement and betterment of life for women, Mr. George's Feminists seem like the little boys who run beside the band in a procession. It is all right that

they should run, and even holler (for the band is loud) and be happy. But they are not the procession. That will go on, and the unfeeling band will continue to play even though they are caught and sent home to their mothers and spanked.

Mr. George, looking ahead, sees sex-war, but does not believe it will go to an extreme. 'In common with many other Feminists,' he says, 'I incline to place a good deal of reliance on the ennobling of the nature of the male.' He thinks, too, that women will continue to favor a reasonable permanency in husbands, 'for the association of human beings in couples appears to respond to some deep need.'

Here then is reassurance for folks who need it. All of us who are friends of the male will hope that his nature is going to be abundantly ennobled. If that can be done, and he can be taught to earn better pay at a better job, things will come around all right. The male always needs a lot of attention, and every one should rejoice at every prospect that he is going to get some of it. If he were equal to his employment and responsibilities and did his work properly, none of these female difficulties would get much headway. His great affair is to make liberty possible in the world by keeping order. At his best he gives no occasion to regret that he is so indispensable. At his worst one wants to throw him in with the country when we give it back to the Indians. But indispensable he is, and for the Feminists to make the best of him is an imperative necessity. For their consolation, they may warrantably reflect that the better he is the less disposed he will be to diminish in any detail the glory or the liberties of women, and the less he will fear their competition in anything that it belongs to him to do.

We ought to be thankful for the Feminists, no matter what we think of the shrill cries of some of them, and the curious hopes of some others. If there is anything the matter it is best to know it. Typhoid germs being hostile to life, it is better to have some cases of typhoid, than not to know that the germs have got into the milk or the drinking water. A large proportion of what Mr. George says the Feminists want, women have either got already or are sure to get. But as to the debatable, and even the preposterous, hopes which they entertain, it is better that they should clamor about them than that their mental disturbance should not be advertised. It takes a great many different kinds of ginger to drive great movements. Government — republican government — is the resultant of many forces driving on different slants and heading one another off. No doubt there are extreme conservatives who counterbalance the extreme Feminists, and talk as much nonsense as they do in opposite lines. The ill-balanced people make a very large proportion of the noise that is made in the world, but the sane people, in the long run, do a fairly large proportion of the steering. Let us hope they will pilot us safely and successfully between the man that was and the woman that is to be.

And as to the modification of the Sittlichkeit about women, that is accomplished not by sex-wars, but by daily study in the ordinary course of domestic life. What a husband sees in forty years, maybe, of the good and bad of life for a woman; what a father sees in his daughters and in the conditions of modern life as they affect girls, — those are the things which count in forming or changing the convictions of men about woman's errand in this current world.

BUTTERCUP-NIGHT

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

WHY is it that in some places there is such a feeling of life being all one; not merely a long picture-show for human eyes, but a single breathing, glowing, growing thing, of which we are no more important a part than the swallows and magpies, the foals and sheep in the meadows, the sycamores and ash trees and flowers in the fields, the rocks and little bright streams, or even than the long fleecy clouds and their soft-shouting drivers, the winds?

True, we register these parts of being, and they — so far as we know — do not register us; yet it is impossible to feel, in such places as I speak of, the busy, dry, complacent sense of being all that matters, which in general we humans have so strongly.

In these rare spots, that are always in the remote country, untouched by the advantages of civilization, one is conscious of an enwrapping web or mist of spirit, the glamorous and wistful wraith of all the vanished shapes that once dwelt there in such close comradeship.

It was Sunday of an early June when I first came on one such, far down in the West country. I had walked with my knapsack twenty miles; and, there being no room at the tiny inn of the very little village, they directed me to a wicket gate, through which by a path leading down a field I would come to a farmhouse where I might find lodging. The moment I got into that field I felt within me a peculiar contentment, and sat down on a rock to let the feeling grow. In an old holly tree rooted to

the bank about fifty yards away, two magpies evidently had a nest, for they were coming and going, avoiding my view as much as possible, yet with a certain stealthy confidence which made one feel that they had long prescriptive right to that dwelling-place.

Around, as far as one could see, there was hardly a yard of level ground; all was hill and hollow, that long ago had been reclaimed from the moor; and against the distant folds of the hills the farmhouse and its thatched barns were just visible, embowered amongst beeches and some dark trees, with a soft bright crown of sunlight over the whole. A gentle wind brought a faint rustling up from those beeches, and from a large lime tree that stood by itself; on this wind some little snowy clouds, very high and fugitive in that blue heaven, were always moving over. But what struck me most were the buttercups. Never was field so lighted up by those tiny lamps, those little bright pieces of flower china out of the Great Pottery. They covered the whole ground, as if the sunlight had fallen bodily from the sky, in tens of millions of gold patines; and the fields below as well, down to what was evidently a stream, were just as thick with the extraordinary warmth and glory of them.

Leaving the rock at last, I went toward the house. It was long and low and rather sad, standing in a garden all mossy grass and buttercups, with a few rhododendrons and flowery shrubs, below a row of fine old Irish

yews. On the stone verandah a gray sheep-dog and a very small golden-haired child were sitting close together, absorbed in each other. A pleasant woman came in answer to my knock, and told me, in a soft, slurring voice, that I might stay the night; and dropping my knapsack, I went out again.

Through an old gate under a stone arch I came on the farmyard, quite deserted save for a couple of ducks moving slowly down a gutter in the sunlight; and noticing the upper half of a stable-door open, I went across, in search of something living. There, in a rough loose-box, on thick straw, lay a black long-tailed mare with the skin and head of a thoroughbred. She was swathed in blankets, and her face, all cut about the cheeks and over the eyes, rested on an ordinary human's pillow, held by a bearded man in shirt-sleeves; while, leaning against the whitewashed walls, sat fully a dozen other men, perfectly silent, very gravely and intently gazing. The mare's eyes were half closed, and what could be seen of them dull and blueish, as though she had been through a long time of pain. Save for her rapid breathing, she lay quite still, but her neck and ears were streaked with sweat, and every now and then her hind-legs quivered spasmodically. Seeing me at the door, she raised her head, uttering a queer half-human noise, but the bearded man at once put his hand on her forehead, and with a 'Woa, my dear — woa, my pretty!' pressed it down again, while with the other hand he plumped up the pillow for her cheek. And, as the mare obediently let fall her head, one of the men said in a low voice, 'I never see anything so like a Christian!' and the others echoed, in chorus, 'Like a Christian — like a Christian!'

It went to one's heart to watch her, and I moved off down the farm lane into an old orchard, where the apple

trees were still in bloom, with bees — very small ones — busy on the blossoms, whose petals were dropping on the dock leaves and buttercups in the long grass. Climbing over the bank at the far end, I found myself in a meadow the like of which — so wild and yet so lush — I think I have never seen. Along one hedge of its meandering length was a mass of pink mayflower; and between two little running streams grew quantities of yellow water-iris — 'daggers,' as they call them; the 'print-frock' orchid too was everywhere in the grass, and always the buttercups. Great stones coated with yellowish moss were strewn among the ash trees and dark hollies; and through a grove of beeches on the far side, such as Corot might have painted, a girl was running, with a youth after her, who jumped down over the bank and vanished. Thrushes, blackbirds, yaffles, cuckoos, and one other very monotonous little bird were in full song; and this, with the sound of the streams and the wind, and the shapes of the rocks and trees, the colors of the flowers, and the warmth of the sun, gave one a feeling of being lost in a very wilderness of nature. Some ponies came slowly from the far end, — tangled, gypsy-headed little creatures, — stared, and went off again at speed. It was just one of those places where any day the Spirit of all Nature might start up in one of those white gaps that separate the trees and rocks. But though I sat a long time waiting — hoping — She did not come.

They were all gone from the stable when I went back up to the farm, except the bearded nurse and one tall fellow, who might have been the 'Dying Gaul' as he crouched there in the straw; and the mare was sleeping — her head between her nurse's knees.

That night I woke at two o'clock to find it almost as bright as day, with

moonlight coming in through the flimsy curtains. And, smitten with the feeling that comes to us creatures of routine so rarely — of what beauty and strangeness we let slip by without ever stretching out hand to grasp it — I got up, dressed, stole downstairs, and out.

Never was such a night of frozen beauty, never such dream-tranquillity. The wind had dropped, and the silence was such that one hardly liked to tread even on the grass. From the lawn and fields there seemed to be a mist rising — in truth, the moonlight caught on the dewy buttercups; and across this ghostly radiance the shadows of the yew trees fell in dense black bars. Suddenly I bethought me of the mare. How was she faring, this marvelous night? Very softly opening the door into the yard, I tiptoed across. A light was burning in her box. And I could hear her making the same half-human noise she had made in the afternoon, as if wondering at her feelings; and instantly the voice of the bearded man talking to her as one might talk to a child: 'Oover, my darlin'; yu've a-been long enough o' that side. Wa-ay, my swate — yu let old Jack turn yu, then!' Then came a scuffling in the straw, a thud, that half-human sigh, and his voice again: 'Putt your 'ead to piller, that's my dandy gel. Old Jack would n' 'urt yu; no more'n if yu was the Queen!' Then only her quick breathing could be heard, and his cough and mutter, as he settled down once more to his long vigil.

I crept very softly up to the window, but she heard me at once; and at the movement of her head the old fellow sat up, blinking his eyes out of the bush of his grizzled hair and beard. Opening the door, I said, —

'May I come in?'

'Oo ay! Come in, zurr, if yu'm a mind tu.'

I sat down beside him on a sack. And for some time we did not speak, taking each other in. One of his legs was lame, so that he had to keep it stretched out all the time; and awfully tired he looked, gray-tired.

'You're a great nurse!' I said at last. 'It must be tiring work, watching out here all night.'

His eyes twinkled; they were of that bright gray kind through which the soul looks out.

'Aw, no!' he said. 'Ah don't grudge it vur a dumb animal. Poor things — they can't 'elp thei'zelves. Many's the naight ah've zat up with 'orses and beasts tu. 'T'es en me — can't bear to zee dumb creatures zuffer!' And laying his hand on the mare's ears, 'They zay 'orses ave n't no souls. 'T'es my belief they've souls zame as us. Many's the Christian ah've seen ain't got the soul of an 'orse. Same with the beasts — an' the ship; 't'es only they'm can't spake their minds.'

'And where,' I said, 'do you think they go to when they die?'

He looked at me a little queerly, fancying perhaps that I was leading him into some trap; making sure, too, that I was a real stranger, without power over his body or soul — for humble folk must be careful in the country; then, reassured, and nodding in his beard, he answered knowingly, —

'Ah don't think they goes so very far!'

'Why? Do you ever see their spirits?'

'Naw, naw; I never zeen none; but, for all they zay, ah don't think none of us goes such a brave way off. There's room for all, dead or alive. An' there's Christians ah've zeen — well, ef they'm not dead for gude, then neither are n't dumb animals, for sure.'

'And rabbits, squirrels, birds, even insects? How about them?'

He was silent, as if I had carried him a little beyond the confines of his philosophy, then shook his head: —

'T es all a bit dimsy. But yu watch dumb animals, even the laste littlest one, an' yu'll zee they knows a lot more'n what we du; an' they du's things tu that putts shame on a man's often as not. They've a got that in them as passes show.' Not noticing my stare at that unconscious plagiarism, he went on, 'Ah'd zooner zet up of a naight with an 'orse than with an 'uman — they've more zense, and patience.' And stroking the mare's forehead, he added, 'Now, my dear, time for yu t' 'ave yure bottle.'

I waited to see her take her draft, and lay her head down once more on the pillow. Then, hoping he would get a sleep, I rose to go.

'Aw, 't es nothin' much,' he said, 'this time o' year; not like in winter. 'T will come day before yu know, these buttercup-nights.'

And twinkling up at me out of his kindly bearded face, he settled himself again into the straw.

I stole a look back at his rough figure propped against the sack, with the mare's head down beside his knee, at her swathed black body, and the gold of the straw, the white walls, and dusky nooks and shadows of that old stable illumined by the 'dimsey' light of the old lantern. And with the sense of having seen something holy, I crept away up into the field where I had lingered the day before, and sat down on the same halfway rock.

Close on dawn it was, the moon still sailing wide over the moor, and the flowers of this 'buttercup-night' fast closed, not taken in at all by her cold glory! Most silent hour of all the twenty-four — when the soul slips half out of sheath, and hovers in the cool; when the spirit is most in tune with what, soon or late, happens to all

spirits; hour when a man cares least whether or no he be alive, as we understand the word.

'None of us goes such a brave way off — there's room for all, dead or alive.' Though it was almost unbearably colorless, and quiet, there was warmth in thinking of those words of his; in the thought, too, of the millions of living things snugly asleep all round; warmth in realizing that unanimity of sleep. Insects and flowers, birds, men, beasts, the very leaves on the trees — away in slumberland.

Waiting for the first bird to chirrup, one had perhaps even a stronger feeling than in daytime of the unity and communion of all life, of the subtle brotherhood of living things that fall all together into oblivion, and, all together, wake. When dawn comes, while moonlight is still powdering the world's face, quite a long time passes before one realizes how the quality of the light has changed; so it was day before I knew it. Then the sun came up above the hills; dew began to sparkle, and color to stain the sky. That first praise of the sun from every bird and leaf and blade of grass, the tremulous flush and chime of dawn! One has strayed so far from the heart of things, that it comes as something strange and wonderful! Indeed, I noticed that the beasts and birds gazed at me as if I simply could not be there, at this hour that so belonged to them. And to me, too, they seemed strange and new — with that in them 'that passed show,' and as of a world where man did not exist, or existed only as just another form of life, another sort of beast. It was one of those revealing moments when we see our proper place in the scheme; go past our truly irreligious thought: 'Man, hub of the Universe!' that has founded most religions. One of those moments when our supreme importance will not wash either in the bath of purest spir-

itual ecstasy, or in the clear fluid of scientific knowledge; and one sees clear, with the eyes of true religion, man playing his little, not unworthy, part in the great game of Perfection.

But just then began the crowning glory of that dawn — the opening and lighting of the buttercups. Not one did I actually see uncloset, yet, all of a sudden, they were awake, the fields once more a blaze of gold.

LETTERS OF A WOMAN HOMESTEADER¹

IV. THE ADVENTURE OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE

BURNT FORK, WYOMING, Dec. 2.

DEAR MRS. CONEY, —

Every time I get a new letter from you I get a new inspiration, and I am always glad to hear from you.

I have often wished I might tell you all about my Clyde, but have not because of two things. One is I could not even begin without telling you what a good man he is, and I did n't want you to think I could do nothing but brag. The other reason is the haste I married in. I am ashamed of that. I am afraid you will think me a Becky Sharp of a person. But although I married in haste, I have no cause to repent. That is very fortunate because I have never had one bit of leisure to repent in. So I am lucky all around. The engagement was powerfully short because both agreed that the trend of events and ranch work seemed to require that we be married first and do our 'sparking' afterward. You see, we had to chink in the wedding between times, that is, between planting the

¹ These are genuine letters, written without thought of publication, simply to tell a friendly story. Earlier adventures of the writer, with some account of her antecedents, will be found in the October, November, and December numbers. — THE EDITORS.

oats and other work that must be done early or not at all. In Wyoming ranchers can scarcely take time even to be married in the spring-time. That having been settled, the license was sent for by mail, and as soon as it came Mr. Stewart saddled Chub and went down to the house of Mr. Pearson, the Justice of the Peace and a friend of long standing. I had never met any of the family and naturally rather dreaded to have them come, but Mr. Stewart was firm in wanting to be married at home, so he told Mr. Pearson he wanted him and his family to come up the following Wednesday and serve papers on the 'wooman i' the hoose.' They were astonished, of course, but being such good friends they promised him all the assistance they could render. They are quite the dearest, most interesting family! I have since learned to love them as my own.

Well there was no time to make wedding clothes so I had to 'do up' what I did have. Is n't it queer how sometimes, do what you can, work will keep getting in the way until you can't get anything done? That is how it was with me those few days before the wedding; so much so that when

Wednesday dawned everything was topsy-turvy and I had a very strong desire to run away. But I always did hate a 'piker,' so I stood pat. Well, I had most of the dinner cooked, but it kept me hustling to get the house into anything like decent order before the old dog barked, and I knew my moments of liberty were limited. It was blowing a perfect hurricane and snowing like mid-winter. I had bought a beautiful pair of shoes to wear on that day, but my vanity had squeezed my feet a little, so while I was so busy at work I had kept on a worn old pair intending to put on the new ones later; but when the Pearsons drove up all I thought about was getting them into the house where there was fire, so I forgot all about the old shoes and the apron I wore.

I had only been here six weeks then, and was a stranger. That is why I had no one to help me and was so confused and hurried. As soon as the newcomers were warm, Mr. Stewart told me I had better come over by him and stand up. It was a large room I had to cross and how I did it before all those strange eyes I never knew. All I can remember very distinctly is hearing Mr. Stewart saying, 'I will,' and myself chiming in that I would, too. Happening to glance down I saw that I had forgotten to take off my apron or my old shoes, but just then Mr. Pearson pronounced us man and wife, and as I had dinner to serve right away I had no time to worry over my odd toilet. Anyway the shoes were comfortable and the apron white, so I suppose it could have been worse; and I don't think it has ever made any difference with the Pearsons for I number them all among my most esteemed friends.

It is customary here for newlyweds to give a dance and supper at the hall, but as I was a stranger I preferred not to, and so it was a long time before I

became acquainted with all my neighbors. I had not thought I should ever marry again. Jerrine¹ was always such a dear little pal, and I wanted to just knock about foot-loose and free to see life as a gypsy sees it. I had planned to see the Cliff-Dwellers' home; to live right there until I caught the spirit of the surroundings enough to live over their lives in imagination anyway. I had planned to see the old missions and to go to Alaska; to hunt in Canada. I even dreamed of Honolulu. Life stretched out before me one long happy jaunt. I aimed to see all the world I could, but to travel unknown bypaths to do it. But first I wanted to try homesteading.

But for my having the grippe, I should never have come to Wyoming. Mrs. Seroise, who was a nurse at the institution for nurses in Denver while I was housekeeper there, had worked one summer at Saratoga, Wyoming. It was she who told me of the pine forests. I had never seen a pine until I came to Colorado; so the idea of a home among the pines fascinated me. At that time I was hoping to pass the Civil-Service examination, with no very definite idea as to what I would do, but just to be improving my time and opportunity. I never went to a public school a day in my life. In my childhood days there was no such thing in the Indian Territory part of Oklahoma where we lived, so I have had to try hard to keep learning. Before the time came for the examination I was so discouraged because of the grippe that nothing but the mountains, the pines, and the clean, fresh air seemed worth while; so it all came about just as I have written you.

So you see, I was very deceitful. Do you remember, I wrote you of a little baby boy dying? That was my own

¹ Her little girl, about three years old at the time.

little Jamie, our first little son. For a long time my heart was crushed. He was such a sweet, beautiful boy. I wanted him so much. He died of erysipelas. I held him in my arms till the last agony was over. Then I dressed the beautiful little body for the grave. Clyde is a carpenter; so I wanted him to make the little coffin. He did it every bit, and I lined and padded it, trimmed and covered it. Not that we could n't afford to buy one or that our neighbors were not all that was kind and willing; but because it was a sad pleasure to do everything for our little first-born ourselves.

As there had been no physician to help, so there was no minister to comfort, and I could not bear to let our baby leave the world without leaving any message to a community that sadly needed it. His little message to us had been love, so I selected a chapter from John and we had a funeral service at which all our neighbors for thirty miles around were present. So you see, our union is sealed by love and welded by a great sorrow.

Little Jamie was the first little Stewart. God has given me two more precious little sons. The old sorrow is not so keen now. I can bear to tell you about it, but I never could before. When you think of me, you must think of me as one who is truly happy. It is true, I want a great many things I have n't got, but I don't want them enough to be discontented and not enjoy the many blessings that are mine. I have my home among the blue mountains, my healthy, well-formed children, my clean, honest husband, my kind, gentle milk cows, my garden which I make myself. I have loads and loads of flowers which I tend myself. There are lots of chickens, turkeys and pigs which are my own special care. I have some slow old gentle horses and an old wagon. I can load up the kid-

dies and go where I please any time. I have the best, kindest neighbors and I have my dear absent friends. Do you wonder I am so happy? When I think of it all, I wonder how I can crowd all my joy into one short life. I don't want you to think for one moment that you are bothering me when I write you. It is a real pleasure to do so. You're always so good to let me tell you everything. I am only afraid of trying your patience too far. Even in this long letter I can't tell you all I want to; so I shall write you again soon. Jerrine will write too. Just now she has very sore fingers. She has been picking gooseberries, and they have been pretty severe on her brown little paws.

With much love to you, I am

'Honest and truly' yours,

ELINORE RUPERT STEWART.

BURNT FORK, WYOMING, *January 6.*

MY DEAR FRIEND, —

I have put off writing you and thanking you for your thought for us until now so that I could tell you of our very happy Christmas and our deer hunt all at once.

To begin with, Mr. Stewart and Junior have gone to Boulder to spend the winter. Clyde wanted his mother to have a chance to enjoy our boy, so, as he had to go, he took Junior with him. Then those of my dear neighbors nearest my heart decided to prevent a lonely Christmas for me, so on December twenty-first came Mrs. Louderer,¹ laden with an immense plum pudding and a big '*wurst*,' and a little later came Mrs. O'Shaughnessy on her frisky pony, Chief, her scarlet sweater making a bright bit of color against our snow-wrapped horizon. Her face and ways are just as bright and cheery as

¹ Mrs. Louderer and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy are neighbors whose stories are told in letters published in former months. Gavotte is a French trapper. — THE EDITORS.

can be. When she saw Mrs. Louderer's pudding and sausage she said she had brought nothing because she had come to get something to eat herself, 'and,' she continued, 'it is a private opinion of mine that my neighbors are so glad to see me that they are glad to feed me.' Now would n't that little speech have made her welcome anywhere?

Well, we were hilariously planning what Mrs. O'Shaughnessy called a 'widdy' Christmas and getting supper, when a great stamping-off of snow proclaimed a newcomer. It was Gavotte, and we were powerfully glad to see him because the hired man was going to a dance and we knew Gavotte would contrive some unusual amusement. He had heard that Clyde was going to have a deer drive, and did n't know that he had gone, so he had come down to join the hunt just for the fun, and was very much disappointed to find there was going to be no hunt. After supper, however, his good humor returned and he told us story after story of big hunts he had had in Canada. He worked up his own enthusiasm as well as ours, and at last proposed that we have a drive of our own for a Christmas 'joy.' He said he would take a station and do the shooting if one of us would do the driving. So right now I reckon I had better tell you how it is done.

There are many little parks in the mountains where the deer can feed, although now most places are so deep in snow that they can't walk in it. For that reason they have trails to water and to the different feeding-grounds, and they can't get through the snow except along these paths. You see how easy it would be for a man hidden on the trail to get one of the beautiful creatures if some one coming from another direction startled them so that they came along that particular path.

So they made their plans. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy elected herself driver. Two miles away is a huge mountain called Phillipeco, and deer were said to be plentiful up there. At one time there had been a saw-mill on the mountain, and there were a number of deserted cabins in which we could make ourselves comfortable. So it was planned that we go up the next morning, stay all night, have the hunt the following morning and then come home with our game.

Well, we were all astir early the next morning and soon grain, bedding, and chuck-box were in the wagon. Then Mrs. Louderer, the Kinder, and myself piled in; Mrs. O' Shaughnessy bestrode Chief, Gavotte stalked on ahead to pick our way, and we were off.

It was a long, tedious climb, and I wished over and over that I had stayed at home; but it was altogether on baby's account. I was so afraid that he would suffer, but he kept warm as toast. The day was beautiful, and the views many times repaid us for any hardship we had suffered. It was three o'clock before we reached the old mill camp. Soon we had a roaring fire, and Gavotte made the horses comfortable in one of the cabins. They were bedded in soft, dry sawdust, and were quite as well off as if they had been in their own stalls. Then some rough planks were laid on blocks, and we had our first meal since breakfast. We called it supper, and we had potatoes roasted in the embers, Mrs. Louderer's *wurst*, which she had been calmly carrying around on her arm like a hoop and which was delicious with the bread that Gavotte toasted on long sticks; we had steaming coffee, and we were all happy; even baby clapped his hands and crowed at the unusual sight of an open fire. After supper Gavotte took a little stroll and returned with a couple of grouse for our breakfast. After dark we sat around

the fire eating peanuts and listening to Gavotte and Mrs. Louderer telling stories of their different great forests. But soon Gavotte took his big sleeping-bag and retired to another cabin, warning us that we must be up early. Our improvised beds were the most comfortable things; I love the flicker of an open fire, the smell of the pines, the pure, sweet air, and I went to sleep thinking how blest I was to be able to enjoy the things I love most.

It seemed only a short time until some one knocked on our door and we were all wide awake in a minute. The fire had burned down and only a soft, indistinct glow from the embers lighted the room, while through a hole in the roof I could see a star glimmering frostily. It was Gavotte at the door and he called through a crack saying he had been hearing queer noises for an hour and he was going to investigate. He had called us so that we need not be alarmed should we hear the noise and not find him. We scrambled into our clothes quickly and ran outdoors to listen.

I can never describe to you the weird beauty of a moonlight night among the pines when the snow is sparkling and gleaming, the deep silence unbroken even by the snapping of a twig. We stood shivering and straining our ears and were about to go back to bed when we heard faintly a long-drawn wail as if all the suffering and sorrow on earth were bound up in that one sound. We could n't tell which way it came from; it seemed to vibrate through the air and chill our hearts. I had heard that panthers cried that way, but Gavotte said it was not a panther. He said the engine and saws had been moved from where we were to another spring across the cañon a mile away, where timber for sawing was more plentiful, but he supposed every one had left the mill when the water froze so they could n't

saw. He added that some one must have remained and was, perhaps, in need of help, and if we were not afraid he would leave us and go see what was wrong.

We went in, made up the fire, and sat in silence, wondering what we should see or hear next. Once or twice that agonized cry came shivering through the cold moonlight. After an age, we heard Gavotte crunching through the snow, whistling cheerily to reassure us. He had crossed the cañon to the new mill camp where he had found two women, loggers' wives, and some children. One of the women, he said, was 'so ver' seek,' 't was she who was wailing so, and it was the kind of 'seek' where we could be of every help and comfort.

Mrs. Louderer stayed and took care of the children while Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and I followed after Gavotte, panting and stumbling, through the snow. Gavotte said he suspected they were short of 'needfuls,' so he had filled his pockets with coffee and sugar, took in a bottle some of the milk I brought for baby, and his own flask of whiskey, without which he never travels.

At last, after what seemed to me hours of scrambling through the snow, through deepest gloom where pines were thickest, and out again into patches of white moonlight, we reached the ugly clearing where the new camp stood. Gavotte escorted us to the door and then returned to our camp. Entering we saw the poor, little, soon-to-be mother huddled on her poor bed, while an older woman stood near warning her that the oil would soon be all gone and they would be in darkness. She told us that the sick one had been in pain all the day before and much of the night, and that she herself was worn completely out. So Mrs. O'Shaughnessy sent her to bed and we took charge.

Secretly, I felt it all to be a big nuisance to be dragged out from my warm comfortable bed to traipse through the snow at that time of the night. But the moment poor little Molly spoke I was glad I was living, because she was a poor little Southern girl whose husband is a Mormon. He had been sent on a mission to Alabama, and the poor girl had fallen in love with his handsome face and knew nothing of Mormonism, so she had run away with him. She thought it would be so grand to live in the glorious West with so splendid a man as she believed her husband to be. But now she believed she was going to die and she was glad of it because she could not return to her 'folks,' and she said she knew her husband was dead because he and the other woman's husband, both of whom had intended to stay there all winter and cut logs, had gone two weeks before to get their summer's wages and buy supplies. Neither man had come back and there was not a horse or any other way to get out of the mountains to hunt them, so they believed the men to be frozen somewhere on the road. Rather a dismal prospect, was n't it? Molly was just longing for some little, familiar thing, so I was glad I have not yet gotten rid of my Southern way of talking. No Westerner can ever understand a Southerner's need of sympathy, and however kind their hearts they are unable to give it. Only a Southerner can understand how dear are our peculiar words and phrases, and poor little Molly took new courage when she found I knew what she meant when she said she was just 'honin'' after a friendly voice.

Well, soon we had the water hot and had filled some bottles and placed them around our patient, and after a couple of hours the tiny little stranger came into the world. It had been necessary to have a great fire in order to have

light, so as soon as we got baby dressed I opened the door a little to cool the room and Molly saw the morning star twinkling merrily. 'Oh,' she said, 'that is what I will call my little girlie, — Star, dear little Star.'

It is strange, is n't it, how our spirits will revive after some great ordeal? Molly had been sure she was going to die and saw nothing to live for; now that she had had a cup of hot milk and held her red little baby close, she was just as happy and hopeful as if she had never left her best friends and home to follow the uncertain fortunes of young Will Crosby. So she and I talked of ash-hoppers, smoke-houses, cotton-patches, goobers, poke-greens, and shoats, until she fell asleep.

Soon day was abroad, and so we went outdoors for a fresh breath. The other woman came out just then to ask after Molly. She invited us into her cabin, and, oh, the little Mormons were everywhere; poor, half-clad little things! Some sour-dough biscuit and a can of condensed milk was everything they had to eat. The mother explained to us that their 'men' had gone to get things for them but had not come back, so she guessed they had got drunk and were likely in jail. She told it in a very unconcerned manner. Poor thing! Years of such experience had taught her that blessed are they who expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed. She said that if Molly had not been sick she would have walked down out of the mountains and got help.

Just then two shots rang out in quick succession, and soon Gavotte came staggering along with a deer across his shoulders. That he left for the family. From our camp he had brought some bacon and butter for Molly, and, poor though it may seem, it was a treat for her. Leaving the woman to dress the venison with her oldest boy's aid, we

put out across the cañon for our own breakfast. Beside our much-beaten trail hung the second venison, and when we reached our camp and had our own delicious breakfast of grouse, bread, butter, and coffee, Gavotte took Chub and went for our venison. In a short time we were rolling homeward. Of course it did n't take us nearly so long to get home because it was downhill and the road was clearly marked, so in a couple of hours we were home.

Gavotte knew the two loggers were in Green River and were then at work storing ice for the railroad, but he had not known that their wives were left as they were. The men actually had got drunk, lost their money, and were then trying to replace it. After we debated a bit we decided we could not enjoy Christmas with those people in want up there in the cold. Then we got busy. It is sixty miles to town, although our nearest point to the railroad is but forty, so you see it was impossible to get to town to get anything. You should have seen us! Every old garment that had ever been left by men who have worked here was hauled out, and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's deft fingers soon had a pile of garments cut. We kept the machine humming until far into the night, as long as we could keep our eyes open.

All next day we sewed as hard as we could, and Gavotte cooked as hard as he could. We had intended to have a tree for Jerrine, so we had a box of candles and a box of Christmas snow. Gavotte asked for all the bright paper we could find. We had lots of it, and I think you would be surprised at the possibilities of a little waste paper. He made gorgeous birds, butterflies and flowers out of paper that once wrapped parcels. Then he asked us for some silk thread, but I had none, so he told us to comb our hair and give him the combings. We did, and with

a drop of mucilage he would fasten a hair to a bird's back and then hold it up by the hair. At a few feet's distance it looked exactly as though the bird was flying. I was glad I had a big stone jar full of *fondant*, because we had a lot of fun shaping and coloring candies. We offered a prize for the best representation of a 'nigger,' and we had two dozen chocolate-covered things that might have been anything from a monkey to a mouse. Mrs. Louderer cut up her big plum pudding and put it into a dozen small bags. These Gavotte carefully covered with green paper. Then we tore up the holly wreath that Aunt Mary sent me, and put a sprig in the top of each green bag of pudding. I never had so much fun in my life as I had preparing for that Christmas.

On ten o'clock the morning of the twenty-fourth we were again on our way up the mountain-side. We took shovels so we could clear a road if need be. We had dinner at the old camp, and then Gavotte hunted us a way out to the new, and we smuggled our things into Molly's cabin so the children should have a real surprise. Poor, hopeless little things! Theirs was, indeed, a dull outlook.

Gavotte busied himself in preparing one of the empty cabins for us and in making the horses comfortable. He cut some pine boughs to do that with, and so they paid no attention when he cut a small tree. In the meantime we had cleared everything from Molly's cabin but her bed; we wanted her to see the fun. The children were sent to the spring to water the horses and they were all allowed to ride, so that took them out of the way while Gavotte nailed the tree into a box he had filled with dirt to hold it steady.

There were four women of us, and Gavotte, so it was only the work of a few moments to get the tree ready, and it was the most beautiful one I

ever saw. Your largest bell, dear Mrs. Coney, dangled from the topmost branch. Gavotte had attached a long, stout wire to your Santa Claus, so he was able to make him dance frantically without seeming to do so. The hairs that held the birds and butterflies could not be seen, and the effect was beautiful. We had a bucket of apples rubbed bright, and these we fastened to the tree just as they grew on their own branches. The puddings looked pretty, too, and we had done up the parcels that held the clothes as attractively as we could. We saved the candy and the peanuts to put in their little stockings.

As soon as it was dark we lighted the candles and then their mother called the children. Oh, if you could have seen them! It was the very first Christmas tree they had ever seen and they did n't know what to do. The very first present Gavotte handed out was a pair of trousers for eight-years-old Brig, but he just stood and stared at the tree until his brother next in size, with an eye to the main chance, got behind him and pushed him forward, all the time exclaiming, 'Go on, can't you! They ain't doin' nothin' to you, they's just doin' somethin' for you.' Still Brig would not put out his hand. He just shook his towsled, sandy head and said he wanted a bird. So the fun kept up for an hour. Santa had for Molly a package of oatmeal, a pound of butter, a Mason jar of cream, and a dozen eggs, so that she could have suitable food to eat until something could be done.

After the presents had all been distributed we put the phonograph on a box and had a dandy concert. We played 'There were Shepherds,' 'Ave Maria,' and 'Sweet Christmas Bells.' Only we older people cared for those, so then we had 'Arrah Wanna,' 'Silver Bells,' 'Rainbow,' 'Red Wing' and

such songs. How delighted they were! Our concert lasted two hours, and by that time the little fellows were so sleepy that the excitement no longer affected them and they were put to bed, but they hung up their stockings first, and even Molly hung hers up too. We filled them with peanuts and candy, putting the lion's share of 'niggers' into Molly's stocking.

Next morning the happiness broke out in new spots. The children were all clean and warm, though I am afraid I can't brag on the fit of all the clothes. But the pride of the wearers did away with the necessity of a fit. The mother was radiantly thankful for a warm petticoat; that it was made of a blanket too small for a bed did n't bother her, and the stripes were around the bottom anyway. Molly openly rejoiced in her new gown, and that it was made of ugly gray outing flannel she did n't know nor care. Baby Star Crosby looked perfectly sweet in her little new clothes, and her little gown had blue sleeves and they thought a white skirt only added to its beauty. And so it was about everything. We all got so much out of so little. I will never again allow even the smallest thing to go to waste. We were every one just as happy as we could be, almost as delighted as Molly was over her 'niggers,' and there was very little given that had not been thrown away or was not just odds and ends.

There was never anything more true than that it is more blessed to give than to receive. We certainly had a delicious dinner too, and we let Molly have all she wanted that we dared allow her to eat. The roast venison was so good that we were tempted to let her taste it, but we thought better of that. As soon as dinner was over we packed our belongings and betook ourselves homeward.

It was just dusk when we reached

home. Away off on a bare hill a wolf barked. A big owl hooted lonesomely among the pines, and soon a pack of yelping coyotes went scampering across the frozen waste.

It was not the Christmas I had in mind when I sent the card, but it was a *dandy* one, just the same.

With best wishes for you for a happy, *happy* New Year,

Sincerely your friend,
ELINORE RUPERT STEWART.

BURNT FORK, WYOMING, May 5.

DEAR MRS. CONEY, —

Your letter of April 25 certainly was a surprise, but a very welcome one. We are so rushed with spring work that we don't even go to the office for the mail, and I owe you letters and thanks. I keep promising myself the pleasure of writing you and keep putting it off until I can have more leisure, but that time never gets here. I am so glad when I can bring a little of this big, clean, beautiful outdoors into your apartment for you to enjoy, and I can think of nothing that would give me more happiness than to bring the West and its people to others who could not otherwise enjoy them. If I could only take them from whatever is worrying them and give them this bracing mountain air, glimpses of the scenery, a smell of the pines and the sage, — if I could only make them feel the free, ready sympathy and hospitality of the frontier people, I am sure their worries would diminish and my happiness would be complete.

Little Star Crosby is growing to be the sweetest little kid. Her mother tells me that she is going 'back yan' when she gets a 'little mo' richer.' I am afraid you give me too much credit for being of help to poor little Molly. It was n't that I am so helpful but that 'fools rush in where angels fear to tread.' It was Mrs. O'Shaughnessy

who was the real help. She is a woman of great courage and decision and of splendid sense and judgment. A few days ago a man she had working for her got his finger-nail mashed off and neglected to care for it. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy examined it and found that gangrene had set in. She did n't tell him, but made various preparations and then told him she had heard that if there was danger of blood-poisoning it would show if the finger was placed on wood and the patient looked toward the sun. She said the person who looked at the finger could then see if there was any poison. So the man placed his finger on the chopping-block and before he could bat his eye she had chopped off the black, swollen finger. It was so sudden and unexpected that there seemed to be no pain. Then Mrs. O'Shaughnessy showed him the green streak already starting up his arm. The man seemed dazed and she was afraid of shock, so she gave him a dose of morphine and whiskey. Then with a quick stroke of a razor she laid open the green streak and immersed the whole arm in a strong solution of bichloride of mercury for twenty minutes. She then dressed the wound with absorbent cotton saturated with olive oil and carbolic acid, bundled her patient into a buggy, and drove forty-five miles that night to get him to a doctor. The doctor told us that only her quick action and knowledge of what to do saved the man's life.

I was surprised that you have had a letter from Jerrine. I knew she was writing to you that day, but I was feeling very stiff and sore from the runaway and had lain down. She kept asking me how to spell words until I told her I was too tired and wanted to sleep. While I was asleep the man came for the mail, so she sent her letter. I have your address on the back of the

writing-pad, so she knew she had it right, but I suspect that was all she had right. She has written you many letters but I have never allowed her to send them because she misspells, but that time she stole a march on me. The books you sent her, *Black Beauty* and *Alice in Wonderland*, have given her more pleasure than anything she has ever had. She just loves them and is saving them, she says, for her own little girls. She is very confident that the stork will one day visit her and leave her a 'very many' little girls. They are to be of assorted sizes. She says she can't see why I order all my babies little and red and squally, — says she thinks God had just as soon let me have larger ones, especially as I get so many from him.

One day before long I will get busy and write you of a visit I shall make to a Mormon Bishop's household. Polygamy is still practiced.

Very truly your friend,
ELINORE RUPERT STEWART.

BURNT FORK, WYOMING, Feb. 26.

DEAR MRS. CONEY, —

I think you will excuse my mama for not writing to thank you for *Black Beauty* when I tell you why. I wanted to thank you myself, and I wanted to hear it read first so I could very truly thank. Mama always said horses do not talk, but now she knows they do since she read the *Dear little book*. I

have known it along time. My own pony told me the story is very true. Many times I have seen men treat horses very badly, but our Clyde don't, and won't let a workman stay if he hurts stock. I am very glad.

Mr Edding came past one day with a load of hay. he had too much load to pull up hill and there was much ice and snow but he thinks he can make them go up so he fought and swore but they could not get up. Mama tried to lend him some horse to help but he was angry and was determined to make his own pull it but at last he had to take off some hay I wish he may read my *Black Beauty*.

Our Clyde is still away. We were going to visit Stella. Mama was driving, the horses ran away. We go very fast as the wind, I almost fall out. Mama hanged on to the lines. if she let go we may all be killed. At last she ran them into a fence. they stop and a man ran to help so we are well but mama's hands and arms are still so sore she can't write you yet. My brother Calvin is very sweet. God had to give him to us because he squealed so much he disturbed the angels. We are not angels so he don't disturb us. I thank you for my good little book. and I love you for it too.

very speakfully,

JERRINE RUPERT.¹

¹ Jerrine was six years old at the time of writing this letter.

(To be continued.)

THE CASE AGAINST THE SINGLE TAX

BY ALVIN SAUNDERS JOHNSON

I

OF the many schemes of social reform launched in the last half century there is none which has won so remarkable a following as the Single Tax. Socialism, it is true, has gained more rapidly in number of adherents. But socialistic gains have been made chiefly among the industrial workers — a class which, down to the present, has exercised no very important influence upon our political system. The Single-Taxers, on the other hand, are as a rule members of our dominant middle class. Moreover, their strength is especially great in that wing of the middle class which is active in moulding public opinion, the ‘intellectuals,’ to borrow an excellent descriptive term from Russian politics. Among the Single-Taxers are to be found writers and educators, members of the legal and medical professions, social workers and ministers of the gospel. It is this fact of an exceptionally influential personnel that chiefly lends political importance to the movement.

There is one small fraction of the intellectuals that sends no accredited representatives to the Single-Tax group. And this fraction consists of the men who are devoting their lives to a study of the problems which Henry George attempted to solve — the professional economists. The exception is notable, and many attempts have been made to explain it. Henry George himself ascribed it to the spirit of mandarinism. And there can be little doubt

that such a spirit prevailed among American and English economists during the early eighties, when Henry George first encountered their opposition. The economists of that period deemed it almost a sacred obligation to keep pure the traditions of the great masters of political economy. Henry George’s premises were orthodox, but his conclusions were repugnant to the established canon. Accordingly he was treated as a pernicious schismatic, and was denied the serious attention that his vigor of thought and moral earnestness merited.

The fact that the economists still hold themselves aloof from Single-Tax doctrine requires, however, a new explanation. The last three decades have produced a marvelous increase in their numbers; we have now a hundred well-trained economists to one of 1880. It was inevitable that the narrow orthodoxy of the earlier period should be broken down by such expansion in numbers. Hundreds of investigators, each striving for at least some small variation by which to distinguish himself from the mass of his fellows, turned with a critical fury upon the traditional body of the science. The principles once held final were put to the most rigorous tests of fact and logic, and many of them were proved untenable. Theoretical orthodoxy became anathema; strange doctrines were espoused with enthusiasm. The economist who defended protectionism appeared in the land; next the economists who advocated fiat money, and those who gave

their approval to private monopoly. Then came the economists with socialistic leanings and the economists who coquetted with philosophic anarchism. It would not be difficult, to-day, to find an economist who would joyfully serve as apologist for the Industrial Workers of the World. In short, all the social heresies of matter and method find their exponents among economists standing high in their profession. Except the Single Tax. This fact is not to be dismissed with a reference to the narrow-mindedness of the schools, since there are few economists who have not eagerly searched the pages of Henry George for ideas of scientific value. It can be explained only on the ground that the Single Tax does not appear, in the light of economic science, to further the best interests of society.

II

The Single-Tax programme — it is almost superfluous to state — contemplates the substitution of a land-tax for all the miscellaneous taxes and imposts now existing. As interpreted by most Single-Taxers, the project implies the abolition of protective as well as revenue duties, and of excises such as those levied upon tobacco and alcoholic beverages.

It would be unfair to the Single-Taxers, however, to hold them strictly to this narrow interpretation. There is no reason why one might not be a Single-Taxer in principle, and still support the policies of protection and of sumptuary taxation. All that is essential to the system is that no tax other than that upon land shall be levied mainly for revenue purposes.

A tax upon land-rent or land-value, according to the accepted theory, rests upon the owner of the land. He cannot shift it to the consumer by raising

the price of his products. He is forced to accept it as a net deduction from the rent of his land. And since the value of land is ultimately dependent upon its rent, the adoption of the Single Tax would necessarily result in a great depreciation of land-values. If the tax is made so heavy as to absorb the entire net income from land — and this is the express object of the Single-Taxers — the value of the land will utterly disappear. The individual may retain the husk of ownership, but the value kernel of landed property will have been seized by the state.

The Single-Tax movement would, therefore, be aptly designated as a propaganda for the universal confiscation of land. And this designation the Single-Taxers themselves would accept without reservation. If they prefer to call themselves Single-Taxers instead of Land-Confiscationists, it is solely on the ground of euphony. Confiscation is an ugly word; but the Single-Taxers are 'intellectuals,' and it is not characteristic of their type to stick at mere words.

The confiscation of land, as everyone recognizes, would result in the ruin of many individuals, and, presumably, in the enrichment of others. The same thing, however, is true of any other sweeping economic reform. It was true, for example, of the abolition of slavery. Whether an economic reform can be justified or not depends, not so much upon whether it despoils certain individuals, as upon whether the individuals so sacrificed form a class that may advantageously be despoiled. The slave-owners formed such a class, since their essential function was the oppression of their fellow men. The land-owners, according to the Single-Taxers, form a similar class: they are regarded as typical monopolists and men of great wealth, an unacknowledged landed aristocracy. Furthermore, whether the

landowner is rich or poor, he is, in Single-Tax theory, a social parasite. All social economic functions, it is urged, would be exercised as well if he were eliminated.

It is upon these two contentions of the Single-Taxers that the whole issue turns. If they are valid, we are forced to accept the Single-Tax programme, unless we possess private interests that we prefer to the public interest. If they are not valid, we must either reject the Single-Tax programme, or accept it as a step in the direction of the confiscation of all private property. Accordingly, as impartial students of the Single Tax, we are required, in the first place, to form an estimate as to the actual distribution of land-values in the United States; and, in the second place, to determine the relation of such values to our productive mechanism. There are many other points of subsidiary importance, but these alone are vital.

III

Land-values in the United States are conservatively estimated at fifty billion dollars — not much less than one half of the total private wealth of the country. The value of agricultural lands represents about three fifths of this vast sum. The remaining two fifths covers the value of mines and forests, railway rights of way, water-powers, and urban business and dwelling sites. The earning power attached to these land-values must amount to between two and two and a half billion dollars annually. This is practically one tenth of our aggregate private incomes, and, if appropriated by the state, would cover adequately all our public needs; provided, of course, that the public can manage the lands as efficiently as they are now managed by their private owners.

The farm lands of the United States

are worth thirty billion dollars, exclusive of all improvements. Two thirds of these lands are owned by their cultivators, who number four million, and whose holdings average five thousand dollars in value. Men of this class are neither very rich nor very poor: few of them have wealth, including land and chattels, valued at less than five thousand or more than a hundred thousand dollars. The remaining third of the farm lands is cultivated by tenants. The owners are of many different classes: active farmers who have acquired lands at a distance; retired farmers; the business and professional men of the towns and villages who have purchased farms as a secure investment or as a retreat in old age. In the newer sections, where agricultural land may be expected to advance rapidly in price, there are a few very large estates; but this condition is everywhere recognized to be transitional. Farm lands cannot normally be a favorite investment with men of great wealth.

Practically the entire body of our agricultural lands, then, is in the possession of the middle class. City and town lands are not so widely distributed. As an instance of concentration of ownership, we have the Astor estate, which looms mountain-high in Single-Tax discussion. We have other large fortunes in city realty. Nevertheless, not more than fifteen per cent of our millionaires have the bulk of their fortunes invested in land. Despite the evidences of concentration in New York and a few of our other largest cities, we are justified in regarding urban land as prevailingly a middle-class investment. Mines, forests, water-powers, and railway rights of way are held, as a rule, by large corporations; and while there are many instances of the wide distribution of their shares, we may safely assume that the majority interest is held by the very rich.

IV

As the foregoing review indicates, the greater part of the land-values which it is proposed to confiscate is the property of the middle class. Middle-class holdings cannot possibly be less than three fifths of the total, and may conservatively be put as high as four fifths of it.

Not only is it true that land is pre-vaillingly a middle-class investment, but it is also true that it is probably the chief element in the property of this class. Men of moderate means own between thirty and forty billion dollars' worth of land; it is highly improbable that they own an equal amount of wealth in other forms. And current economic forces are increasing the dependence of the middle class upon the land. Industrial concentration is rapidly transforming the small business man into a shareholder and an employee. As a shareholder he sees his holdings shrink or expand under market influences which he cannot so easily forecast as can the man of large wealth. Stocks which he has purchased at high prices in a period of inflation of values he is likely to sell at low prices in a panic, thus forfeiting a part of his possessions to the men who are in a better position to meet fluctuations than he. Land, on the other hand, is more easily managed in small parcels than in large. There are no terrifying fluctuations in its value. It is, moreover, not a sufficiently productive investment to tempt men of large means. Accordingly it is the one investment that the middle class can hold against the encroachments of the rich. Indeed, the rich cannot hold it against the middle class, except through the powerful traditions of an ancient landed aristocracy, fortified, at times, by legal institutions, such as entail.

It has been urged by Single-Taxers

that the relief from other forms of taxation which would follow upon the introduction of the Single Tax would amply compensate the man of modest means for the loss of his land. This contention obviously involves an astonishing overestimate of the burdens of ordinary taxation. All taxes, other than those on land, aggregate less than one half of the land-rent enjoyed by the middle class. And of these taxes, not more than a third falls upon the middle-class landowners. This class cannot therefore recover, in the way of relief from ordinary taxation, more than one sixth of the loss imposed upon it by the tax.

It is true that the middle-class landowner bears, in addition to ordinary taxation, the burden of high prices resulting from the protective system. This burden, however, is the price which the American people chooses to pay for an acceleration of the rate of industrial development. Protection is no essential element in the existing financial order; any financier could devise for the United States a revenue system containing no element of protection, which would be both adequate and economical. And any protectionist could devise restraints upon foreign trade even under the Single Tax. There is accordingly no escape from the conclusion that all that the Single-Taxers can honestly promise the middle-class landowner is a relief of one dollar in taxation for every six dollars of income confiscated.

The Single Tax is, then, essentially a device for the spoliation of the middle class. In justice to the adherents of the doctrine, however, it must be said that they are not, as a rule, aware of this fact. Few of them have ever made any effort to ascertain the existing distribution of the property which they seek to confiscate. Those who do recognize the facts of the distribution of landed

property hold nevertheless that the gains to society at large will be sufficient to cover all costs. The poor, they urge, will gain what the middle class loses.

If the poor are to benefit from the Single Tax, it must be either through a reduction in the cost of living or through a rise in wages. The removal of the custom and excise duties would doubtless reduce the price of many articles of consumption. We should still, however, have carriers charging what the traffic will bear, and producers and retailers working under gentlemen's agreements. These, we may assume, would absorb no small part of the slack created by the remission of duties. Whatever benefit came from the abolition of the duty on hides, under the Payne-Aldrich act, was wholly absorbed before it reached the buyer of shoes. The remission of the special taxes on tobacco, after the Spanish War, had no perceptible effect on retail prices. Not increased wages, but increased money profits, would be the most prominent effect of the Single Tax. That this would be the probable result will appear to any one who will put the problem in its simplest terms. An annual income of two billion dollars is to be torn from the grasp of the middle class. There is no automatic device for distributing this splendid spoil: the very poor and the very rich will have to strive for it. Who will get it?

v

The foregoing analysis will appear to the convinced Single-Taxer as both unfair and inadequate, in that it is confined to conditions as they are, and takes no account of the wrongs of the past and the possibilities of the future. Whatever class holds the land now holds unjustly, according to the Single-Taxers. And whatever class may have

to be despoiled, its present pains are of no weight when set against the infinite future advantages of a society freed from the burden of parasitism.

We may ignore the contention that land cannot properly be private property because its value is not traceable to labor. Attempts to reduce values to a labor basis can lead to only one conclusion: communism. The Single-Taxers count themselves formidable antagonists of Socialism, and cannot afford to coquet with the labor-property premise. Furthermore, we need not trouble ourselves with the fact that many land-titles have originated in force or in usurpation. Too many other titles have originated in similar processes, and the common sense of mankind admonishes us that all social justifications lie in the future, not in the past. The kernel of the Single-Taxers' attack upon land-values lies in the idea that such values are unearned. And this means either that they have been acquired with less than normal effort and sacrifice, or that such efforts and sacrifices as have been directed toward their acquisition have been barren of results useful to society.

It is a widely prevalent belief that investments in land have been exceptionally profitable in the past. On our own frontier, lands were secured from the government at a very low price, or perhaps for only a nominal fee. Such lands have risen steadily, and it is natural to suppose that these advances in value have placed their fortunate possessors in the position of a privileged class. The landowners, according to a common formula, have enjoyed two incomes: the rent of their land, and the advance in its value.

If this view were just, it would be hard to account for the fact that in a new agricultural community it is not the landowners, with their two incomes, who attract attention by their

rapid accumulation of wealth, but the bankers, the grain and stock-buyers, the grocers and lumber-dealers, men who have to content themselves with the single income of profit. What the landowners have received is a dual income, not a double one. If we have found business men willing to invest their capital in trade and industry, the only satisfactory explanation of the fact is that they believed that the annual profits of enterprise are superior to all the gains from land. And this, no doubt, is the rule. As a consequence of the universal belief that land-values will rise, land is commonly overcapitalized. Men establish themselves in unsettled regions long before general economic conditions afford them a return commensurate with their toil and privations; after many years of waiting they sell their holdings at prices which are seldom an adequate reward for their own labors. Nevertheless, these prices are almost always in excess of the capital value of the annual returns from the land. The buyers look to the 'unearned increment' to recoup them for the loss of income involved in tying up their capital unproductively. From a personal point of view, the 'unearned increment' consists of the wages of pioneering together with interest on capital sunk in the price of the soil. Both the wages and the interest are, as a rule, below the normal rate. Pioneers and buyers of land are not of our shrewd business men, but are persons of modest means, who, like the land reformers, vastly overestimate the profits of landed investments.

It is of course true that many instances may be cited of astonishing advances in land-values. Every one knows of city lands that have doubled in value in a single year. Sometimes such advances are confined to particular districts, affected by new public improvements; sometimes they are fairly

uniform throughout a city, as in a 'boom town' of the West. It may be a wise policy to make such chance gains contribute to the public treasury, just as it may be a wise policy to place a tax upon other abnormally successful speculative transactions. There is, however, no need of invoking the Single Tax in support of such a policy. It finds abundant support in the accepted theories of finance.

Recognition of the fact that excessive speculative gains do occasionally appear in the real-estate field should not, however, lead us to the conclusion that all advances in real estate are of such character. On much the greater part of our lands, urban as well as agricultural, the 'unearned increment,' together with the rent, is hardly sufficient to make up a normal return on the capital invested in the land. If, then, there is a reason for taxing away the future 'unearned increment,' that reason does not consist in the fact that the landowners form a privileged class.

VI

It can hardly be denied that the landowners as a class have acquired the values in their possession at a cost in labor and sacrifice fairly comparable with those who have been rewarded by property of equal value in other forms. If, however, no one had been willing to incur the sacrifice necessary to acquire a grist-mill, we should have had no grist-mills. If no one had ever incurred sacrifice to acquire title to land, should we not still have the land? It is such a comparison as this that leads to the frequent assertion that the private ownership of land exercises no useful social function.

The issue looks simple, at first sight. Private enterprise made the mill; private enterprise did not make the land. But the contrast is fallacious. A wil-

derness, however fertile, is of no social significance. The land that serves as the foundation of our economic life is the land under the plough or in meadow or pasture, and rendered accessible to markets by highways, canals, and railroads. If we had administered our lands from the beginning according to Single-Tax principles, when would our western forests have been cleared, our prairies transformed into fields of wheat and corn? Not in decades, but in centuries.

There was a time when the typical American pioneer sought land that was free, in the true sense of the term — land which he might use as long as he pleased and abandon at a whim. This man did not seek values, nor did he produce them. He cleared the land of game and Indians, and made easier the path of the economic pioneer, the man who put the land under cultivation and made it yield its fruits, not for his benefit alone, but also for the more thickly settled East and for the countries of Europe. The economic pioneer was in search of a fortune. He would not have been content with the prospect of bare wages, in the form of the raw products of the soil. For the frontier never yielded wages commensurate with its hardships.

It was not free land, but land that was certain to rise in value, that attracted the millions of men from our own East and from Europe to the edge of civilization. The transformation of the Western wilderness into an empire of farms was the work of the 'unearned increment.' One who wishes to see the unearned increment performing a similar work to-day has only to visit the Canadian Northwest. What has induced the hundreds of thousands from our own comfortable and prosperous Middle West to cross the border and quarter their families in pine shanties on the blizzard-swept plains? The lure

of the unearned increment. Lands purchasable at ten dollars an acre which may be expected to rise to fifty dollars.

If the Single-Tax principle had been in operation from the beginning of our history, what would have been the course of our Western development? With the state as universal landlord, all that the West could have promised the settler would have been the wages of his labor. To compensate for all the sacrifices involved in pioneer life, the wages would have had to be made very high. And this means that the opening of new lands would necessarily have waited upon the time when the pressure of population in the older centres and the increasing miseries of the poor should expel some of their number to the frontier. Under such a condition of development, Kentucky would doubtless still be a dark and bloody ground, and the Ohio forests a haunt of outlaws. Buffaloes would still range the Louisiana Purchase, and the Canadian Northwest would remain for several centuries to come an asset of the Hudson Bay Company. Slavery would still be the most prominent feature of our social system, and our greatness as a nation would be a matter for future ages to achieve.

It was the unearned increment which opened the West and laid the basis for our present colossal industrialism. It was the unearned increment which created a vast surplus of food-products and raised the curse of periodic famine from Western civilization. The exuberant fertility of the Mississippi Valley lifted millions of men from poverty and quickened the life of the whole Occident. There are, of course, those who will say that this was not worth while; that human life was more satisfying under the ancient condition of well-defined classes, some secure in their superiority, others inured to their

lot. Such considerations lie entirely beyond the scope of the present paper. All that is necessary for our purpose is to indicate that the unearned increment — that supposedly functionless element in our distributive system — has played an extraordinarily active part in building up our modern industrialism.

VII

If the unearned increment has already completed its work, it is, perhaps, the natural prey of a state which recognizes neither vested interests nor the claims of past services to present rewards. Ethical and political reasons for opposing the confiscation of land-values may still persist; but the principal economic ground for opposing such a policy falls away if the unearned increment is now socially inert. If our lands will be as well cultivated, our cities as rapidly improved, under the Single Tax as they are under existing conditions, we cannot say that the proposed confiscation is economically indefensible.

American agriculture is not yet ready to dispense with the unearned increment. Our four million independent farmers represent the more intelligent, the more efficient, and the more provident of our rural population. Able men among the tenants and the hired laborers are only transiently in those classes: their qualities destine them to become independent farmers. Now, what are the annual earnings of the independent farmer? On an average, \$600. This sum, which is less than the city laborer of equally good economic quality earns with his bare hands, includes not only the reward of the farmer's labor, but interest on a capital, in land and improvements, averaging \$7500. What wonder that there is a steady movement of the rural population to the cities? The fact to be ex-

plained is that the movement is not universal.

And the explanation is to be found in the unearned increment. To his meagre \$600 of money income the independent farmer adds the increase in the value of his land. This item he usually overestimates, and thus makes out of it a powerful motive for remaining on the land, producing wheat and meat for the consumption of the cities. However high the present prices of food may seem to the city-dweller, they are not so high as they would be if agricultural products were not, in large measure, a by-product of the unearned increment.

Increase in the value of land cannot continue indefinitely to supplement the farmer's income. In parts of the East lands have already ceased to rise. Those are the regions of the abandoned farms. In parts of the Middle West lands, while still rising slowly, are approaching a stationary level. Those are the regions from which the most enterprising men are emigrating to Canada, where the promise of unearned increment is still rich. Sooner or later practically all our lands will cease to rise. When we shall have attained to this condition the money returns to labor, and capital in agriculture will have to be made equal to wages and interest in the cities. Or rather, agricultural returns must be made superior to those attainable in the cities, to compensate for the isolation and monotony of rural life. This readjustment will be effected through advancing prices of agricultural products and through restricted opportunity in the cities.

If we desire to enter at once upon this process of readjustment, we have only to enact the Single Tax. The more enterprising of the agricultural population, despoiled of their property and of an essential part of their income, will cease to produce food for the city

laborers, and will enter into competition with them for jobs. What will follow is easy to forecast: increasing misery in the cities, advancing agricultural prices, and, in the end, a new equilibrium. Yet the Single Tax has been seriously advanced as a sure means of alleviating poverty.

VIII

In recent years the Single-Taxers have concentrated their attacks upon urban land-values. These, they assert, are purely parasitic and act as a dead weight upon building operations. The grasping landlord, according to this doctrine, is ultimately responsible for the congestion of the slums, and hence for much of the vice and crime of the city. The population of the metropolitan district of New York is increasing at the rate of two hundred thousand a year. Every person in this vast army contributes something to land-values. In what way have the owners of land earned this additional value? Certainly, there appears to be ground for the charge of parasitism.

If the new values distributed themselves uniformly among passive land-owners, the charge of parasitism would hold. They do not, however, distribute themselves uniformly. Competing landowners are forced to struggle for them; and the struggle is not barren of social gains. There are clearly defined currents of life and business in the metropolitan district, and no man can forecast with certainty the direction they will take. But if provision is to be made for the housing of the new population and for the accommodation of the new business, many builders must stake their money upon their guesses as to the future direction of the currents. Otherwise the city would suffer chronically from an intolerable congestion.

Those whose guesses prove correct find their buildings occupied at high rents, or salable at prices in excess of costs. This means that an 'unearned increment' attaches to the site, since building capital itself can hold no abnormal value. Those who have guessed wrong must content themselves with 'writing off' a part of their capital. Now, it is proposed by the Single-Taxers to appropriate to the state the fruits of building speculations that prove successful, while leaving to private enterprise the fruits of unsuccessful speculations. And on such a basis they expect a 'boom' in building.

There is no difficulty in predicting the results of such a policy. Men would build only after it became practically certain that their buildings would be in demand. Construction would follow increase in population, instead of anticipating it, as at present. The evils of over-building, of which real-estate journals so frequently complain, would be effectually controlled. But these are not the evils which chiefly oppress the tenant class and harass the city reformer.

It is well known to everyone conversant with the facts of realty-promotion that it is in the 'boom towns' and the active sections of a large city, where land-values are rising rapidly, that over-building most frequently occurs. Whence, then, do the Single-Taxers derive their doctrine that advancing land-values not only do not hasten the progress of improvement, but actually retard it? Not from observation, but from theory. And they may justly demand that their contentions be met on a rigorously theoretical ground.

The Single-Tax theory premises vacant land advancing in value at a rate corresponding to normal interest on an equivalent capital investment. Why should the owner of such land improve

it? Most of the vacant land in cities is actually increasing in value at such a rate — a fact that is logically deducible from the accepted principles of real-estate valuations. Now, have we not here an explanation of the fact that thousands of parcels of land in our cities are held unimproved, while in certain other quarters of the same cities human beings are packed ten in a room? The Single-Taxers assert that we have.

If, however, we examine the matter closely, we shall see that while there is nothing to compel the owner of such land to improve it, he can afford to do so the moment that prospective rentals will cover interest on his building capital alone. And there is no conceivable state in which he can afford to improve if the rentals will pay less than this. He cannot do this even if the land is free, without selling-price or rent. The Single Tax therefore cannot produce a state more favorable for building than that which exists where the land is rising at the rate we have assumed.

If a builder must buy land which is not rising, he cannot afford to build unless prospective rentals will pay interest on his land investment as well as on his building investment. If he builds on ground leased from a private person or 'single-taxed' by the state, he must extort from his tenants rentals covering both the ground-rent and interest on his investment.

The Single-Taxers, it is true, promise immunity from taxation of the building; and where the value of land is low, this immunity would be a sufficient offset to the 'unearned increment' of which they would deprive the builder. Where the land-value represents a large part of the total investment, as in most of our cities, the offset would be insufficient. An honestly administered Single Tax could not produce conditions so favorable to building as now

exist wherever land-values are rising rapidly.

It is almost a waste of time to inspect the Single-Tax project for destroying the slum. It is the value of land that forces the city builder to occupy every possible foot of ground space, to pile story above story, to subdivide each story into the smallest apartments and rooms that can be tenanted by living man. It is a matter of indifference whether the value of land takes the form of a capital sum, as is now commonly the case, or of an annual rental, an occasional form now, which would be universal under the Single Tax. The reasons for economizing ground space are the same in either case; except that the Single Tax promises immunity from taxation on the building and so would offer an inducement to covering still more of the ground space, and pushing the stories still higher toward the sky. The Single-Taxers propose, then, to relieve urban congestion by means which would increase the number of persons to be sheltered by each unit of roof.

IX

Private property in land, as we have seen, serves an important purpose in production, so long as land-values continue to advance. Such advances cannot continue forever. The time will come when agricultural land will bear a constant value, based upon its annual productive capacity. The cities, too, will in the end reach the limit of their growth, and an unearned increment will no longer attach to site-values. When such a time comes, there will be no good reason why the state should not become the universal landlord, provided that it has evolved to the point where it can manage so colossal a landed estate more efficiently than can private landowners. Just as there will be no good reason why the state

should not take over the railways, mines, and industries of the nation as soon as it is able to administer those enterprises more effectively than private business men. It may be noted in passing that the administration of the land, under a tenant system, would represent a heavier task for the state than the administration of railways, mines, and industries combined.

Let us assume, however, that the state is ready to take over its landed domain. Should this be effected through confiscation, as the Single-Taxers propose, or through purchase? The purchase of the land may be rejected as impracticable. For the present price represents not only the capital value of its rent, but also the anticipated value of all the unearned increments of the future. The net revenue that the state would secure from its lands would probably never equal the interest on the public debt created in the process of acquiring the land.

If the lands are to be confiscated, the act must be justified by its social consequences. What these would be is already sufficiently clear. The proposed land reform would deprive the middle class of its chief possession: the possession on which its economic independence mainly rests. And this would mean, practically, the elimination of the middle class as a political factor.

It was Aristotle who first pointed out the dependence of political stability and personal freedom upon a powerful middle class. To the present day no authority on political science has arisen to deny the existence of such a relation. It was the middle class of England that established constitutional liberty. It was the middle class that destroyed the *ancien régime* in France and laid the foundations of a liberal state. Our own Constitution is essen-

tially a middle-class document, and it is the middle class that defends it against attack.

We may contrast our confidence in the stability of our own liberal institutions with our skepticism of attempts to introduce similar institutions in countries in a different stage of social development. It is hard to believe that constitutionalism can be more than a name in Russia and Turkey, or that democracy in Mexico can signify anything but a cloak for force. It is not that we doubt the political capacity of Slavs and Moslems and Mexicans. But those nations lack the chief prerequisite of political freedom and order: a vigorous middle class.

Not all will agree, it is true, that the liberal régime is the best conceivable political order. The Socialists are especially violent in their attacks upon it. And every Socialist recognizes that constitutionalism and free enterprise are bound up with the fortunes of the middle class. Eliminate the middle class, and there will remain no serious obstacle to the progress of Socialism. Accordingly, it is difficult to understand the impatience which the Socialist usually manifests toward the Single-Taxer. The latter, indeed, is not a Socialist, but he is laboring valiantly to produce the conditions under which alone Socialism has any chance whatsoever of success. Transform our four million independent farmers into tenants of the state; despoil an equal number of our middle-class townsmen of their one solid possession, and the expropriation of the remaining private owners of property will be easily accomplished. Despite the sentimental antipathies of their respective adherents, then, the Single Tax and Socialism are closely related. Their relation is that of means and end.

PARISIAN DRY-POINTS

BY JOSEPH WARREN BEACH

CAFÉ D'HARCOURT

He sits established underneath his awning
Before the lighted window, like a Buddha
Snugly enshrined within a jeweled casket.
His narrow eyes and grinning parchment visage
Proclaim him of the race Antipodal
Who make the most of Buddhas, and to all
Your courteous inquiries he makes answer
In French of Ti-en-Tsin: 'I am of China.'
Perhaps the seed of emperors, and come
To learn the mysteries of government,
He will return to take the helm of empire,
A pregnant orator, — at least a statesman.
But though you ply him with a thousand questions,
And though he shows no sign of failing patience
But ever seems most eager to oblige you,
You get no further in your quest of knowledge,
And must digest one statement comprehensive
In oriental French: 'I am of China.'
You think you might have known that without asking.

CAFÉ STEINBACH

ONE who has languished in Siberian prisons
And mined for golden learning in Toulouse,
For marketing perchance in Buenos Ayres,
Now takes his summer ease in idle Paris
With comrades of the hospitable Quarter,
Who rise at noon, and dine not long ere daybreak
Under the care of Maurice at the Steinbach.
On no man's forehead can you read his fate,
So interwoven is circumstance, but here
Is written out so much of one man's nature,
Frank loving-kindness and good-fellowship.
And by his words you learn that he has pondered
The lore of books and puzzling map of life.
For while the women, with their pocket-mirrors
And powder-puffs and napkins, make an effort
To freshen up their tarnished visages,
And Maurice dodges featly here and there
With steaming platters and with pleasantries,
And while the dancers thread the crowded tables,
Sluggishly whirling like the muddy current
Among the weedy rocks of some back-water,
And the card-players go on undiverted,
This Russian youth holds grave and steady converse
Of Marx and Plato, Washington and Ruskin,
Of government and misery and crime,
Humanity, and of the Golden Age.

A NEW LIGHT

BY ABRAHAM MITRIE RIHBANY

It was in October, 1886, that I was admitted to the American boarding-school, known to us as the High School of Sûk-el-Gharb, a village situated on one of a lofty chain of hills overlooking the Mediterranean Sea, about nine miles east of the city of Beyrout.

In making preparations for this important step, the first thing on the programme was an order to the carpenter for a clothes-chest. This was a proud possession, the first earthly object besides my clothes which I could call my own. The carpenter covered the chest with cheap yellow paint which, whenever, however, and wherever I touched it, came off on my hands and clothes. It must have been a very interesting spectacle to see a 'green' boy painted yellow.

As for myself, instead of the bloom-like *shirwal*, used among the Lebanonians, I put on the more genteel *ghimbaz* (a gown which resembles a kimono), an embroidered vest, a silk sash, white stockings and red slippers, thus giving myself quite a citified appearance. A muleteer, who cheered my way with quaint songs, carried me, with my bed and clothes-chest, to the coveted institution of learning. Upon my arrival I was assigned three pine boards and two saw-horses as a bedstead. That was the first elevating influence of education that I felt. But by force of habit as well as gravitation I found myself twice on the floor in my first night in that American school.

(When the supper-bell rang that evening, the pupils filed into the dining-

room, where seats were assigned to the newcomers. All remained standing until the senior teacher came in and said grace. That pious act was startling to me. I had seen my teacher, a layman, offer prayer at the opening of every school-day in my childhood, and I greatly enjoyed the little service, but that a layman should 'bless the food' was altogether at variance with my religious antecedents. Only the priest had the authority to lift his consecrated hand and bestow a blessing on such an occasion. Where did the teacher get his authority to perform such a solemn act? With such a question in mind, I could not be reverent during the prayer. I did not bow my head or close my eyes; I looked at the praying teacher with much curiosity as I explained to myself that the entire performance was a peculiarity of Protestantism with which I was not at all concerned. I had come to the school to get knowledge, and nothing else.

Next morning lessons began. Owing to the fact that my schooling had been so sadly interrupted when I was put to work at the age of nine, I was assigned to a class of 'beginners.' They were much younger boys than I, and among them I appeared like a giant among pigmies. I was tall, rough, and awkward, with a vague hunger for knowledge. Under the circumstances, it was a great consolation that my dear friend, Iskander, who had just been elevated to the position of instructor, was to be my teacher.

All studies, up to the senior year,

were given in Arabic. English was taught as a language. It interested me at once. I looked upon the English *Primer* as the gateway to untold mysteries, and when I was able to say, 'Run, mouse, run. The cat will catch you,' I felt that I had entered into the exalted circle of the learned.

But the study which assumed supremacy in my mind above all others during my first year in school was that of the Bible. I shall never forget the thrilling charm of my first Sunday-School lesson. Our topic was the story of Elijah's ascension into heaven in a chariot of fire. As a Syrian boy I had not the slightest difficulty in believing in miracles. In the minds of my people the miraculous element stands as the very foundation of religion. Our Bible was full of miracles. Our saints, even our priests, worked miracles. Miracles grew under our eyes. But, to me, the wonder of wonders was the fact that the Bible, the great and holy book of our religion, the Bible of which, as a Greek Orthodox, I had heard so much but which I had seen so seldom in the hands of the laity, was now free and open, *even to me*, not only to read, but to study, and to have explained to me, verse by verse, by 'learned men'!

Every school-day, for all the scholars, the first lesson was the Bible. It was the Bible, however, not under the microscope of the 'higher critics,' but the Bible just as it reads. The pupils read the lesson in turn, each reading one or two verses, and the teacher explained the text, as a profound and uncorrupted supernaturalist must explain it.

The ethical distinctions, also, which beset the more highly cultivated minds in these days with regard to certain portions of the Bible, were unknown even to our teachers. We read the scriptural stories just as they were. They had grown and been recorded in our

country. They were the very precipitate of the moral and intellectual atmosphere of our people put forth in the current idioms of the land of our heritage, and all bound together by a divine purpose. Therefore, 'What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.'

The great mystery of the Holy of Holies, as it was interpreted by our teacher, made a profound impression upon me. The Holy of Holies symbolized the unapproachable Divine Presence. 'The holy place,' where the priests ministered to waiting Israel, represented the world and humanity seeking the light. The 'veil of blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen,' which hung between the Holy of Holies and the holy place, symbolized the barrier which was established between God and mankind when Adam fell, and which could be removed only when the promise of a Saviour was fulfilled. When Jesus was crucified on Calvary, and thus 'paid the price of sin,' 'the veil of the temple was rent in twain, from the top to the bottom,' signifying the removal of the barrier of original sin and the opening of the way of salvation to all those who come to the Father through the Son.

To me, that was Christian theology in a nutshell. Other explanations of the Bible were indeed precious, but the lesson of the Holy of Holies, a concentrated world of religious knowledge, was my chief treasure.

When I returned home for the Christmas vacation, I was expected to give a creditable account of myself as a student. All my other acquirements seemed to me too insignificant to be compared with my Biblical knowledge, of which, however, my only significant possessions were the interpretation of the Holy of Holies and the story of the ascension of Elijah. So, when a goodly company of friends and relatives came

in to greet me, on the evening of my arrival, and asked me to 'tell what I had learned,' the story of the Holy of Holies leaped spontaneously forth from my mind. Upon my auditors it had a telling effect. It was amazing to them 'what schools could do.' One of my cousins was so carried away by my portrayal of the divine mysteries, that, throwing up his hands in the air, in Oriental fashion, he exclaimed, 'My cousin, by the life of God, go no deeper into learning. I fear you might lose your mind!'

The Protestant doctrine of the Bible and the Church was also very interesting to me, but somewhat disquieting. It threatened my ancient orthodox faith in the authority of the Church and the mediatorial offices of the saints. I was taught that the Bible, and the Bible only, was of divine authority; that church ordinances were man-made, therefore faulty. Prayer to the saints, I was told, was 'a worship of the creature in place of the Creator'; the Church was the company of all believers, and not simply a body of priests; fasting and other legalistic practices were vain efforts on the part of man to save himself by his own endeavor, instead of seeking salvation by faith in the atoning merits of Christ. I felt especially predisposed to set my face against Protestantism when it taught me to give up adoring the Virgin Mary, the 'Mother of God.'

My education was not confined to the Bible and Protestant doctrines. I was instructed in arithmetic, in English, in reading the classical Arabic, in grammar, geography, and writing. My more mature faculties led me soon out of the beginners' class to higher grades, and in the latter part of the year I was allowed to attend the class of 'essayists,' whose essays were heard and criticised by the senior teacher every Saturday morning.

The most startling experience of my first year in school was my 'preaching' at the meeting of the recently organized Christian Endeavor Society, which comprised the entire student body and all the teachers. Toward the end of the year, the invitation to exercise this office came to me as a great honor, but it was a crushing one. At the appointed time one of the teachers led the devotional exercises, and then quietly introduced me as the preacher of the evening. It was the first time in my life that I had ever faced an audience. My 'sermon,' which occupied four foolscap pages, had taken me so long to write that I thought it would take as long to read. I was disposed, therefore, to read it from the pulpit with rapidity. What the sermon was about I have not the slightest recollection, and the manuscript is lost. What I do remember of that occasion is a curious psychological experience.

As I looked down from the platform I seemed to be peering through a powerful magnifying-glass. The heads of my auditors assumed enormous proportions; their eyes glared at me like those of an angry bull, and really frightened me. Nothing whatever seemed normal. It was my sub-conscious self that read the little sermon, and I 'came to' in my seat in the audience, mopping my face violently. Unconscious of all that was going on around me, I turned to one of the boys and asked, 'What happened?' 'You preached,' was his hasty answer, 'for about two minutes.'

When I went home for my summer vacation, I was received by my family and friends, not only affectionately but with that regard which is accorded seekers after knowledge among all peoples. The fact that my attainments were as yet very meagre counted for naught with my people. I was in the path of wisdom, and that was enough.

But such honors brought with them great responsibilities. I was supposed to be able to give an enlightened opinion on every subject under the sun, from a problem in subtraction to medical questions and the policies of the European nations.

It was a source of gratification to my parents, and to the pious among our neighbors, that I had not departed from my Mother Church. During that summer our little parish had the rare privilege of a visit from the great Patriarch of Antioch, who was then on a pastoral tour through his ancient see. Aside from the stupendous prestige of his official position, he was a personal friend of the Sultan, and so, wherever he went, the governors of the provinces were little more than his servants. The entire population of our town and the neighboring villages went out to meet him. The men of our church formed themselves into an armed escort, firing salutes all the way and enveloping the entire procession, Patriarch and all, in clouds of smoke and dust. I was equipped for the occasion with a pair of flint-lock pistols and a more modern double-barreled shotgun, and my place in the procession was close to the white horse of His Eminence.

At such times as this I felt myself to be as yet a true Greek Orthodox, but when I returned to the ordinary routine of worship in our village church, I discovered that the Protestant virus had gone deeper into my blood than I had been aware of, or desired. My soul was rent in twain. Sentimentally, I was still Greek Orthodox; intellectually, I had leaned perceptibly toward Protestantism. The pictures of the saints on the walls of our church seemed to me less rich in spiritual mystery than they did before I went to school. Saint-worship and many church ceremonies appeared beset with question-marks. *They had no warrant in the*

Bible, and my inquiring mind chafed under their claims. Such issues were perpetually in my mind, and I was inclined to argue them with my parents or even with the priest. The priest, however, who was very ignorant and quick-tempered, had very little to say excepting to rebuke me for emulating the methods of 'those accursed Protestants who know nothing else but to argue.'

With all our differences, however, I managed to retain my respect for the priest until he led me, by his own arrogance, to think and act differently. After my return from school, I no longer observed fast-days and days of abstinence from meat. One evening, as ill-luck had it, the priest called at our house and found me eating meat on a forbidden day. He was violent with rage. 'What are you eating, you accursed of God?' he said. 'You are neither sick nor feeble. Why do you sin in this manner?' Shaking with anger, he advanced toward me and lifted his foot to kick the table from before me.

In an instant I was on my feet, deeply insulted and greatly angered. I told him to leave the house instantly, else I should drive him out with a stick.

My parents were inexpressibly shocked. While they regretted his indiscretion, they were horrified at my conduct toward 'the priest of my people.'

'My son, my son,' exclaimed my mother, after our visitor had gone, 'the priest may be a bad man. Still he possesses the mystery of the priesthood.'

'The mystery of the priesthood!' cried I. 'Cursed be he and his mystery! A bad man cannot make a good priest. Mother, I am a Protestant upon the housetop.'¹

¹ A common Syrian expression for avowedly or completely. — THE AUTHOR.

My second year at school found me very happy and successful in my studies, but my lessons did not compare in significance with the general, indefinable influence which my school associations exerted over me. I seemed to awaken and absorb revolutionary religious and social forces. My individual life began to acquire both retrospect and prospect. I began to feel intelligently the impact of the past and to have visions of the more significant future. My teachers spoke encouragingly to me of my swift progress — 'a youth who had but very recently forsaken the barren life of the stonemason and taken up the duties of the student.'

It was during the autumn of this year that I joined the Protestant Church. (Happily we knew no denominational designations in that school, which, however, was of the Presbyterian persuasion.) The American missionary, the Reverend Theodore Pond, who was the principal, examined me and received me into church fellowship. This step I took upon my own responsibility. I knew my parents would not favor it, so I did not ask them. Protestantism seemed to me more reasonable than my old form of faith. It did away with many church ordinances which had often bewildered my growing mind, and it afforded me a closer communion with Christ, who was the only Saviour of the world. Above all things, Protestantism opened and explained the Bible to me, and laid much emphasis on religion as life. When I was being examined by Mr. Pond, he asked me what my parents would think of the step I contemplated taking.

'They would oppose it,' I answered. 'Would you disobey your parents?' he asked.

'In this case I would,' said I. 'The Master has said, "He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not

worthy of me." Therefore Christ stands above earthly parents.'

Mr. Pond was pleasantly surprised at the quick but authoritative answer, and expressed the hope that my parents might, in the not far future, see the wisdom of my course.)

My friend Iskander and I were the only Protestants in Betater, and while we were not persecuted in a mediæval sense, we had to fight many battles in defense of our faith. When we came in collision with intelligence, we were no mean fighters, but in the face of benighted bigotry we were often helpless. At such gatherings as weddings and funerals we suffered not a little. We were referred to sneeringly as 'the Lutherans, the followers of the lustful monk who ran away from the church in order to get married.' We were urged to admit the truth of the assertions that the Protestants who refused to confess their sins to the priest went up and confessed to the stone-roller on the housetop.¹ Many of our leaders, so they said, held communion with Satan. Our marriage service, being performed by a 'lay-preacher,'² was invalid. Therefore, Protestant children were bastards, and so forth. Of intelligent criticism we seldom heard a word. Therefore, the reviling of our theological enemies only strengthened our hold on our new belief. Our own families accepted our defection from the faith as one would the inevitable, and parental and filial love kept us generally at peace.

While I was at school, I heard much about America. I studied its geography, heard of its great liberator, Washington, and almost every Sunday lis-

¹ Used to keep the turf roof impervious to rain, as explained in the first chapter. — THE EDITORS.

² The ordination of a Protestant minister does not according to the Greek and Catholic churches invest him with the authority of apostolic succession. — THE AUTHOR.

tened to Mr. Pond and other preachers speak of the zeal of its people for missionary work among the heathen of the earth. What has seemed very curious to me in the light of subsequent knowledge is the fact that America was always presented to my mind as a sort of hermit nation. Its people were rich and religious and little else. Every one of its citizens told the truth, and nothing but the truth, went to church every single Sunday, and lived the life of non-resistance. America had neither fleets nor armies and looked to England for the protection of American citizens in foreign lands. I do not remember that the missionaries spoke of America in exactly such terms, but by drawing their illustrations always from the religious side of American life, they led many of us to form such views of the New World.

But more exciting tales about America came to me through returning Syrian emigrants. Most of them, being common laborers, knew, of course, very little of the real life of America. They spoke only of its wealth and how accessible it was, and told how they themselves secured more money in America in a very few years than could be earned in Syria in two generations. More enlightened accounts of the great country beyond the seas came into Syria through a small minority of a better class of emigrants. From such descriptions I had a few glimpses of American civilization, of a land of free schools, free churches, and a multitude of other organizations which worked for human betterment. The fact that a few poor Syrian emigrants who had gone to America had in a few years attained not only wealth but learning and high social positions—had become real *khawajas*—appealed very strongly to my imagination. I would go to America if some turn of fortune made that possible.

At the end of my second year as a student my father told me that he was no longer able to keep me in school. He was getting old fast; his building enterprises grew smaller every year, and of his twelve children six still remained at home to care for. He had already paid twelve Turkish pounds for my two years' keep in school. Adding to that the loss of my wages for two years, his financial burden was no light one. Disappointment fell upon me with the weight of a calamity. I could not blame my father, so I was the more helpless in dealing with the stubborn difficulty. What was to become of me? Was I to be forced back to the circumstances against which I had rebelled so successfully two years before? Were all my hopes to be dashed?

During that summer and autumn my father met with serious business reverses, and we were actually reduced to want. The approach of the winter, always dreaded by the common people of Syria, was doubly dreaded by our family. I had never known what real want was before, and now, after I had been flattered lavishly by my teachers and fellow-students as 'one of the very promising young men,' to behold our family in the grip of real poverty and to think of myself as the helpless victim of such circumstances, was almost unbearable.)

Early in November I made a visit to my beloved school in Sûk-el-Gharb and called on Mr. Pond. He asked me interestedly about my plans and listened with sympathy to my story. I told him that my chief desire was to return to the school as a student, but that my father's circumstances rendered this impossible. It was beyond Mr. Pond's power to extend me financial assistance, but he offered me the position of a teacher in the primary or day school, which joined the High School, suggesting that in that position

I could avail myself of many of the privileges which the High School offered. I promptly accepted, and in a few days assumed my new duties with great enthusiasm.

The salary of my new position was three quarters of a Turkish pound (about \$3.00) per month, and my board, which was provided at the High School. My bed stood in my school-room, among the benches of my pupils, and served as a comfortable seat for me during recitations. I do not remember that I ever received my salary at the end of the month without a sense of insult. Mr. Pond lived in a beautiful residence. He had a carriage, a saddle-horse, and three servants. Why was it that I should accept a position whose salary did not enable me to preserve my self-respect? Yet I had accepted it of my own free will, and I only was to blame for the choice.

My career as a school-teacher covered three years — two in Sûk-el-Gharb and one in the city of Zahlah, which is situated on the eastern slopes of Mt. Lebanon, on the main road to Damascus. At that time Zahlah claimed a population of about twenty thousand souls, and enjoyed a commanding commercial position. The city was rich, and its population contained not a few college men, my associations with whom proved very profitable. During those three years I applied myself to the search after knowledge with strong and sustained zeal. Owing to the scarcity of books, my range of subjects was very narrow. The Arabic language and literature absorbed almost all my time and effort. I mastered its grammar and rhetoric, read extensively in its literature, and committed to memory hundreds of lines of poetry, chiefly from the ancient classical poets. When I became able to write correct poetry, in classical Arabic, I considered the prize of my educational calling won.

My absorption in this study led me to neglect the English language entirely. It ceased to have any charms for me, and gradually became a faint and tarnished memory.

In my last year in Sûk-el-Gharb I touched the fringe of Occidental life at two points. First, I acquired a European costume. European dress was slowly becoming the attire of the new 'aristocracy of learning.' When I first donned this fashionable but strange garb, I was ashamed to appear where people might look at me. The lower half of my person felt quite bare and my legs seemed uncomfortably long. The habit of sitting on the floor often asserted itself unconsciously, and occasionally endangered the seams of the newly acquired costume. My townspeople most uncharitably called me 'the man in tights.' Happily for me, I only put on the strange garb on special occasions, and retained with it the Turkish fez as a connecting link between the East and the West.

My other touch of Occidental life came from dining with the other teachers one evening at the home of the American missionary. Here it was that I heard the piano for the first and last time in Syria, and ate with the knife and fork. The chief dish of the occasion consisted of a stratum of dough baked over a dissected chicken. When my plate reached me heavily laden with the strange composition, I was not a little puzzled to know how it was to be eaten. I deemed it wise to follow the example of the others, but to disengage the flesh from the bones of a chicken, with knife and fork, was a painful experience to me. Lacking skill, I applied force, when suddenly my awkward eating tools slipped, and almost broke the plate. I was deeply impressed with the gracious dignity of my host, who appeared not to notice it, while my fellow Syrian guests (I sup-

pose because of our familiarity with one another) snickered at my distressing experience.

My three years of activity and intellectual endeavor as a school-teacher, while they proved advantageous in many ways, failed to put me on the highway of true progress. My salary kept me on the level of poverty, and the opportunities for promotion were extremely scant.) I began to realize that soul-expansion and a useful career in the world of knowledge depended first and last, not on the theories of the schoolroom, but on the enlightened and progressive genius of a nation. I could claim no nationality and no flag. The rule of the Turk was painfully repressive. Under it love of freedom and of progress was a crime against the State. Our schools were simply foreign colonies, tolerated by the Sultan because of the great powers which stood behind them. The enlightened youth of the country not only lacked the opportunities which call forth and develop the nobler human qualities, but were constantly watched by the government as possible revolutionists. With a multitude of other young men I longed and prayed inwardly and silently for better things, or, at least, for the opportunity to emigrate from a country in which life slowly but surely grew to mean intellectual and moral death.

Whither should I go? On one occasion Mr. Pond suggested to me to enter the ministry in my own country. He thought I was qualified by nature for the sacred office, and lacked only the training, which I could have, free, in the theological department of the Syrian Protestant College in Beyrout.

The offer did not appeal to me very strongly. The preachers I had listened to in school, including Mr. Pond himself, made no strong impression on me. Their messages were almost wholly

formal statements of doctrine, whose dynamic power decreased in proportion as they were repeated from Sunday to Sunday.

My answer to Mr. Pond's proposition was that I had never contemplated entering the ministry, nor did I feel at the time inclined to entertain such an idea. We both 'hoped' that in the future I might be led to take such a step. My hope, however, was a mere imitation of his, for the matter dropped from my mind soon after I left his house.

At last I concluded to continue teaching school, preferring, however, to return to Zahlah, where I had worked during my second year as teacher. Early in September, 1891, I went thither to visit some friends and more particularly to apply for my former position as a teacher.

Upon my arrival I was told that two young men, who had been close friends of mine, were to leave for America the following morning. The news startled me. Certainly I must go and bid them good-bye. Soon after supper I called at the home of one of them and found them both there. We fell on one another's neck and kissed in Oriental fashion.

Speaking both at once, they said, 'Abraham, why don't you go with us? What is there in Syria for a man like you? Come, let us go to America together.'

The words of my friends, while they stirred violently the depths of my soul and awakened a thousand slumbering hopes, rendered me speechless.

'Why don't you say yes?' they asked. 'Let nothing stand in your way, and let us make the voyage together.'

'How can I go,' I said, 'with so many obstacles in the way?'

'What obstacles?' queried my friends. 'If your chief difficulty is financial, we stand ready to lend you all the money you need until you reach

New York. What better chance can you ask for?’

The moment seemed to me of divine significance. Really, what better chance could I ask or hope for? At last America was within my reach. Would it be anything short of madness to let such a great privilege go by? I had to act on my own responsibility, but I remembered that when I dropped my tools as a stonemason and went to school, I had to act on my own responsibility; when I left the church of my fathers and became a Protestant, I had to follow my own course. Now I was called upon to make a third great decision, and to make it quickly. The wiser powers within and above me again asserted themselves, and I decided that I would go to America. Our final plan was that I was to return home at once, secure all the money I could, and, within two days, join my friends at Beyrout, whence we were to sail for the New World.

My sudden decision to emigrate to America was a shocking surprise to my parents, but not altogether unpleasant. They had confidence in me because I was ‘a learned man.’ They regretted deeply my having to depend on others for funds, but it all seemed to them Allah’s will. Pushing her scarf back from her forehead and lifting her eyes and hands to heaven, my mother implored the all-seeing, all-wise Father, whose will it was that her favorite son should be torn away from her arms, possibly forever, to guide and prosper him, and return him safe to his father’s house.

All the money which my father could give me amounted to three napoleons. He wept because he could find no more. It required no very long time to complete my preparations for the voyage. My clothes were tied up into a bundle in a large bandanna. My ‘bed for the ship’ was much like that of the man

who was sick of the palsy, consisting of a cushion, a pillow, and a light quilt. With such an equipment I rejoined my friends at Beyrout, at the appointed time.

Our most important task was to secure the indorsement of our *teskaras*, — passports, — which we had obtained from the government of Mt. Lebanon, by the Beyrout officials. Difficulties were often placed in the way of emigrants from Turkey by the officials for the purpose of extorting money from them. Emigration to America was discouraged and generally supposed to be prohibited. Our passports indicated that our destination was Alexandria, which was true, but not the whole truth. Moreover, our more refined speech and manners seemed to remove us, in the minds of the officials, from the ordinary class of emigrants. For the indorsing of our passports we were required to pay half a *madjidy* — Turkish dollar — each, and we thought our exit from the unbeloved empire was rather cheap.

Our opinion was probably suspected, for shortly after we left the wharf, our boat was halted and an officer demanded our *teskaras*. The inspector appeared stern and doubtful. Our own boatman advised us to ‘present’ the inspector with half a *madjidy* each, and avoid more unpleasant things. We heeded the advice and the boat went on. When we were within a few yards of our steamer another haughty inspector interrupted our progress and demanded our *teskaras*. Another ‘half a *madjidy* each’ gave us our freedom. We left our ‘mother country’ with nothing but curses for her government on our lips.

Our steamer tickets entitled us to passage from Beyrout to Marseilles as ‘deck passengers’ — the equivalent of the steerage on Atlantic liners. With more gayety than wisdom we estab-

lished our quarters high up on the foredeck. There were more sheltered places, but we scorned them.

Joppa was our first stopping-place. Next came Port Said, where a large contingent of Russian Jews joined us. This little city seemed to me a wonder. A department store, a mere toy compared with the department stores of America, dazzled me. Its large glass windows and a real sidewalk around it quickened my poetic sense. I seemed to myself to have come face to face with some of the wonders of the world, and my pen spared not in describing the scenes before me.

Alexandria came next, and Port Said was dwarfed in my imagination. I tore up the description of the department store and proceeded to poetize the great city of Alexander.

Shortly after we left this port for Marseilles, the Mediterranean began to be unfriendly. Our quarters on the foredeck, our trunks and bedding, caught the copious spray from every wave. Our gayety changed to grave concern, and all our singing ceased. A peculiar ailment also seized me just below the diaphragm. With our portable beds in our arms we sought more sheltered places, but found them all filled with an inhospitable crowd of Jews and Gentiles. In our extremity, we resorted to a malodorous recess on the port side of the lower deck where many trunks and bundles of clothing had been thrown for shelter, and where ducks and other feathery fellow creatures were kept within wire screens. The ducks gave screams of terror because of our intrusion, and we did no less, because of their presence there. Other human beings joined us in that locality, and we all lay piled on top of that heap of freight, across one another's bodies, much like the neglected wounded in a great battle.

An incident which occurred in that

hole (which I have called ever since 'the duck apartment') still lives in my memory, because of its amusing and ethical aspects alike.

Lying across my legs, and barely within shelter, was a very kindhearted, God-fearing man from Damascus. I was just telling him not to allow another person to come in with us, because we were almost suffocated as it was, when we heard a woman approaching us, uttering in the Egyptian dialect terrible imprecations against the steamship company.

I felt that a veritable terror was about to visit us, and very ungallantly called to him, 'By the life of Heaven, don't allow this woman in here!' In a second she was upon us, and demanded accommodation.

'*Lewajeh Allah*,'—for the face of God,¹—said the kind-hearted Damascene, and squeezed himself a few inches to one side. In an instant the wrathful Egyptian wedged herself in, squirmed round until she secured the proper leverage, and then kicking mightily with both feet, pushed the beneficent Damascene clear out on the wave-washed deck!

When we landed at Marseilles I could hardly credit my senses. Everything Turkish had disappeared and I was walking the streets of France, the great country of which I had heard so much. My friends having studied at the Syrian Protestant College, besides having a fair knowledge of the English language, knew some French, by the aid of which we escaped on many occasions from the hands of interpreters and ticket-brokers of our own nationality.

In Marseilles I first saw electric lights, which fascinated me beyond description, and there I first marveled

¹ By this expression the Orientals mean, for no earthly reward. The good deed is cast Godward, and finds compensation with Him. — THE AUTHOR.

at a railway train.) I narrowly escaped being run over near the railway station, when I dashed across the track, a very short distance from an incoming train. A uniformed man, who, I infer, was a guard, shouted at me so fiercely that I thought he was beside himself. I was not fully acquainted with the fact that a train would really run over a hopeful and ambitious young man. It was in Marseilles also that I first experienced a distinctly Occidental sensation, when I cast off the soft Turkish fez and put a stiff, and, incidentally, ill-fitting, hat on my head.

(At Marseilles we bought tickets for New York.) We were shipped by train (third-class) to Paris, whence, after a halt of a few hours during which we wandered in the neighborhood of the railway station, — 'just to see Paris,' — we were reshipped to Havre. Here we were herded in a lodging-house, together with many other steerage passengers, for two nights, and were each of us given a table equipment of tinware, consisting of a plate, two spoons differing in size, a cup, and a knife and fork. On the day of sailing we were marched out to the steamer in the style of well-behaved convicts, carrying our labels in our hats.

The steerage of those days on a second- or third-class steamer certainly fell below the worst tenement house. Hundreds of men, women, and children were herded together in a large and filthy cave in the lower regions of the steamer, under conditions which precluded even the commonest decency. The food was distributed to the passengers in buckets and large tin pans, from which they filled their tin plates and cups, and to the swift was the race.

Fortunately for us 'college men,' and thanks to the linguistic qualifications of my two friends, who won the respect of the captain, or an officer who we thought was the captain, we

were given quarters with a few others in a room which contained three tiers of three berths each, and which was more or less successfully partitioned from the main steerage quarters. We had our full share of the noise and stench of the general surroundings, but we enjoyed greatly the decency of our partial seclusion.

Almost all the way I suffered from that peculiar sickness whose acquaintance I first made between Alexandria and Marseilles. Having seen much better days at home, the diet of the steamer tortured my soul. The lower class of Europeans did by no means appeal most exquisitely to my æsthetic sense. My physical weakness made the uncertainty of my future and my financial difficulties oppressive to me. But hope remained alive, the great New World, the enchanter of my soul, was very near at hand, and the God of my fathers was my God and helper.

On the evening of October 6, 1891, our steamer cast anchor in the harbor of New York, too late for us to disembark. From some Italian venders who had boarded the ship we bought the needful things for the evening repast. Here I ate the first real meal since we had left Havre. A certain meat composite, strongly spiced, proved unspeakably toothsome to me. Upon inquiry I learned that it was called 'bologna,' which term I rooted deeply in my memory as the first trophy of the New World.

Refreshed and sustained by my savory supper, and exhilarated by the thought of my arrival in the great city of New York, I proceeded to the casting of my accounts. The outcome was not all that could be desired. The figures, which 'do not lie,' showed that my assets were about nine cents (half a franc) and my liabilities forty dollars, which I owed to my friends. Under those somewhat embarrassing cir-

cumstances, I was to face the inspector of immigrants at Ellis Island the following morning.

But the significance of the exact knowledge of my straightened circumstances went with me far beyond the usual depression one feels under similar conditions. I was told by well-informed fellow-passengers that on the morrow I stood in danger of being deported because the immigration laws of America required an immigrant such as I was, with no family and no position awaiting him in this country, to give satisfactory evidence that he had no less than twenty dollars (the sum must have been a mere guess) on his person; otherwise he could not be admitted into the United States.

That was decidedly unwelcome information. It took away all the pleasure of my bologna supper. To be deported to Turkey! Just think of it! Had my blossoming hopes come so near fruition only to be blasted? I would not ask my friends for more money. They had already told me that they could lend me no more without endangering their own future. But the situation being of such a peculiar nature, my companions came to the rescue by offering to lend me four pounds 'on demand,' with which to meet the requirements of the law. I found no reason to reject the offer.

On the following morning, armed with my 'short loan,' I stood before the inspector, who was a Syrian, with only

slight tremors in my knees. He asked me my age, the name of the Syrian province whence I came, whether I could read and write, took down my description, and then, with a smile, asked me whether I was married. I came very near giving myself away when, with a smile broader still than his, I answered, 'What should I do with a wife, when I can hardly take care of myself?'

With a very encouraging laugh, he said, 'Married Syrian immigrants get on much better in this country than the unmarried.'

I do not know now in what connection I quoted two lines of poetry to the genial inspector, and, with more playfulness than wisdom, asked him whether he knew of any *beautiful* damsel in the Syrian colony who would consider the advances of a willing young poet. With another hearty smile, he said, 'Pass on, you are all right.' He did not ask about money! As we passed out of the building, my merry friends said, 'Abraham, your wily poetry served you well this time.' With a mixed feeling of relief and anxiety, I returned the emergency loan and held fast my half franc.

We landed at Battery Place, explored the dock for our trunks, which we discovered in a small mountain of baggage, and proceeded to a lodging-house on Washington Street, the chief centre of the Syrian colony in New York.

(To be continued.)

THE SPONGE-SPOILERS

BY HENRY CHRISTOPHER CHRISTIE

W'en Gawd get tired he mek sponge-t'ief.

I

EPHRAIM yawned sleepily and spread stalwart arms heavenward, twisting the muscles of his black body until they swelled against his ragged undershirt. He bent over the gunwale of the schooner and swashed the crisp, cool sea-water into his face. A rub with his dirty sleeve, and a gulp of dark brackish liquid from the butt lashed to the mainmast, completed his toilet.

He selected a staff from among a dozen lying on the deck, a long slender pole, so supple that its own weight bent it perilously, and examined the two-pronged hook attached to one end. Having done this he grunted his approval, then cast the pole noisily upon a dingy that lay nuzzling the larger boat. Next he secured a water-glass, and after transferring it gently to the thwart of the dingy, untied the painter from the boat-ring to which it was fastened and, holding the rope in one hand, moved to the hatchway.

'Prins Arter!' His hoarse bass swelled out on the morning air like a bassoon. 'Prins Arter, dey clean! Skin yer¹ eyes an' git de oo's.'²

A thin, disjointed boy in loose flapping garments peeped timidly from the open hatch.

'Dey clean fer true,' he mumbled,

¹ The Bahama darkies say 'you' and 'yer' for the singular, interchangeably; 'youna' or 'yinna' for the plural.

² 'Oo's' means oars.

urging himself over the rails. 'Gawd, I'se cole.'

He shivered as he exposed his body to the morning air, and stood irresolute for a moment. Then he tied the loose, torn sleeves of his over-sized jacket into firm knots, bandaged his gargantuan pantaloons around him, with some ravelings of tow, and fumbled dejectedly for an oar. From a scattered pile he fished out one that was broken-bladed, short-handled and stock-worn, and viewed it reproachfully.

'Tell yer fer git new oo's. Dis one ain' no use 'tall 'tall,' he whined, sidling meanwhile toward the skiff which Ephraim still held up to the vessel's side.

'New oo's!' echoed Ephraim. 'What fer new oo's w'en roller³ only sellin' fer t'ree cent bead? Umph — Can't buy grub, much less oo's.'

He gave the rope an impatient tug as though to emphasize his remarks.

'You rub,' he added when the boy had limped in.

'Won' rub much longer,' whispered the sculler under his breath, slipping the stock in the sculling-crease and deftly spinning the blade, whereupon the boat pushed along, making curving furrows in the calm sea as evenly as a child's finger might, when drawn through dry sand.

The 'Mud' is a wide shallow, locked in by cays and islands of the Bahama group; a marine lake with many paths and gateways leading to the ocean. It gained its name from its soundings,

³ Roller: fine-grade sponge.

which are composed of a fine milky dust or marl. On this sponge thrives. Inexhaustible gardens of sponge stretch along its bottom, just within reach of the pronged staff; though it is scarcely correct to speak of gardens, since sponge is a low form of animal life.

The 'Mud' is seldom vexed by tempests, but this morning it was more calm than usual. It was like a titanic canvas flushed evenly and firmly by the sun, just appearing in the sky. In the very centre of the suffusion moved the little boat.

When the schooner was well astern, and the low cay near which she was moored had dwindled to a thin line, Ephraim stationed himself in the bows of the skiff and, crouching there, submerged the water-glass a few inches beneath the tide. The staff he held with one end on the gunwale, its loose lithe length quivering out over the water, like a living creature impatient for its prey.

Meanwhile, the sponger himself, every muscle set, peered intently through the glass, watching the gray gravel beneath. The abyss teemed with life. Furcated sea-rods as soft as silk yet as strong as wire, sea-fans unfolding gorgeous fantasies in purple and bronze and cardinal and ochre, conches with glistening armor tinted in pearl and amaranth, marine flowers, mosses and ferns, delicate transparent fishes with opalescent scales and slender bodies, all were there, but Ephraim saw none of them. It was a black elfish face that beckoned him on, and each sponge hoisted with toil and sweating lessened the distance between him and his heart's desire. It was not that the image ever before him was altogether a comforting one. It was not. There was little in common between him and the girl whom he loved, but he pinned his faith to that which had given comfort to many another in his predica-

ment. Play and sing and dance he could not, but he was a careful worker and he could provide. There would be no want and wretchedness if she should give her consent.

Ephraim's bleared eyes watered with the fierceness of his gaze, as he looked straight down into the water, never for a second winking or turning to the left or the right.

'H'm-m,' he grunted, and the rhythm of the oar ceased.

'Pull to yer,' — His voice became a whisper as if afraid lest it might frighten some unwary prey.

'So' — The hand holding the pole grew rigid as the fathoms of pine slipped into the sea. A tense moment passed, and then he gave a dexterous twist of his powerful wrist. The pole spun around swiftly, and became motionless. The sponger rested the water-glass on the thwart and hauled up the dripping mass which he had wrenched from its home in the soft marl. He shook it off, and it fell with a splash of dark liquid to the bottom of the boat. The mannikin in the stern laughed shrilly.

Ephraim resumed his pose, and once more the boat wound its slow way through the slough of the tide. Again and again as the morning wore on, did he peer into the depths, locate his prey, and then drive at it with his slender hook.

The sun streamed down in tropical fury, the atmosphere grew dense and fevered, the water of the shut-in 'Mud' warmed and gave out a sickening scent, while the dying sponges made breathing a torture.

The last captured sponge had had an unusual history. Released from its mother, it had floated out with the undertow, feeling for a foothold, and had at last drifted upon a young conch. Its gelatinous feelers had fastened on the cusp and had clung there. Thus

anchored, the sponge grew merrily, careless of the discomfiture that it caused its rescuer. Day by day it had increased in size, until the weary conch, seeking to be rid of its burden, had dug deep in the mud. Nature teaches these mollusks to clean their shells in that way. This, however, was precisely what the sponge desired, for once rooted in the mud with such a burden on its back, the conch could rise no more, and so, buried alive in the grave which it had dug for itself, it perished miserably.

There was deep tragedy in the event; it was the old battle for existence fought out through countless centuries in the field, the mart, the temple, and on the sea; even the 'Mud' could not escape it. Under the surface of the stream there were others who felt the burden of living.

A conch with its spade-shaped operculum had dug out from the abounding slime a dainty sea-worm, and was devouring it with relish and satisfaction. A splendid overflowing of purple and saffron tentacles smothered the insect, and slowly sucked it into a viscid maw; but before the gorging was ended, a conch-killer had crept out from a jungle of moss and sea-rod, lifted the bulk of the conch sidewise, and thrust his venomous spear deep into its body. The conch tried to retreat to the cover of its shell, but the spear had transfixed it utterly. The struggle was brief but decisive, and the victorious conch-killer battened voraciously on his victim, all unheeding of the judgment hanging over, for with his sponge-hook Ephraim lifted victor and vanquished to one death between the footlings of the boat.

'Good 'nuff fer youna,' grinned Ephraim, as he slammed them from his hook. 'Good 'nuff fer youna, youna lay dere till dinner-time.'

The impish sculler giggled approval

of the capture as he turned again to his task.

The mound in the boat steadily increased, and she sank deeper and deeper into the water. The shadow of the squirming figure in the stern was twisted into grotesque shapes on the surface of the sea as he strove to keep headway against the set of the tide, but still Ephraim persisted in his quest. The lead was a good one, and the rollers easy to find; not until the sun had dropped well in the west did he throw his staff from him. As it clattered on the gunwale, he rested the glass on the slimy cargo and sat up dizzily, wiping his horny hands over his face. The oarsman paused in his strokes, and the cockle broad-sided to the current.

'Gawd, I'se tired!'

His gaunt arms quivered with pain as he pressed them against his emaciated flanks, his fingers cramped like claws from handling the oar. His hungry eyes stared weakly across the watery wilderness, searching for the schooner. Too weary for words, Ephraim answered the look with a wave of his hand, indicating a northerly direction.

'Six mile we come,' wailed the lad. 'Gawd, how we's goin' git back?'

'Scull, man,' broke out Ephraim fiercely.

His vitals were gnawing at him now; over there toward the north, miles away, were food and rest.

'Scull, yer lazy sponge-t'ief, scull!' he cried.

The rickety boy made a despairing gesture. Every bone of his lank frame protested against the outrage; but he clinched the oar and put the boat's head toward the north. Then silence fell around them, broken only by the weak crepitation of the oar winding in and about the sculling crease, as the boat sagged along homeward through the lagoon.

II

'Was dem?'

The mate's huge mouth widened in wonder as the deep-laden craft drew up beside the schooner.

'Rollers, all on' em,' grunted Ephraim wearily.

'Gwan, doan' talk fool. What mans ever ketch boat-load roller one day?'

He leaned over the vessel's side and caught up one of the viscous spheres. He soused it in a barrel of water, squeezed it dry, and beat it against the gunwale until a rent in its slimy coating showed the soft bones beneath. His face changed its expression of contempt for one of intense interest. Ephraim guffawed contently.

'Wha' say now?' he asked.

The mate scratched his fuzzy eyebrows with a dirty forefinger. 'I doan' know w'ere dey come from, dey mus' er jist enkiver demself for yer. Dey is sure rollers.'

Ephraim chuckled again. 'Doan' put me 'mong dose lazy sponger who jist play 'roun' de vessel till grub time. I wuks, me.'

He dug his bare arms to the elbows into the filthy mass, and began tossing the sponges to the deck.

'Clean up dat boat,' he commanded, when the task was done.

He threw a ragged sponge to Prince Arthur in the stern, and the boy began scrubbing the footlings and sopping the muddy bilge.

The caboose of the 'Outward Go' was a huge box filled with bay sand, on which were several large stones to support the pots. To-night a cheery flame winked and fluttered around a large Dutch oven wherein an unhealthy-looking liquid was bubbling furiously, ever and again tossing to the surface brown fragments of some substance that was as uninviting in appearance as the broth. It was a conch stew. A

thick journey cake¹ leaned against one wall of the caboose, and scattered about were tin plates and spoons dripping from a recent bath.

The haggard imp cleaning the boat regarded it all with solemn longing.

'Gawd, I'se hongry!' he whimpered, wringing the filth-laden sponge over the boat-side. He searched his shallow mind for some more forcible expression, but failed to find any.

'Gawd, I'se hongry!' he repeated, and turned again to his task.

However remote from luxury, it yet was easeful to lie prone on the deck, face down over a steaming pannikin of stew, with a slab of dingy cake beside it, and to gulp in the hot brew, using meanwhile powerful grinders to macerate the tough fibres of the conch meat. It was refreshing to swallow tin after tin of smoking coffee, and then cool off with a torrent of water.

But the supreme moment of bliss for the sponger came when he dislodged his pipe from its own particular cranny, rammed into its grimy bowl the precious weed reeking with molasses, and applied the glowing coal.

Ephraim stretched himself until his joints cracked, then, pillowing his head on a coil of rope, indulged in what day-dreams his slow-moving fancy might conjure up. Work was done, repose was his, the faithfulness of nature he never doubted.

'Did yer see any sail?'

It was the mate who broke into his content.

'Nary one,' replied Ephraim, between his puffs. 'Nary one. Wha' fer any sail 'bout now, in dis kyam — only t'ief —'

'Das funny,' returned the questioner, settling his head on a pile of firewood. 'Jerry been here ter-day, an he say he see strange sail dat way.'

¹ In the United States known as johnny cake.

He swung his hand toward a group of low cays in the distance.

'Who Jerry?' mumbled Ephraim, covering his pipe-bowl with his finger to increase the draught. 'Yer doan' mean liar Jerry Dean, does yer?'

The mate pushed a stray sponge aside with his free foot.

'Pshaw, doan' b'lieb him,' said Ephraim. 'Jerry up ter somet'in'. Wha' he want?'

'Spong'in'.'

'Spong'in'!' repeated Ephraim in quick contempt. 'Who ebber see Jerry sponge? Lazy t'ing! Gawd hear me, if I wus wuthless as Jerry I'd er drown'd ed myself, please Gawd I would.'

'He say he sine on Early Bird,' declared the mate. 'She down to Mate Cay.'

'Jerry skull from Mate Cay here?' Ephraim laughed and spat.

'Jerry ain't scullin', he hookin',' exclaimed the captain.

'Doan' talk fool, cap'. Jerry hooker? Mans mus' be scurce.'

Ephraim laughed capaciously at the humor of the thought.

'We ought to break groun' Mondee, please Gawd' — The mate changed the subject, raising his voice a little.

'I'se ready. My crawl mos' full, an' dis yer,' Ephraim kicked toward the dying sponges, 'will 'bout full er up. I'se ready.'

But the rest of the crew who had been lying around silently, smoking, rose in hoarse protest.

'Ephraim Rolle, you bin lucky, but we's had it tough enough.'

A tall, thin Abaconian spoke in a quarrelsome tone. 'You say break groun' — humph — yer crawl full, enty, an' we, wha' we fer do, we who don' make one boatload dis v'y'ge, an' den onlee grass sponge? I dunno war yer hook so much roller from.'

'Cause good reason why, w'en you-na jes' play wid yer wuk. Ast Prins

Arter war we been ter-day, an' ebry day. Gawd heah me, six mile an' not er faddom less, eh, Prins?'

The boy, who had coiled up his lank bones in the bows, raised a scraggy neck to a level with the hatch.

'Six mile, sixty mile; Lawd, I'se mos' dead!'

He sank back exhausted and shut his eyes.

'An' I hooks, me,' boasted Ephraim complacently. 'I hooks, an' I hooks, youna hear me. I don' carry no pipe wid me, an' no rum wid me, an' no grub wid me. I wuks, me.'

'Yer a disgraceful mans,' admonished a stocky Exumean, who had been fighting with a refractory tube. 'Yer is a disgraceful mans, Ephraim Rolle. Gawd gin' yer der roller, an' you boas' 'bout yerse'f. You disgraceful.'

'But I wuks,' defended Ephraim.

'An' we all wuks,' shouted the Abaconian. 'We all is mans, an' we all an us wuks. You is lucky, das it.'

'Lucky?' questioned the Exumean reprovingly. 'He am bless, das it. An' Gawd hear me, if he drink his rum an' percolate wid de street gal, Gawd will struck him.'

But Ephraim came in on the clamor with the word of command that they should break ground on Monday, and the grumblers, with half-empty crawls, protested and argued to no purpose.

'Tain' work,' bewailed a disaffected sponger. '"Tain' work an' fait'ful 'tall 'tall.'

'Was 't is den?' queried the moralist.

'Tis 'ooman, 'pen' 'pun it, 'tis 'ooman, an' 'tain' no use fer yer to dictate dat.'

'He wan' we fer punish. Fer why? 'Cas 'ee wan' gin Titie cloes an' t'ings, but he bes' mind Nego. Nego got dat girl fool, an' fer all Ephum wuk, an' fait'ful, Nego goin' larf at him yit, please Gawd.'

With this dismal prophecy the speak-

er proceeded to dig in the dying ca-boose fire for a coal.

Finally, however, order was restored, and the sponger's good humor soon returned. When night fell, every man was eager for Monday and the run to town.

The next morning, the overloaded dinky managed by Ephraim was conspicuous among the tiny fleet that zig-zagged to the crawls. Rows of wattled squares lay along the soft muddy reaches of a sandy cay, the spaces between the wattles allowing the tide free entrance, and the dead matter room to wash away.

In these pens the sponges were dumped until their thin outside layer of flesh had rotted, when, armed with stout wooden beaters, the spongers entered and bruised and banged the dead meat out of the pores, until only the skeleton was left, clean and fit for market.

With the instinct that serves bee and bird so well, Ephraim pushed his boat straight to the crawl that was his. It was nearly full of sponges in all stages of decomposition, and the tide as it flowed out was discolored with the unhealthy wash that oozed through the wattle fence. He looked down into the pit with swelling pride. Every specimen told of labor and hardship and skill. Every sphere meant food and comfort.

'Broke groun' Mondee, eh,' he muttered. 'Who's a carin'? Not me.'

He began tossing his cargo into the crawl, pressing it down with his feet.

'Sundee, me and Prins' will gin 'em a shake out.'

He examined the beaters tied to the wattles. They were worn and ragged. He poled to the weed-strewn beach, disturbing a flock of noisy snipe that were dominating a tiny promontory near by. From a mastic he hewed a tough limb, and with infinite patience

fashioned the snappy wood into new beaters with his short sheath-knife. The one which he meant to use, he nicked deeply.

He poled back again and lashed the beaters firmly to the fence. Then he surveyed his work. He felt a complacent satisfaction in his success. The mildewed spheres filled the crawl, and their sobbing and sucking in the tide was as sweet music to his ears.

He lighted his pipe and lay in the stern of his boat, from which point of vantage he watched his neighbors. At varying distances, they too were busy. Some cursed and quarreled over their work; some sang and played in the water like children; but all were engaged in getting their catches ready for the beating.

Ephraim smiled in vast content. They were so foolish, the rest of them. They never 'wuk'd right,' they were always in trouble, while he — his crawl was full. His work was over for that voyage, and the biggest space in the 'tween decks' must be his to stow his cargo.

One by one the spongers drifted away, to fish along the reefs or to gather firewood for the run home. But Ephraim still rested, while the broiling sun beat down upon the low marshy cays and the air grew still more rank.

Suddenly he shaded his eyes with his hands and sat up straight. He gazed long and fiercely into the distance, where a whitish cloud-like blur moved slowly along. Only an eye practiced in sea-craft could have detected the sail of a vessel in that dim blot.

Under ordinary circumstances a sail on the 'Mud' is a common sight, but a sail with this June calm on was a different matter — it could mean only a stranger, or a —

Ephraim caught his breath with a hard gasp as he called to mind the captain's statement about Jerry Dean.

His nimble hand flared the oar, and his boat bounded toward the distant craft. Almost immediately he lost sight of her, for there were faint cat-paws that her light draught could use, and she was a long way off. After an hour's chase Ephraim turned back in disgust, not tired but disheartened. A sense of impending misfortune, for the moment, weighed him down.

Sunday observance is strictly enforced on the 'Mud.' The sponger's outfit is never complete without a *Pure Gold* or *Songs of the Sanctuary* hymnal, and it is the delight of the sponger to employ his Sunday leisure in vociferous expression of his favorite tunes. Ephraim alone showed no desire to join the others in their devotions, and in vain the crew remonstrated with him for his Sunday labor.

'Goin' to beat sponge on 'de Sabbat! Ephraim Rolle, I'se shamed an yer an' you a member ob class an' cap'n dis craf' too!'

'Sho' ef yer crawl is full, dere's cause for t'ankfulness,' warned the Ex-umean; 'stead er wukin', yer sh'u'd be praisin' de Lawd. You'se disgraceful, Ephraim Rolle.'

Popular sentiment ran high against him, but still he persisted. He routed out Prince Arthur, and together they moved slowly over the water to the crawls, while sacred songs rose from the schooner lying idly at anchor.

Sprawled over the deck in every conceivable attitude, the swarthy crew, each provided with a hymn book, rendered praises that were more strenuous than reverent. Their wide nostrils grew wider, their huge mouths were distended to their utmost capacity, while their thick red tongues moved clamorously over the rhythmic numbers of 'Whiter than Snow' and 'The Pearly Gates.'

The decks were untidy with sponge, rotting in the sun, and with stones,

water-glasses, firewood, and bits of wearing apparel. The men themselves would have been benefited by a plunge into the water beneath them, but the inexorable code of a law which they but faintly comprehended, and which they violated on other days, held them to their hymnals.

III

When Ephraim awoke on Monday morning, it was later than usual. He gazed in dismay at the climbing orb whose slanting rays illuminated the 'Mud.' He shook Prince Arthur from his sleep with an ungentle hand, and tumbled him into the dingy with scant feeling; and Prince, still half asleep, sculled automatically toward the crawl.

Ephraim stretched himself, alternately loosing and flexing his muscles, preparatory to a hard day's work. He was jubilant this morning, after his first burst of ill humor over his tardiness in starting.

The air was wonderfully fresh and invigorating. Above the low stretches of marshland a golden haze lay, broken here and there by fervid growths. The water, as it shallowed to the shore, shone splendidly clear, and the rocks, as the swell of the tide covered them, gave out a faint music that delighted the eager toiler who was advancing toward them.

'Prins', he said 'der beater wid da nick is mines. Your'n is da small en.'

The crawls were in sight now, and his blood leapt in his veins as he thought of his full catch. He began to loosen his clothes, and in a few moments slipped them off and plunged into the sea. Prince was more simple in his methods. He tumbled in as he was. Grabbing the boat between them, the man and the boy moored it to the stern of a wild mangrove, and clasped the sticks of the crawl.

At first Ephraim could not comprehend. He fell over the points of the wattles and slashed the water with a fierce hand like a crazed man. Prince Arthur stared stupidly. His one expression failed him as he watched the lonely little roller that ducked and slid and tossed at the bottom like a live thing.

Speechless rage filled Ephraim's face and he leaned his big bulk against the wattles until they bent with his weight. At last he found his tongue.

'Prins', 'Prins', he shouted, as if his partner were half a mile away. 'Prins', my Lawd — de sponge gone.'

And Prince made answer, 'Gawd, I'se sorry.'

Life is the same everywhere.

Ephraim had woven and spun and dug, had toiled and suffered, and he who had neither woven nor spun had entered into his toil. Ephraim was a cog in the machinery of fate, that is all, an unconscious and unwilling exponent of a universal law.

Suddenly Prince pointed toward the horizon.

'Look-er — look-er,' he yelled in his shrill treble. 'Look-er.'

A sail, dim on the edge of the world, was creeping down and out of it. Ephraim was lashed to fury. Erect, blatant, like some sable demon charged with vengeance, he menaced the far-off vision.

'T'ief!' he bellowed. 'T'ief, damn t'ief!'

THE RELATION OF MUSIC TO POETRY

BY ALFRED HAYES

BEFORE attempting any delimitation of the frontiers of Music and Poetry, or any discussion of their interaction, it is perhaps prudent to admit that in one respect it is impossible to separate them. There is a sense in which the Republic of Beauty is one and indivisible. The elation, the thrill, which every form of beauty excites, whether it be an Egyptian temple, a Beethoven sonata, a lyric of Shelley, a 'wild-flower in its lair,' or a couple of kittens at play, implies as it were a common nervous system connecting all manifestations of beauty and our appreciation thereof; and two provinces of beauty so nearly adjacent as Music and Poetry, are peculiarly liable to be-

come interfused in a common emotion, to swim in 'the light that never was on sea or land,' till their boundaries seem blent beyond recognition; and when, in such a perfect song as Wolff's 'Verborgenheit,' the music rises and falls in close sympathy with the emotion of the words, the union becomes so intimate that it is hard to say, while listening, which is the poetry and which the music.

Nevertheless the provinces of Music and Poetry, however nearly they may at times approach, are in fact distinct; and though they have in common the property of conveying, as nothing else can convey, 'the sense of tears in mortal things,' of appealing to that within

us which makes us 'feel that we are greater than we know,' they reach the highlands of the soul by separate roads from different directions. A homely proof of this lies in the fact that an intense delight in the beauty of language, in the broad and delicate harmonies of ordered words, what is loosely called 'verbal music,' is often found to exist in people who have no ear for music in the ordinary sense of the term, who cannot distinguish one tune from another or pronounce the simplest musical phrase. As for memorizing a melody, they could as easily hover in mid-air; yet they will recite, not prose alone, but verse, with perfect intonation and exquisite delicacy of expression. It is not necessary to labor the point; such cases must be within the experience of every one; they prove conclusively that Music and Poetry occupy distinct though neighboring regions, under the control of separate though allied rulers.

This distinction proves fatal to the Wagnerian conception of Music as at once the handmaid and complement of Poetry. Misled by his peculiar mental constitution, Wagner deemed that all musical expression had a poetic basis. He himself thought in terms of music; and, violently forcing all kinds of concrete images and pseudo-philosophic ideas into musical moulds, he naïvely proclaimed that they were quite at home there. His belief that Poetry would never come into her kingdom until wedded to Music, seems to have arisen from his abnormal insensibility to Poetry, coupled with his abnormal sensibility to Music. Of the latter fact his music-dramas abound in splendid evidence; but they abound no less in distressing proof of the former.

The best of English translations cannot convert into poetry the German doggerel which Wagner considered a perfectly satisfactory 'poetic basis' for

the glorious music of his *Meistersinger*. Nothing more raw, or more vapid, has ever been misnamed 'poetry' than his book-of-the-words of *Tristan and Isolde*; nothing more full of foggy mock-philosophy, of grandiose puerilities, has ever been patched together than the cumbrous literary lay-figure which he has clothed with the magnificent music of *The Ring*. The distance between the words and the music is always immense, often immeasurable. It is almost incredible that Wagner could have regarded as poetry, worthy of being wedded to immortal music, such a jumble of vague ejaculations as that which accompanies the heavenly strains of the 'Liebestod.' But the fact remains that he did regard it as poetry, and it simply proves that he was insensible to poetry as such. As Mr. Ernest Newman pungently remarks in his *Study of Wagner*, —

'These lines may be, and actually are, admirably adapted for a musical setting, but they are no more poetry than an auctioneer's catalogue is poetry. . . . Wagner,' continues Mr. Newman, 'has unconsciously done precisely what he blamed the older composers for — he has dragged the poet along at the heels of the musician. And he has rightly done so; for, as he ought to have seen, the element of musical pleasure counts for so much in opera that its presence compensates for the absence of poetry in the ordinary sense.'

Indeed, from the standpoint of verbal and metrical beauty, the advantage to poetry of being wedded to music is less than nothing. A beautiful poem, just in so far as it is a beautiful poem, satisfying in emotional and intellectual expression, exquisite in diction, is outraged by being set to music. Violence is done to it in several ways: the rhymes lose their effect through the lack of correspondence between the

musical phrases and the verbal phrases; the accented notes in the music often do not coincide with the stress in the verse; the time of the music is often at cross-purposes with the metre of the poetry; a single word of a poem is now brutally dismembered, now stretched out on a musical rack of many bars, now flung from pillar to post, especially in choral-writing; and finally, worst outrage of all, the direct intellectual and emotional appeal of the poem is drowned in the flood of pleasure which the music directly and overwhelmingly bestows. It is true that some modern composers have made serious efforts to minimize these injuries; but they have only partially succeeded, for the simple reason that the appeal of Poetry is distinct, not in degree, but in kind, from the appeal of Music. The more satisfying the pleasure which a poem gives me, the less I desire it to be set to music. In this I mean no disparagement of the art of Music; far from it; I write as a devout lover of Music no less than of Poetry; but their spheres are separate, and can never be combined with complete satisfaction to a devotee of both arts.

Take, for instance, such a poem as Wordsworth's sonnet on Westminster Bridge. No one with the faintest perception of verbal beauty could fail to be impressed by the closing lines of that sonnet. Now imagine them set to music. The poem, as a poem, would not gain, but would greatly lose, by the process. I do not say that the pleasure of listening to the musical setting would not be as great as the pleasure of reading the poem; it might even be greater, it would certainly be more immediate; but it would be a different sort of pleasure; and the fine qualities which distinguished the sonnet as a sonnet would be smothered by the music.

Consider an actual example in which

a modern composer has robed a masterpiece of poetry with music which cannot be praised more highly than by saying that it is worthy of the verse which inspired it — Granville Bantock's setting of the second chorus of Swinburne's *Atalanta in Calydon*. Here the rhythm of the poetry is very clearly marked, as always in Swinburne. The metre is in triple time; and the beauty of the verse, the ebb and flow of its strong tide, the swing of its movement, are firmly associated with triple time in the minds and hearts of all who love that solemn chorus. The composer knows that full well; but when he comes to set the verses to music, he simply ignores it, and employs $\frac{4}{8}$ time, ruthlessly cutting across the sound-waves of the verse. There can be no question that the music has done violence to the verse in the matter of metre; and not in that matter alone: verbal phrases, single words, are so reiterated that their value as verse is utterly lost, and the rhyme-scheme is shattered to bits. The music is noble and satisfying; it has caught the mood, the atmosphere, of the poem, and conveys them to the listener with more directness than even the words themselves can do. But the verbal beauty is gone, knocked to pieces and drowned in the great waves of unregarding harmony.

Now, has the musician sinned in this? I think not. If he had adhered closely to the poet's metre, the musical effect would soon have become monotonous; and he is bound to make the musical effect his first consideration. But it may well be asked — if adherence to the metre would have become monotonous in the music, why does it not become so in the poetry? The answer is that it does; and the poet can escape disaster in this respect only by introducing into the structure of his verse variations and irregularities of

accent, sometimes bold, sometimes delicate. Shakespeare, Milton, Shelley, Swinburne himself, were consummate in this branch of their art. Its skillful use, when managed with the *ars celare artem*, denotes a master of poetic technique; and it is the pitfall in which the bungler most easily comes to grief. It would carry me too far from my subject to enter into details; enough that the particular methods by which the poet mitigates, if he cannot avoid, monotony do not suffice for the musician; and this is the musician's justification for the pitiless way in which he dislocates and mangles the poet's verse.

The violence done to prose by being set to music is not so serious; there is no rhyme to suffer contumely; and the disregard of the periods of prose by the musician is less patent than his disregard of the metre of verse. But just in so far as prose rises to the dignity of poetry, the mischief becomes apparent. The majesty, the noble poise of the words themselves, disappear.

I do not suggest that musicians should refrain from choosing beautiful language to set to music; our enjoyment of *Tristan and Isolde* certainly would not be diminished if the words were beautiful instead of banal; and commonplace prose can scarcely be so high an incentive to the composition of music as lofty verse. We must surely applaud the spirit which animates the composer who declines to associate good music with bad words, even if it were only to prevent the bad words from gaining a currency which they would not otherwise obtain. Nor can I approve the grudging spirit of the poet who refuses to lend the aid of his art to the musician, lest the beauty of his verse should suffer indignity through being distorted and disguised in the musical setting. Music is so desirable an end in itself that a poet who loves music may well be content, nay proud, to

assist her even at his own expense; and though, when sung, the poem must lose much of its essential value, that value will reappear whenever the poem is detached from the music. The injury is only temporary, and is sustained in a splendid cause. Poetry, after her friendly visit to the land of her neighbor Music, can return to her own country and possess her soul in peace, with the added satisfaction of knowing that she has gained popularity by co-operation with her powerful ally. It is quite certain, for instance, that Swinburne's superb verse has already been borne on the wings of Granville Bantock's music into hundreds of homes which it would never otherwise have reached.

It is interesting to find that there is a physiological ground for separating the spheres of Music and Poetry. It is an established fact that music and speech are actuated by distinct cerebral centres. Persons mentally deficient are often extremely susceptible to music, and can easily memorize the melody of a song, while quite incapable of appreciating or memorizing the words. Children can often hum a tune long before they can speak. As M. Combarieu puts it, in a striking passage quoted by Mr. Ernest Newman in his *Study of Wagner*, —

“There exists a musical manner of thinking (*une pensée musicale*). The musician thinks with sounds, as the poet thinks with words. It is a mysterious privilege, but indubitable. If, in the vague domain of æsthetics, there is a solid basis on which we can build, it is this; yet all the empirical explanations have foundered upon this special faculty, which represents all the originality and perhaps all the psychology of the musician. Music has two different significations, united in the one form like the soul and the body, of which the one is very simple, while the other

eludes all verbal analysis; it is at once a direct imitation of the emotional life and of external objects, and it is the language of a *sui generis* mode of thought. Not only do poet and musician not speak the same language or obey the same laws, but they do not think with the same faculty.'

'*They do not think with the same faculty*',—precisely. Neither, I would add, do their creations appeal to the same faculty; nor therefore can their creations, conceived by separate faculties, appealing to separate faculties, be combined with complete satisfaction to the listener. Either the music will drag the words, or the words will drag the music. They cannot co-operate in perfect harmony.

It is nevertheless true that the poet renders great service to the musician by suggesting and stimulating musical thought. If poetry be—as Matthew Arnold once defined it—'a criticism of life,' it may serve the musician much in the same way as his own experiences of life serve him; it may bring grist to the musical mill. The raw material of musical thought, as of poetic thought, is life itself; and a rich web of thought already woven by the poet may well supply just the basis and incentive which the musician requires. It may excite and stimulate in the musician a different brain-centre from that which was excited and stimulated in the poet when he conceived his poem, and the consequence will be, not a verbal but a musical creation. Goethe's *Egmont*, Shakespeare's *Coriolanus* supplied Beethoven with the basis and incentive for two of his greatest overtures, which would certainly not otherwise have been composed; and these dramas provided not only the basis and incentive, but also the atmosphere of sombre grandeur which pervades the overtures.

This suggestion of an atmosphere

is the most direct service which Poetry renders to Music; for it is with generalized emotion that Music naturally deals,—with the photo-sphere, so to speak, of a particular emotion, rather than with the emotion itself. In transcendent regions of the vague and vast, the indefinite and elusive, the inarticulate, where Poetry begins to stammer, and Painting and Sculpture to lose precision, there Music enters and takes command of domains which are hers by divine right. There she moves and reigns absolute mistress, unrestrained save by her own self-imposed laws; and when she speaks of those large moods, or of those lovely but fleeting suggestions, which come to man he knows not how or whence and are the very iridescence of the human soul, she speaks with a voice of such authority that articulate speech is abashed.

That is the realm of Music; and she quits it at the peril of her dignity and power. When she descends from her cloudland, and mingles with the crowd of concrete things, she enters into futile competition with other arts in their peculiar provinces, and fails to convince. When Wagner, in the Good Friday music in *Parsifal*, fixes the atmosphere of a calm and tender morning of early spring, we thank Heaven for a tone-picture beautiful beyond words; all that is gross and aggressive in our disposition falls from us, like a sordid garment, as we listen to that pure and delicate tissue of sweet sound, and we kneel entranced in the presence of divine simplicity; but when even such a master as Beethoven stoops from the regions of generalized emotion to imitate the concrete call of the cuckoo, I can only sadly say, as Browning said of Shakespeare under corresponding provocation—Did Beethoven?—the less Beethoven he.

At this point we are confronted with the vexed question of what is termed

'Programme Music,' — music, that is, which deliberately selects concrete images for its material, and attempts to express not the atmosphere of an event or an emotion, but the actual event or emotion itself. Extreme cases of this type of music are the cry of the baby in Strauss's *Domestic Symphony*, the sneers and snarls of the critics in his *Heldenleben*, the contortions of the dragon in Wagner's *Siegfried*. In my humble judgment Music demeans herself in attempting these merely imitative effects, and demeans herself in vain; here the musician laboriously strives, and fails, to produce an impression which the writer or the painter could have achieved by a stroke of the pen or brush. The musician can effectively express the heroic mood; Strauss does it in the opening section of his *Heldenleben*; but he can not depict the concrete particulars which evoked the heroic mood. The musician can convey an impression of monstrous gloom; Wagner often does it supremely in the *Ring*; but he cannot draw a convincing portrait of a particular monster.

The musical phrases, moreover, which are associated with particular personages or events, are usually quite arbitrary; they do not really suggest the personages or events to which they refer, or it would not be necessary to indicate them in the analytical programme of a concert. The musical phrase, for instance, which Wagner connects with the person of Parsifal, is beautiful in itself, but it no more suggests the character of Parsifal than it suggests that of Hamlet or Julius Cæsar; it is utterly impossible for any one to infer from the notes themselves the kind of person they are intended to portray.

Apart from the beauty of the music, as music, the pleasure which one obtains from a study of a piece of Programme Music is akin to that which one

gets from solving a geometrical problem, or translating a passage from a foreign language; and I have observed that those amateurs who derive most enjoyment from this aspect of a musical composition are not as a rule very susceptible to music. I recall a certain scholarly friend who, after listening to a Schumann quintette which, in Shakespeare's phrase, had haled the soul out of my body, asked quite simply what it meant. He might as well have asked what a sunset meant. But that is the kind of man who, by the help of an annotated programme, well conned beforehand, will suck a sort of intellectual pleasure out of a piece of Programme Music, while he would be impressed but faintly by, let us say, an impromptu of Schubert, and would afterwards ask what it meant. On the other hand, a musical man may thoroughly enjoy the mental exercise of tracing the threads of the various *leit-motifs* interwoven into an intricate score of Strauss, just as he may enjoy the intellectual exercise of tracing the various sedimentary strata and intrusive igneous rocks which constitute the framework of a mountain; and in each case his knowledge of their anatomy may enrich his enjoyment; but it is not essential to his pleasure in either; and it is a purely intellectual satisfaction, wholly distinct from his æsthetic perception of the beauty of the music or the mountain, — that æsthetic perception which is denied to the man who has no ear for music or sensibility to scenery. The provision of this purely intellectual enjoyment is incidental to all Programme Music; but it is not, in my judgment, an essential function of music.

The musician can adequately portray the strenuousness of strife, the exultation of victory, but not the contending hosts in conflict, not the conflict itself; and I must confess that the

battle-scene in *Heldenleben*, save for the merely intellectual pleasure obtained from analyzing its structure, affects me, as music, little more than would a powerful version of our old friend 'The Battle of Prague,' with its egregious Early-Victorian annotations, 'cannon in the distance,' 'cries of the wounded,' and so forth. But when Strauss passes from this melodramatic lowland to that lofty region of generalized emotion in which Music lives and moves and has her being, what a transformation! What sublime simplicity, what infinite tenderness pervade the closing stanzas of that enchanting tone-poem! Music has found herself once more; she speaks again with her natural voice to her own people; and after heartfelt thanksgiving they recall the battle-scene, and murmur, *Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?*

But though in certain of its escapades Programme Music may make the judicious grieve, its assumption of functions hitherto undertaken only by the poet and painter has undoubtedly raised the art of Music in the esteem of that large body of intellectual folk who are only slightly musical; to them 'absolute' music brings but a vague and dim pleasure. Though too well-bred and perhaps a little afraid to say so, in their heart of hearts they suspect it of being just a little trivial or sensuous; they are inclined to patronize it, somewhat after the manner of the substantial English country gentleman of fifty years ago. But such people are beginning to take Programme Music seriously. 'Ah! — now you are talking,' one seems to hear them say to the composer. They may not enjoy the really musical part of the music, but they do apprehend the definite images with which it is associated; the composer is speaking in a language not wholly foreign to them. He has thrown a sop to Cerberus, and is consequently

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now acclaimed in sacred circles to which entrance had long been denied him. Programme Music bids fair to stamp his creations with the hall-mark of the intellectuals at the court of Fashion.

In this respect, the composer of Programme Music is rendering a solid, if somewhat oblique, service to a good cause, to wit, the popularizing of serious music. Allured by definite images, a large number of semi-musical people of intellect are becoming interested in Programme Music, and eventually may be induced thereby to cultivate the fields of music pure and simple. I have heard musical purists say hard things of the composer who thus makes to himself friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness; they dub him time-server, perhaps truly; but a time-server in serving his generation may be serving generations yet unborn; compromise, in this as in most things, is wisdom on our imperfect planet; and the poet who lends his verse to the musician, to be distorted for good musical purposes, is no less a time-server than the musician who for another good purpose materializes his music by associating it with concrete images alien to its genius. By means of this compromise, Music and Poetry win for each other adherents in fields which would otherwise remain outside their influence.

To put it bluntly, music helps the musical but unpoetical man to appreciate poetry; poetry helps the poetical but unmusical man to appreciate music. An accomplished professional musician recently assured me that although he had often read FitzGerald's translation of the *Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyám, he never felt its force, or realized its beauty, till he heard Bantock's musical setting thereof. To him poetry was a foreign language, to which music had supplied explanatory notes

in his native tongue. That is a clear case of music helping an unpoetical man to appreciate poetry. Conversely, there are many unmusical people who will listen intently to a song, with even more pleasure than they would listen to the verse alone, but who would be bored by the music if detached from the words. We all know such people, and they afford clear evidence of the fact that poetry helps an unmusical man to appreciate music. It does so in several ways: —

1. The unmusical hearer unconsciously reads into the music some of the pleasure which the words alone would have given him.

2. The words endow the music with a significance which the unmusical man would fail to detect in the music alone. For him the words are a key to the music.

3. The distinctly human element which words import into the music touches him in a way in which the music by itself would not touch him. Such a man would enjoy, let us say, Schumann's 'Nachtstück' far more if there were words to it; whereas to a musical man words would restrict its scope, and materialize the delicacy of its spiritual atmosphere.

4. Words can best display the powers of that most beautiful and sympathetic of all instruments, the human voice, whose accents penetrate many a soul which the tones of any other instrument fail to reach. This is, I suppose, the chief reason for the popularity of the song above every other form of musical composition.

The fact that words help the unmusical man to appreciate music is responsible for a 'new art-form' in which this service is frightfully abused. We are threatened with a revival of that ancient abomination, the recitation of words to musical accompaniment, or, as its advocates prefer to describe it,

the illustration of music by recited words. I have lately been shown a poem which it is proposed to recite, not in the intervals of the movements of a string-quartette, but during the actual performance of the music. I cannot conceive anything more wildly irritating to a discriminating lover of music and poetry; yet it seems, alas, possible that such a proceeding might give pleasure to some ears insensitive to music but sensitive to poetry, or *vice versa*; though even then, I should have supposed, the interference of the one set of sounds with the other would have caused a sense of discomfort at least. Like so many other new horrors, it is nothing but an old horror in a new dress, a pretentious variety of that vulgar device in which the sentimental spoken words of a melodrama are accompanied by 'soft music.' To a lover alike of poetry and music the effect is akin to the torment which such a man suffers when he goes into a restaurant to dine with a friend, and suddenly into the midst of intimate talk there intrudes the maddening impertinence of the restaurant band. He cannot listen to the music; he cannot listen to his friend; and he is soon worked up into a state of frenzy. May Heaven in its infinite mercy deliver us from this 'new art-form!'

The consideration of the fact that poetry helps the unmusical man to appreciate music naturally suggests the inquiry, What type of poetry is best adapted for musical setting? Unquestionably, it would appear, poetry of an obvious kind, dealing with primary emotions. In dramatic poetry, in the ballad, the folk-song, and the simple lyric, we have a style of poetry admirably suited to the purposes of the musician; in poetry of a more abstract type also, provided that it is suffused with the atmosphere of emotion, whether the emotion be lofty or lowly, gay

or serious. When, after the impressive orchestral introduction, in the solemn chorus of Brahms's Requiem, we hear emerge through the music the massive words 'All flesh is as grass,' we feel at once the kinship of the two great arts, and the mutual help which they may render one to the other. The partnership of the two arts here proves successful, because the words express a large general reflection deeply tinged with emotion, such as music can strongly emphasize. But though in this instance the theme is a lofty one, it is the atmospheric quality of the words which matters, not the dignity of the emotion.

Ruskin, who, with all his sensitiveness to the beauty of language, was not a musical man, wanders, I think, far from the truth when he says that a maiden may sing of her lost love, but a miser may not sing of his lost gold. Why not? The emotion of the miser, however ignoble its origin, is nevertheless genuine emotion; and its atmosphere can be conveyed by music just as expressively as the atmosphere of the maiden's nobler feeling. Wagner has, in fact, conveyed the atmosphere of such a base-born passion, with extraordinary vividness, in the case of Alberich and his loss of the Rhinegold. All depends upon the souls of the poet and musician being attuned to the same degree and quality of emotion; and when this is not the case, disaster follows. Surely the Nadir in this respect was reached in the 'Cujus animam' section of Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. The words of the old monastic poem are poignant with the anguish of the Mother of the Crucified; the music, pompous and jubilant, would be appropriate to some jolly ceremonial occasion, the trooping of the colors, say, or the opening of the new winter gardens. Indeed I have actually heard it performed on such occasions with excellent effect.

Philosophical poetry, at any rate, where it becomes argumentative, intricate, and unemotional, is wholly unsuited to musical illustration. An intellectual disquisition is hopeless matter for music; as well try to set to music the Differential Calculus. Of course the Differential Calculus *might* be set to music, and the music might even be beautiful, but would it bear any natural relation whatever to the theme in hand? No; it is the large, vague, subtle, elusive *emotions* of the soul which are the proper raw material for music of the philosophic sort.

Music is hanging weights on her wings when she meddles with metaphysical speculations, just as surely as when she stoops to imitate a baby's cry. In so doing she renounces her birthright of universality, which is her proudest privilege. Why should *she* worry about the 'Thee in Me,' or the 'Me within Thee Blind,' when it is hers, and hers alone, to 'hale souls out of men's bodies' with a voice understood of the people the wide world over; when she alone, with faculty transcending the confusion of tongues, can suggest, as no other art can suggest, the ineffable mystery of love, the impalpable shadow of death? Is not the labored tramp of unseen feet in Chopin's Funeral March more big with suggestion than any actual funeral cortège of any particular hero? Do not the shifting tone-lights of Tristan and Isolde's love-duet hint at a passion more delicate, more sublime, than is known to mortal man and maid? Does not the rhythmic heart-beat of the music, in the slow movement of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, throb with some vast yearning, striving to be born, looming out of the void, a yearning at once cosmic and human, whose wistfulness exceeds all that we can predicate of it? Yes; where speech fails, where argument and analysis collapse,

there Music reigns, sole and triumphant. She need not covet alien kingdoms.

The mistake of confounding the respective spheres of Music and Poetry arises mainly from a defective appreciation of one or the other art. A man who is equally sensitive to the appeal of each does not make this mistake, does not mix these divine liquors. In the majority of people, either the ear for music or the ear for verbal beauty is defective or undeveloped; more frequently, I think, the ear for verbal beauty. It is difficult otherwise to account for the rarity of ardent lovers of poetry. It is not the demand which Poetry makes on the intellect, by reason of its compactness and intensity of expression, which is responsible for the sparse congregations in the temple of Poetry. If that were so, we should not find it neglected by men and women who shrink from no mental effort in grappling with some difficult chapter of philosophy or stiff scientific problem. No; it is simply because the peculiar acoustic beauty of fine verse, which gives some of us a thrill equaled only by the thrill of music, does not affect them in that wise. They may delight to study the poetry of Browning or Meredith, but it is for the sake of the intellectual content of the poems, or the pleasure of cracking hard linguistic nuts, not for the sake of enjoying an acoustic beauty which, in sooth, those two particular poets seldom exhibit. The highest type of poetry, that wherein the quintessence of remembered emotion is expressed with perfect clarity and sincerity, in exquisitely chosen words, and phrasing of subtle balance, such poetry fails to thrill the majority of men. Its verbal beauty is a thing *per se*, the essential thing in poetry, without which poetry, however admirable in other respects, is essentially prose; and this peculiar verbal beauty,

with the special kind of pleasure which it bestows, cannot be translated into the medium of music or of any other art.

Take, for example, such a poem as 'The Toys,' by Coventry Patmore, a poem of which the motive happens to be wide in its appeal to popular human instincts: how comes it that it is known and loved by so few? Simply because its pathetic details, its tender play of emotion, its wonderful ascent from the trivial to the sublime, are expressed in verse to the delicate verbal beauty of which most ears are deaf. That peculiar verbal beauty is of the essence of the poem, and could not possibly be translated into music.

Or let us take a widely different example from a living author,¹ a poem classic in the calm dignity of its language, nobly plain, tense with controlled emotion. The poet looks Death in the eyes; for him death is the end of all things. Let those who, gazing into that gray face, can pluck up no better spirit, cry 'Let us drink and eat; for tomorrow we die.' The poet has a loftier answer to the eternal Nay, and thus exhorts his lady:—

Come, let us make love deathless, thou and I,
 Seeing that our footing on the earth is brief,
 Seeing that her multitudes sweep out to die
 Mocking at all that passes their belief.
 For standard of our love not theirs we take;
 If we go hence to-day,
 Fill the high cup, that is so soon to break,
 With richer wine than they.

Alas, since beyond these walls no heavens there be,
 Joy to revive or wasted youth repair,
 I'll not bedim the lovely flame in thee
 Nor sully the sad splendor that we wear.
 Great be the love, if with the lover dies
 Our greatness past recall;
 And nobler for the fading of those eyes
 The world seen once for all.

Here again, the thing of beauty which the poet has woven out of the mists of unbelief, the rainbow which the setting

¹ Herbert Trench.

sun of his love has flung athwart the blank prospect of annihilation, above all, the peculiar verbal beauty of the faultless lyric, are things that cannot possibly be translated into music.

A full appreciation of Poetry implies four conditions precedent:—

1. A discriminating sensitiveness to the verbal beauty of verse. 2. Recognition of the fitness of the words chosen to express the thought and feeling. 3. Comprehension of the thought and feeling itself in all its bearings. 4. Understanding of the technical structure of the verse in mass and in detail.

Similarly, a full appreciation of Music implies:—

1. A discriminating sensitiveness to the musical beauty of music. 2. Recognition of the fitness of the notes, the musical phraseology, chosen to express the thought and feeling. 3. Comprehension of the thought and feeling itself in all its bearings. 4. Understanding of the technical structure of the music in mass and in detail.

In the case of Music and Poetry alike, these are highly complex mental processes; and few there be who are fully equipped by nature and education to follow them out in all their subtle intricacies. In regard to the second, third, and fourth conditions the appeal is to somewhat the same faculties in each art. Given a knowledge both of music and poetry, the understanding of the structure of a fugue is closely analogous to the understanding of the structure of a sonnet; and the technical satisfaction obtained from a masterly example of the one or the other is very

similar. Comprehension of the intellectual and emotional contents of a musical or poetical composition, and recognition of the effectiveness of the means employed to express them, demand much the same faculty in each case.

But the first condition precedent, the essential condition, namely, a discriminating sensitiveness to the verbal beauty of verse, is something totally distinct from a discriminating sensitiveness to the musical beauty of music, and is a condition which renders the appreciation of Music a totally distinct thing from the appreciation of Poetry; and it is because this first condition is so seldom satisfied, that genuine lovers of Poetry are so rare.

I have deliberately refrained from following those well-worn paths of musical and poetical investigation which lie in the domain of exact knowledge. I have avoided the mathematics of music, the laws of prosody, and such questions as the derivation of primitive music and poetry from the dance, topics which occupy the fields of ascertained scientific or historic fact; and have ventured to deal with those evasive aspects of the subject which are beset with difficulties and ambiguities. But I am content if I have succeeded in suggesting any lines of thought which may help lovers of Music and Poetry to realize a little more of the mystery of those great arts, or to quicken their aspirations toward that transcendent region where the distinct and many-colored rays of Music and Poetry, with all other manifestations of beauty, blend into one clear light.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

BY GEORGE MALCOLM STRATTON

It has become almost a custom to excuse the individual — but by no means the corporation or larger social body — asleep or viciously awake while on duty. The fault lies not in him, they tell us, but in the system, in our society. If the adulterator think he adulterates, or if the bribed think he is bribed, he knows not well the subtle ways of society, our new Brahma. The condemnation should never fall on him who seems the offender.

This current of thought, which I earnestly believe must be stemmed, could be measured and mapped in several ways. But we feel its true sweep and force if we mark it, not in the careless speech of street and newspaper, but in the utterance of men against whom it is impossible to say that they merely echo, insensitive to the meaning of the words they use. Let me illustrate this spirit of the day — a spirit unnamed, but which is a kind of moral socialism — in two careful essays in a single recent number of the *Atlantic*, by men of special knowledge and tempered judgment.

Mr. Fielding-Hall, for many years at the head of the great Rangoon prison, says of the criminal, that he is 'not ashamed, because he knows he cannot help it. And punishment exasperates him because he has not deserved it.' That 'crime is no defect of the individual. It is a disease of the nation, nay of humanity, exhibited in individuals. You have gout in your toe, but it is your whole system which is wrong.' The criminal, then, like the toe, might

well feel aggrieved but not remorseful; he has suffered, rather than caused a wrong. Whatever there is of evil has been borne in upon him from without. 'There is not, there never was, in any one a tendency to crime,' says this writer, 'until either jails or criminal education created it.'

My other illustration is from a writer high in the service of one of the Atlantic steamship companies, who also defends the individual under a cloud. Speaking upon 'The Unlearned Lesson of the Titanic,' he makes it clear that the great liners are still unsafe. And who is at fault? Certainly not the man whose one business it is — so it appears to the poor landsman — to see that the vessel is equipped. 'Was the shipowner,' he asks, 'or the traveling public, or were the legal authorities, to blame for the shortage of boats aboard the Titanic?' 'Without hesitation,' he answers, — 'Without hesitation I exonerate the shipowner, and place the responsibility on the legal authorities and the traveling public.' For the shipowner gave them in full measure what they asked. 'If the law calls for a certain number of boats of certain capacities, the shipowner invariably goes beyond what is required of him. The public demands luxurious suites of rooms, Venetian cafés, lounges, buffets, reading, writing, and music rooms, swimming baths, gymnasiums, and so forth, and the shipowner meets the demand.' The public asked only for a stone, it would appear, and the shipowner readily gave it them.

The responsibility is here laid wholly upon 'the legal authorities and the traveling public.' But the legal authorities could doubtless show that they had fully and faithfully administered the law, and that not they but the source of law, the public, was the cause of the lack of boats. Thus at the door of society, whether traveling or at home, lies the fault; but on no account at the door of the man who actually owned and controlled the ship.

These are apologies in the growing spirit of the hour; utterances of the belief that the man who did the act is not responsible; skillful and intelligent expressions of a creed held widely and daily used. Arguments like these are no longer the web of casuists, the recreation of fallen angels, as Milton has them, reasoning upon fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute, finding no end, in wandering mazes lost. They are thoughts, rather, which are trying — and too often with success — to become flesh and blood in the practice of shop and office and court. On such a plea well-known men, bribers of public officials, as well as the officials they bribed, have escaped punishment. And this very day in my community comes its fresh rising in an abhorrent form. A mature man of affairs and of money is proved in court to have abandoned wife and daughter and to have carried into a distant city a young girl for his lust; and in his public defense there is the passionate plea that not this man himself, but society, should answer for his foul offense.

We must see the inadequacy of this and of all like vindication. It shows, not that this man is guiltless, but that others share his guilt; others offered occasion and inducement for his wrong. Yet a responsibility shared need not, in all justice, be lessened. If two soldiers are to watch at a post, and both sleep, it may well be that instead of

no guilt, or at most but half-guilt attaching to each, there is for each of them full guilt. Under such circumstances, it is true, one and both may be wholly innocent; but this should not blind us to the quality of the act in every case, and should not lead us to relax all distinction and judgment. For let us imagine a man free from unconquerable fatigue, knowing his orders, who pleads that his sleeping was no fault of his, because the *other* man was asleep; and why should one be expected on such a night to do what his fellow was not doing? Would this man's shame and shortcoming be but one half, perhaps, or nothing? It would be one and entire. Likewise, if a rich shipowner finds another rich shipowner putting luxury before safety in his ship, he cannot merely on this plea be excused. He may perhaps have other and better defenses, but surely this one is thin air. It is, at heart, like that of the convicted satyr we have just seen, who pleaded that in his city not he alone but many men of business debauched young girls. A shared responsibility, a common responsibility, need not be a divided, a diminished responsibility.

Nor does it surely exonerate a man, that others offered him fat opportunity and temptation. The thieves on the Jericho road might thus have been acquitted. Would it ever have entered their heads to rob the traveler, had he not come their way with signs of wealth? And if the proper officials had been on hand, would there have been a theft? Blame the legal authorities, the traveling public, not the thieves!

I do not forget that a man who yields may be less guilty than the man who offers the occasion, the temptation; or that of two who yield, one may be far less guilty than the other. But if mere temptation were a full excuse, then no deed, not even the foulest, would be culpable; for it is never un-

solicited from without. Other men's large or small possessions, the limits which their presence inevitably puts upon our freedom, the antagonism which they unintentionally arouse, every woman by her very sex, — these are all calls to some primitive instinct in us, stirring it to slip leash and be off. And this is all that crime is. It is merely an unrebuked temptation, a natural instinct running at large, — a very natural thing. We do not need prisons and special education to give it birth, as Mr. Fielding-Hall declares, although these may foster it. It is already there in native untouched passion and impulse. Life and manhood require that each one of us shall civilize a wild horde within, shall set instinct against instinct, until there is rule and obedience, and they recognize the bounds fixed by the need and right of our fellow man. This requirement cannot be avoided by the common criminal, by the guilty father, or by the millionaire shipowner.

But to the rich shipowner is offered more than mere occasion and opportunity, it would seem. He is overtly tempted; he would gladly give life-boats, but the public *demands* Venetian cafés. Therefore he is innocent when men drown. And yet we can hardly give him honor if he pull down safety and pile luxury high, even should passengers demand this of him. He is there, like a captain, to resist such demands.

But do the travelers in any strict and vital sense demand this; are they the prime tempters? Did the passengers think out Venetian cafés beforehand, and refuse to cross the ocean unless the ship contained what no ship had held before? Or was it not, rather, that the shipowner hired men he could trust to devise yet unimagined luxuries, knowing that there would be more money in his pocket from swimming baths and gymnasiums on shipboard

than from life-boats? Only in this sense has the public 'demanded' his gaudy substitutes. The owner offered swimming baths, and, pocketing his reward, is pronounced blameless when on that Sunday night no swimming baths were needed. And the very shipowner who offers the most glittering temptations is not the one driven to the wall, offering these in a forlorn hope of escaping ruin. He is the wealthiest, the strongest, the one best fortified to say, 'I cannot give you Venetian cafés *and safety*; and from me you receive safety or nothing. Go to my rival if you want tinsel vessels on a perilous sea. For should there be disaster, I could not even think of the tattered excuse, that you asked me for such things and I gave them against my judgment. I am responsible. Mine is the work of carrying men and women without loss of life. If after seeing to that, I can add to their enjoyment, well and good. But never luxury first, and only such safety as then can find a place!'

We can feel the generous strain in these defenders of the man who fails at his post. They wish us to keep far from anything like pharisaism. He is no worse than we, they say; he is not at fault. What he did is ours, done because of what we have done and left undone. And there is more than generosity in what they say; there is truth. They utter one-sidedly the truth which comes with the growing social consciousness. For it is true that the social order contributes to many evils for which it has not been held to answer. Crime can be decreased by education and by reducing sickness and hunger; and we who do not bestir ourselves to teach and heal and feed must stand condemned. We who choose passage on liners that flaunt their crowding luxuries must answer for the missing life-boats when the vessel sinks.

But unbalanced truth is untrue, whether one or the other side be light. To say, after the newer manner, that the man who robs, or poisons with the food he sells, or battens on another's body and soul, is blameless and that society alone is wrong, — this is as untrue, as unjust, as was the older way of saying that only he was guilty, and that we who stood by were innocent. We must not drop old truth whenever we come to new; we must grasp it with the other hand.

For if the criminal is not responsible, society is not. If the shipowner is not responsible, neither is the traveling public. The traveling public is of individuals like the shipowner; it is Brown and Smith and Sullivan buying passage on luxurious liners and asking no questions for safety's sake. The acts of society are ultimately personal acts; its neglects are neglects by one or many persons. Only by a mental laziness and confusion do these persons swim before our eyes and in the mass lose their individuality. The responsibility cannot be shifted forever; in the end it rests upon me and you and men like us; upon men in groups, men organized, perhaps, but yet upon men. Or else in all consistency we must acquit every one concerned—shipowner, legal authority, traveling public; criminal, judge, jailer, teacher, merchant, voter.

It is certain, however, that men will never finally surrender their belief in personal obligation. The inner declaration is far too strong. Nor is there anything in our growing science of mind to force the surrender. We know to-day in somewhat more detail what men have always known, that each is influenced by things and forces around and behind; each is not the sole cause of what he does. And yet he is not idle in their presence. He moulds and modifies, resists them, invites them on.

The great of the race, too, throw contempt on antecedents and surroundings. They submit and receive, and yet defy. Your lad from the cotton mill of Rochdale comes to a perception of public right and duty as clear as is found in the best trained and best ancestored of all Britain. Your backwoodsman of Illinois has a mastery of human longings and a purpose and vision that are wanting from the best blood and culture of New England.

Out of the living sources of mind there constantly issues the wonderful, the impossible, silencing our chatter and dogmatism about the natural bondage of all conduct. There then revives in us the old conviction, enforced anew by democracy, that creative energy with all its inherent responsibilities is not the possession merely of a few rare men. In some measure each is given this with his manhood. Each parleys and is heeded at the barriers of fate.

We heap the measure of our share in his guilt if we lull instead of rousing the man at his post. If we tell him he is right in his feeling that he cannot avoid failure, we have done what we could to insure his failure. The untoward externals should be smoothed out by every means that can be discovered or invented; but to all this outward aid should be added the word from a generation more jealous of personal power and responsibility, *'You and I can, because we ought.'* The common human heritage of duty with its meed of praise or blame is not to be denied either to the Rangoon prisoner or to the Sacramento wanton or to the great shipowner of London or New York. Each of these has certain things put in his charge; he has his post. And if we preach powerlessness and irresponsibility to him personally, and to other individuals like him, we invite at a high price even so great a good as the new social conscience.

SECRET ANNALS OF THE MANCHU COURT

III. MEMOIRS OF THE BOXER YEAR (1900)

BY E. BACKHOUSE AND J. O. P. BLAND

I

THE inner history of the Court of Peking during the height of the Boxer crisis and the siege of the Legations was fully narrated in the diary of His Excellency Ching Shan, published for the first time in *China under the Empress Dowager* in 1910. Since then, the observations of Europeans who went through that siege, and the criticisms of Chinese apologists on the subject, have confirmed the opinion that Ching Shan was not only well-informed but remarkably accurate in his record of those stirring days. Until the abdication of the Manchus, it was almost impossible to obtain authoritative evidence confirmatory of Ching Shan's sensational revelations. Tzŭ Hsi's successor as Empress Dowager, Her Majesty Lung Yü, by whose orders a special Chinese translation was made of *China under the Empress Dowager*, forbade the vernacular press to publish any reference to a work which, naturally enough, she regarded as *lèse majesté* of the worst description. Since the inauguration of the Republic, however, the writings, public and private, of many Chinese and Manchus have thrown no little light on the principal events of the reign of Tzŭ Hsi, and indeed on the history of the dynasty. Making all due allowance for the Oriental failing, common to most Chinese annalists, of believing and record-

ing evil of those in high places, there is much in these posthumous papers which serves to amplify and to check our knowledge of important details.

The most significant feature common to all these documents lies in their tacit acceptance of the fact that a time of political chaos implies the wreaking of vengeance for private grudges, by whichever party happens to be possessed of the balance of power at any given moment. The Old Buddha's¹ acceptance of the Boxers' programme of 'driving the hated foreigner into the sea' was used by the leading Boxer politicians — Prince Tuan, Hsü T'ung, and Kang Yi — not so much for the furtherance of that policy and the good of the State, as for the castigation of their personal enemies and rivals. Even when the allies were at the very gates of Peking, the thoughts of these men were directed less toward the defense of their city and their sovereign than toward revenge on their political opponents. The grim drama of human passions which was enacted around the Dragon Throne during those days of terror is made grimmer by the fact that those who describe it regard it as a matter of course, unconscious of all it implies in the history, past and future, of their country.

¹ The popular name for the Empress Tzŭ Hsi, whose extraordinary career and character were chronicled in *China under the Empress Dowager*, by the present authors. — THE EDITORS.

Before dealing with some of the most noteworthy incidents in this drama, we may take from the diary of a Manchu official the following account of the vicious profligacy which characterized the princes and nobles of the Imperial Clan long before they became leaders of the Boxer movement. The author heads his reminiscences, — 'Signs of a Decaying Dynasty.'

'It has ever been the case in Chinese history,' he says, 'that whenever a dynasty has lost its virility and exhausted the mandate of Heaven, its Princes and nobles, becoming effete and addicted to luxurious and unnatural vices, must be forever seeking some new and strange way of gratifying their jaded appetites. In the years before the Boxer outbreak, the young Manchu aristocrats of Peking used to amuse themselves by dressing themselves as beggars and parading the streets in this guise. I cannot say who started this fashion, but it became quite the rage. Every young Prince would endeavor to surpass his fellows in thoroughly realistic imitation of a true beggar's disguise. At first the craze was confined to the highest Manchus, but, as might be expected, it soon found imitators among the sons of Chinese in high places. Prominent among them were the grandsons of the powerful Board President, Pi Tung-ho. To-day this family is fallen upon evil days, and its fate is well deserved.'

'I remember particularly one occasion, during the dog-days of 1892. It was a very hot day, and some friends had invited me to join them in an excursion to the Kiosque and Garden known as "Beautiful Autumn Hillock," just outside the southwest gate of the Southern city. The place is also called the Brick-Kiln Terrace; it consists of a hillock about forty feet high, on top of which there is a wide level space about a quarter of an acre in extent.

This spot is well shaded by tall willows and poplars, and in the middle there is a pond, where water-lilies and rushes grow. There are no houses about it, so the place is delightfully cool, and visitors can take their tea quietly at the open-air restaurant, while enjoying the pleasant and busy scene. Peddlers and wine-sellers come here to ply their trade, acrobats and conjurers perform to earn a few pennies from the idle rich, and there are strolling musicians. There are sheltered nooks for the comfort of visitors, so that one might fancy one's self in the heart of the country.

'At the table next us sat a young man of about eighteen: his face was as black as soot and he looked thin and ill-nourished. His queue was plaited round his head, and he had inserted a bone hairpin in his hair, after the manner of the Peking hooligan class in summer time. He wore no socks and was stripped to the waist. His only garment was a very shabby pair of short trousers, which hardly reached to the knee, all covered with grease and mud, and badly torn: in fact, he was scarcely decent. He wore a pair of dilapidated grass slippers, through which his toes protruded.

'Strange to say, this miserable-looking beggar had on his right thumb a large ring of green jade worth at least 500 taels (say, at that time, £80); and he carried a beautiful and very costly carved fan with a jade handle. He sat, with legs crossed, on the ground, drinking wine. His conversation was full of vulgar oaths and the lowest Pekingese slang. I noticed, however, that the waiters showed him a very particular and eager attention and hardly ever left his side. To their other patrons their behavior was very different, being somewhat offhand and brusque. I was lost in bewilderment at this spectacle, wondering what it meant, when the sun began to sink

behind the western hills and the guests to leave.

'All of a sudden I observed the arrival of a smart official cart with red wheels set far back¹ and a train of some twenty well-groomed attendants. I realized the truth then, and awaited developments with some curiosity. Two officials came up the hillock, both wearing the button of the third rank and peacock's feather. They were evidently officers of the bodyguard; one of them carried a hatbox and a bundle of clothes, while the other held a basin and ewer. They approached the young beggar, and reverently addressed him: "Your Highness's carriage is ready. You have an engagement to dine at Prince Kung's palace to-night, and we ought to be starting." So the young blood got up, took a towel and washed his face. We were all astonished at the transformation, and could scarcely suppress an exclamation of surprise. The dirty black of his face had been replaced by a delicate white complexion, and though thin, he had the distinctive features of the Manchu Princes. We perceived that he had daubed his face with charcoal.

'He then attired himself in his proper clothes, with the jeweled buttoned hat which Princes wear, decorated with the triple-eyed peacock's feather. The two officers humbly escorted him to his carriage; he drove off and was soon lost to view.

'The head waiter then whispered to me, "That was the Beileh, Tsai Lien." I replied in amazement, "What does he mean by such behavior?" "Oh," said he, "don't you know the latest craze of our young Princes in Peking?" He went on to tell me how Prince Chuang, Prince K'o, Prince Tuan, the Beilehs Lien and Ying, Prince Ch'ing's

¹ A type of vehicle which could be used only by persons of very high rank. — THE AUTHORS.

son Tsai Chen, the son of the Lieutenant General Ch'i Hsiu, Prince Chuang's sons, Huai-t'a-pu's boys, and many others, made a practice of adopting this guise, and were constantly causing disturbances in houses of ill fame, taverns, and so forth, and street rows, as the police were afraid to interfere with them. The Prince that we saw was comparatively well behaved.

'I was horrified to hear this, and said, "This surely portends evil to our Empire. Such things occurred just before the Sungs were finally defeated by the Mongols, and also at the close of the T'ang dynasty. History is full of such examples. Mark my words, China will be plunged in dire calamities before ten years have passed."

'My friends were all Manchus of the Imperial Household, in a position to learn much of the inner life of the Court, so I had no doubt as to the accuracy of their statements. My own opinion was confirmed in due course, for eight years later the Boxer outbreak occurred. Of the several Princes who had amused themselves by playing the beggar, Prince K'o was taken into custody by the foreign troops and set to work at burying the bodies of the dead; in his mortification he committed suicide. Huai-t'a-pu was forced by the Russians to clean out latrines: he complained to the officers that he was of high rank, but they only reviled him and flogged him with a whip; he did not dare to tell them of his near kinship with the Old Buddha, lest his Boxer proclivities should become known and a worse fate befall him. Eventually he also took poison and died. Ch'en Pi was forced to pull a ricksha. Scions of the Imperial family, men who had never done a day's real work in their lives, fell to tramping the streets not as sham, but real, beggars.

'Prince Tuan and his brothers were either exiled or cashiered: Prince Chu-

ang was permitted to commit suicide. Ch'i Hsiu perished by the sword of the executioner. The hero of our day's outing, the Beileh, Tsai Lien, lost his title and rank as the result of complicity in the Boxer rising, and is now living in greatly straitened circumstances. I wonder if those who still survive, of that bright band of gay blades, ever feel any impulse to play at wallowing in the dung-heaps of the city with outcasts and beggars? Perhaps by now their jaded appetites are sated, and in their sober moments they may even brood sorrowfully over the piteous decline of their once proud Manchu dynasty.'

The following, also from a Manchu's diary, explains how it came to pass that, after much vacillation and casting about for advice, the Old Buddha finally decided on defying the forces of the Western world.

'At the critical moment when the Taku ports were taken (17th June, 1900) by the foreigners, the three high officials who led the war-party at Peking were Prince Tuan, Hsü T'ung, and Kang Yi. Prince Ch'ing might have voted against the Boxers had not Prince Tuan been watching him closely: whereat he was afraid. Chao Shu-ch'iao could never come to any definite opinion one way or the other.

'When the news reached Peking that the forts had been taken, the Old Buddha, sorely perturbed, sent for each member of the Grand Council separately. Prince Ch'ing, though not on the Council, was first asked for his opinion. True to his crafty principles, he replied, "Peace or war, each course presents its advantages, but it must be for Your Majesty to decide." "That is no answer to my question," retorted the Old Buddha; "you may go down from the Presence." Jung Lu, the next to be summoned, implored Her Majesty to pause before taking action which

would irrevocably end the Manchu dynasty. After being angrily rebuked by the Old Buddha, he gave place to Kang Yi who advised war to the death.

'Chao Shu-ch'iao was then called in. The Old Buddha first told him exactly what the others had said, and then observed, "You have held many provincial posts" (he had been a Prefect at Feng Yang in Anhui for many years), "and have had direct experience of the conditions under which my people live. In this respect you should be able to gauge the situation better than either Kang Yi or Jung Lu, who have never held office as magistrates. I shall therefore decide in accordance with your judgment."

'Chao had previously promised Jung Lu to vote against war, but realizing that the Old Buddha was bent on hostilities, he hesitated and finally stammered out, "I hear that the Foreign Powers are sending large armies to China; I am afraid that a campaign is by no means certain to end in victory for our arms; nevertheless, a pacific policy presents obvious difficulties." The Empress angrily interrupted him. "Are you for peace or war? Make up your mind one way or the other and tell me." Chao replied, "Your Majesty might declare war to begin with, and then if we are defeated, it will not be too late to order a cessation of hostilities. Troops are pouring into Peking from the provinces to support Your Majesty; but even if we are completely defeated, *the foreign armies will never venture to penetrate far into the interior.*" This last argument greatly impressed Tzū Hsi, who used it in her subsequent speech to the Ministers and Princes as a good reason for declaring war.'

When, under the peace protocol, Chao expiated his comparatively innocent part in the Boxer movement, the decree in which Tzū Hsi recorded

his sentence referred to his vacillation at audience; but he was ever a favorite of hers and she did her utmost to protect him from the death penalty.

II

Of the three men who chiefly influenced Tzū Hsi's mind and turned the wavering scales in favor of war, Prince Tuan, the swashbuckling fanatic, is less interesting as a type than Kang Yi and Hsü T'ung, whose hatred of foreigners followed naturally from their conception of the orthodox and patriotic official's duty to his country and himself. Hsü T'ung's hostility toward Europeans and all their ways was cold-blooded and uncompromising, but at least it had the merit of being un concealed. He carried it, indeed, to an excess which made him notorious in Peking long before the Boxer outbreak.

When the Court fled south, Hsü would have liked to follow Her Majesty, but a decree made him Peace Plenipotentiary. His son, Hsü Ch'eng-yu, then said to his father, 'Your Excellency is now over eighty years of age. Your policy has been an utter failure. What are you waiting for, that you still cling to life?' The old man angrily rebuked him for this unfilial speech. The son retorted, 'Father, you have been disloyal to the best interests of the State. A disloyal minister cannot complain if he has an unfilial son.' (These words were used by Wu San-kuei to his father in 1644, when the latter submitted to the rebel Li Tzū-ch'eng, who proclaimed himself Emperor after overcoming and expelling the Mings.) The old man meekly replied, 'Do as you think best then.' With that, his son led him to a tree in the garden, hung a rope thereon and assisted the Grand Secretary to commit suicide. His action would have been meritorious, had he seen fit to die

at the same time, but he clung to life, only to be beheaded five months later.

When the Boxer madness was at its height, Hsü T'ung, who was nothing if he was not thorough, used to say to his friends, 'Before we can hope to drive these foreigners into the sea, we must exterminate one Dragon, two tigers, and thirteen sheep.' The Dragon was the Emperor, the tigers were Jung Lu and Li Hung-chang, and the sheep were the Yangtze Viceroys, Prince Ch'ing, Yüan Shih-k'ai, Wang Wen-shao, and the other moderates at Peking and the provincial capitals.

Yü Hsien, the 'butcher' Governor of Shansi, on the black list of the Allies, was first sentenced to banishment by Tzū Hsi, and had proceeded on his way as far as Lan Chou in Kansuh, when Her Majesty's decree — reluctantly issued under pressure — reached Sung Fan, the Viceroy, whereby Yü Hsien was sentenced to decapitation. Sung Fan was an old friend of Yü Hsien, and the day before the arrival of this decree had invited him to a banquet. While the feast was actually proceeding, the order from the Old Buddha was brought to the Viceroy, requiring Yü's immediate decapitation. Sung Fan read it, changed countenance and hurriedly concealed the document. Yü asked permission to see it, and on being refused, angrily put down his chopsticks and announced his departure. Sung, seeing no help for it, let him see the decree. In response to his friend's expression of grief, Yü smilingly said, 'It is the fortune of war. I am a soldier and know that you must obey orders. The Sovereign commands, what can a minister do but comply? Our feast, however, is a private matter; my decapitation is your public duty. Let us first conclude the banquet and speak of other things.' Yü then drank most immoderately, took leave of his friend, and spent the rest of the day quietly.

Next morning the Viceroy sent his guard to convey him to the place of execution, which had been hung with red silk, and sorrowfully witnessed the beheading of his friend.

Kang Yi, after Hsü Tung the most determined fire-eater of the war party, was an ignorant and illiterate bigot, a great believer in magic and spells. His belief in the Boxers was the natural outcome of his puerile superstition; his favorite literature was the well-known magical romance, *Feng Shen Chuan*, a collection of fantastic legends which his secretaries had to read aloud to him almost daily. When serving on the Grand Council he was wont to say that though possibly there really were in Europe as many nations as Russia, England, Germany, and France, all the rest of the countries of which foreigners spoke — Sweden, Holland, Austria, and Spain — were surely nothing but lying inventions, intended to intimidate China.

Looking back on the Boxer movement, and dispassionately considering its genesis and leadership, the childishness of its impulses and ambitions assumes a pathetic aspect, and, viewed in this light, the penalties imposed on China by the European powers appear to have been lacking in sympathetic recognition of many fundamental facts. One of the chief Boxer leaders, for instance, one of those who misled thousands of comparatively innocent human beings to their doom, was a woman, originally a low-class courtesan of Tientsin, who was known as the 'Yellow Lotus Holy Mother.' In the eyes of her superstitious followers, this woman became an Oriental Jeanne d'Arc. When the Boxer movement was in full swing, any one suspected of being friendly to foreigners was taken before her, and sentenced to death, or set at liberty, according to her decision. Li Hung-chang's eld-

est son, Li Chang-shu, who was in Tientsin at the time, was arrested by the Boxers and brought before the 'Yellow Lotus.' The 'Holy Mother' bade him kneel, and then smiled graciously upon him. One of his attendants, who was intimate with a Boxer chief, purchased his release — for the 'Yellow Lotus' had an eye to business.

The Viceroy, Yü Lu, invited her to his yamên and begged her to predict the result of the movement. At her coming he knelt in court robes to receive her outside the main tribunal and made obeisance to her. He said, 'The foreigners are near at hand. Have mercy, and deliver us from them by your magic power.' She replied, 'I have already arranged for an angelic host to destroy them with fire from Heaven. You need not be alarmed.' She was eventually arrested and decapitated by order of Li Hung-chang.

The point of view of the man in the street, the humble, plunderable private citizen, was of little account in those days, when the great ones staked the destinies of the Empire on a single desperate throw. What the man in the street felt is fairly described in the following reminiscence of the crisis, written at the time, by a Kiangsu man resident in Peking, styled Heng Yi.

III

'In the 26th year of Kuang Hsü,' he wrote, 'my house was at the western end of San T'iao lane, not four hundred yards from the Legations. After the murder of the German Minister on the 24th of the 5th Moon, the ruffian soldiery of Tung Fu-hsiang entered and sacked nearly every house in my neighborhood. All through the 24th and 25th I could hear the shrieks of the women and children, whom they were butchering, and their shouts, in the Kansu dialect, "Bring out the Erh

Mao Tzu!"¹ On the 26th (June 22) a Manchu censor impeached them to the Throne, and the Old Buddha sent for their general, Tung Fu-hsiang, and bade him make an example of the culprits. Accordingly, on the evening of that day, twenty soldiers were beheaded just at the entrance to my lane.

'Even this exemplary punishment did not abate their fury, for next day another large contingent started looting again, and in due course approached my house. My cousin ordered the gateman to draw the bars across the main gate, but I begged him to do nothing of the sort. "Our only hope to escape being massacred is to parley with them." My cousin agreed, so we collected the whole of the family in one of the main rooms, and told them not to get excited or scream. I had scarcely mustered them when nineteen of the Kansu braves came rushing in. Their swords and clothes were still dripping with blood, as if they had come from a shambles. I went forward to meet them, saying politely, "I know what you have come for: you are looking for secondary devils. However, none of us have 'eaten' the foreign religion. You will see that we have an altar to the kitchen god in our back premises. The whole of our family is now here; will you not take a look through the house to see if there are any Christians in hiding?" I meant by this to imply that we should offer no opposition to their looting whatsoever they pleased. I also called a servant to prepare tea. Our guests received these overtures pleasantly enough, and after a few minutes of energetic looting they returned to my guest-room, and some of them sat down to take tea. One of them remarked, "You seem to be thoroughly respectable people: what a pity that you

¹ 'Secondary Devils' — the term used to describe Chinese Christians.

should reside near this nest of foreign converts and spies." After a brief stay they thanked us politely, apologizing for the intrusion, and retired with their booty. It was then about 2 p.m. We lost about \$4,000 worth of valuables.

'Shortly afterwards, flames were bursting from our neighbor's premises, so I made up my mind to remove my family to a friend's house in the north of the city. In spite of these deeds of violence, even intelligent people still believed that the Kansu soldiery were a tower of defense for China, and would be more than able to repel any number of foreign troops. A friend of mine reckoned that 250,000 persons lost their lives in Peking that summer. I used to revile the Boxers in the family circle, so much that my own kinsmen, who sympathized with them, would call me an "Erh Mao Tzu," and my cousin, fearing that the Boxers would murder me, induced me one day to kotow before one of their altars in the Nai Tzu fu. To this day I have regretted my weakness in thus bowing the knee.'

IV

Five high officials fell victims to the malignant passions and private enmity of the war party during the height of the crisis, while the Allies were advancing upon Peking. Of these, two were executed by the orders of the Old Buddha — Yüan Ch'ang and Hsü Ching-ch'eng — for having tried to protect foreigners. The other three, Li Shan, Hsü Yung-yi, and Lien Shan, were hurriedly sent to their death by Prince Tuan.² The death of Hsü Ching-ch'eng, a very brave and courtly gentle-

² The diarist, Ching Shan, declares that this was done without the knowledge of the Old Buddha, but on the face of it, this is difficult to believe. It is most probable that, without premeditation, she allowed it to be done in one of her violent fits of rage, and was sorry for it immediately afterwards. — THE AUTHORS.

man, has been well described by an anonymous writer, in a memoir entitled, *Reminiscences of a Time of Suspicion and Panic*,¹ as follows: —

‘A certain old scholar of Chekiang had been a close friend to Hsü Ching-ch’eng in the days before Hsü had attained to official rank. He accompanied him on his first mission to Europe, and from that time never left him till the day of his death. This gentleman relates that, on the day of Hsü Ching-ch’eng’s arrest, all was quiet in his house and there were no particularly alarming rumors. After the midday meal they were sitting talking in the library, Hsü having ordered his carriage, to go to the Tsungli-yamên. He had just put on his official robes, when the gate-keeper came in with a card to announce a visitor. The name was not familiar to Hsü, who told the gate-keeper to make his excuses, explaining that he had an appointment at the Yamên and had no time to spare. The gate-keeper went out but came back at once, to say that the visitor was a military official employed at the Yamên, and that his orders from Prince Ch’ing were to invite Hsü’s immediate attendance; Prince Ch’ing and Prince Tuan were both at the Yamên already, and there was most important business on hand.

‘Hsü thereupon went out and saw the man. On returning, he said to his friend, “When we left the Yamên yesterday I heard nothing of any important business. I wonder why both Princes are attending there to-day?” To this his friend replied, “No doubt something has happened. I shall go now into the Southern city to get the latest news.” The friend then went out, but immediately returned to say, “That officer who came to fetch you is still waiting outside, close by the gate.

¹ Literally: ‘Monkey-like Suspicions and Panic at the Cry of a Bird.’ — THE AUTHORS.

He seems greatly excited; it all looks very suspicious. Besides, I know all the Yamên official messengers by sight, and I never saw this man before. I advise you, as a precaution, to take a larger suite with you than usual, and be sure to send back a messenger with a report.”

‘Hsü smilingly ignored his friend’s remarks, entered his carriage and drove as far as the end of the lane, where he observed several runners from the Yamên of the Metropolitan Gendarmerie standing about. Upon a sign from the officer, they all formed a bodyguard round Hsü’s carriage. Instead of proceeding toward the Tsungli-yamên they turned northward, and when Hsü asked the reason for this he was told that to-day’s meeting would be held in the Yamên of Gendarmerie. On arriving there, the officer came forward and assisted Hsü to alight. He then ordered Hsü’s attendants to go home. “You are not wanted here,” said he; “His Excellency will have other men to wait upon him inside.” Hsü was rapidly conducted to a small room, the door was bolted, and he was left alone. He could hear sounds of lamentation proceeding from some one in the next room. This turned out to be Yüan Ch’ang, but the two were not allowed to meet.

‘Meantime Hsü’s suite returned home, and his friend was greatly alarmed at this report. He hurried off to Wang Wen-shao (his fellow provincial) to find out what was afoot, and to beg him to save Hsü’s life. Wang professed amazement. “I have only just come from the Council,” he said, “and to my knowledge Her Majesty issued no decree. Your story seems incredible.”

‘Hsü’s friend took his leave, and spent most of the night in trying to find some means of succoring him; it was not till 3 A.M. that he heard definitely that both he and Yüan had been sent to the Board of Punishments.

Early that morning he received a private note from a secretary of the Board to tell him that the heads of the Ministry had just come out from the great hall of Council, and that orders had been given for a supply of red yarn to be got ready, from which he knew that the execution of the two prisoners had been decreed, because an ancient custom requires that when a high official is to be beheaded, his face must be enveloped in red cloth.

'On receipt of this note Hsü's friend set off to visit Wang Wen-shao to intercede once more for Hsü's life, but he had only just started when he received a message saying that the cart conveying the condemned had already left the Board of Punishments. He hurried off to the execution ground outside the city, but on reaching it he found that the two officials were already dead, and that Hsü Cheng-ju (son of Hsü Tung) was on his way to the Palace to inform Her Majesty of the due execution of her orders.'

v

As regards the death of Li Shan, the same writer observes that it is not correct to suppose that it was due to the Boxers' coveting his vast wealth. The real reason lay in a long-standing feud between him and Duke Tsai Lan, who was really responsible for his execution.

As for the Chancellor of the Grand Secretariat, Lien Yüan, executed at the same time by order of Prince Tuan, he had put in a memorial urging that the bombardment of the Legations should cease. He was just emerging from the Palace when he met Ch'ung Li, ex-commandant of the Gendarmerie, just outside the gate of Brilliant Fortune. With an exclamation of surprise, Ch'ung Li said, 'What brings you to the Palace at this early hour?'

(It was not yet dawn; Lien had had to attend early in order to present his memorial.) Lien told him the reason. Ch'ung angrily replied, 'Indeed! Have you forgotten your Manchu birth that you behave like one of these Chinese traitors?'

Lien refused to admit that he was in the wrong, and angrily turned on his heel. Ch'ung Li was furious, and reported to Prince Tuan. A few days later Lien met his fate at the 'Western Market.' Just before his head fell, a Boxer leader in full uniform came riding up at a hand gallop, dragging behind him something which was so completely covered with dust and mud as to be quite unrecognizable. It was not until the rider had pulled up his horse at the execution ground, that the bystanders perceived that it was a man bound hand and foot. The features were mutilated beyond recognition, but on inquiry of the runners they learned that it was Li Shan.

The fate of the third victim, Hsü Yung-yi, was the hardest of all. A native of Chekiang, he began his career as a small official in the Board of Revenue, obtained by examination a post as clerk on the Grand Council, and finally, after nearly fifty years of official life, rose to be Board President. He was circumspect and careful by nature, an advocate of compromise in State affairs, honest and incorruptible, resembling the late Duke of Devonshire in his slow and weighty mode of speech. His death was a surprise to every one, because few knew that he had an enemy. Tzŭ Hsi always liked him, and subsequently declared that his execution was none of her doing.

Be this as it may, the man really responsible for his undoing was Hsü T'ung, who had long cherished a secret grudge against him, because of an apparently trivial incident in connection with an Examination Commis-

sion on which both men were engaged. On that occasion a candidate, protégé of the Grand Secretary, had been 'ploughed' as the result of Hsü Yung-yi having detected an error in calligraphy which had escaped the notice of the other examiners. Hsü T'ung's mind was of the type which cannot forget or forgive loss of 'face.'

After the death of Li Shan and Lien Yüan, Prince Tuan, Duke Lan, and Kang Yi were by no means sated of their blood-lust, and proposed to make a wholesale proscription of their opponents, including, if possible, Jung Lu. Liao Shou-keng, ex-President of the Board of Ceremonies (a native of Kiangsu), had been removed from the Grand Council some months previously, and had resigned from the Tsungli-yamên in June, 1910, but Kang and Tuan both had long-standing grudges against him. They fixed on the 22d of the 7th Moon (that is, August 16) for the execution of Liao and several others, Liao being the first on their list of victims. They made no secret of their intentions, which were known all over the metropolis. Liao Shou-keng had sent his family home to the South, and was living at that time in a small temple outside the Tung-hua Gate. On hearing the news, he was much alarmed, and implored a kinsman of his, an ex-viceroy, to persuade Jung Lu to save his life. Jung Lu promised to do what he could, but next day he reported that all his efforts had been in vain. At audience that morning he had kotosed time and again to the Old Buddha imploring her to save Liao's life, but Her Majesty had refused to change her decision, and no appeal could move her. He therefore advised that Liao should commit suicide.

The message was duly delivered to Liao, but he could not make up his mind to act upon it. Herein he was

wise, for on the 21st, one day before the date fixed for his execution, Peking fell, and thus he escaped. He left immediately for his home in the South, where he died not long after. The priest at the temple where he lived said afterwards that when Liao heard the news of his sentence, he wandered round and round the courtyard like a man in a frenzy, and hardly stood still a moment for several hours on end. He took no nourishment, and was as pale as a corpse.

It is not generally known that Wang Wen-shao himself had a very narrow escape at that time. After the five officials above-named had been put to death, Duke Lan put in a memorial concerning the bombardment of the Legations. To this there was a supplementary memorandum attached, containing these words: 'Most of the pro-foreign traitors have been put to death, and Your Majesty's Court is purged of their odious miasma. One man, however, still remains to pollute your presence. That man is Wang Wen-shao. Unless the weed be plucked up by the roots, disaster will ensue. I beseech Your Majesty to have him beheaded, so that Your Court may be thoroughly purified of traitors.'

The memorial duly reached the Grand Council for presentation. Jung Lu opened and perused it. He said nothing to his colleagues, but hid the supplementary memorandum in his sleeve. He handed the memorial itself to Wang Wen-shao, who read it through, and then said to his colleague, 'I understood that Duke Lan was putting in a supplementary memorandum as well. Where is it?' Jung Lu quietly replied, 'Oh! probably it has been retained by Her Majesty, and will not be issued.'

A few minutes later, the councillors were all summoned to audience. After transacting routine business, Jung Lu

took out the supplementary memorandum from his sleeve, saying, 'This memorandum of Tsai Lan is really an abominable insult to Your Majesty's intelligence. Will Your Majesty be pleased to issue a rescript of severe censure?'

The Old Buddha glanced over the document, and the 'benevolent countenance' grew black as thunder. She muttered to herself and sat with knit brows, her face wearing an expression which, as Jung Lu knew well, boded evil to the victim of her impending wrath. At last, she said sternly, 'Will you guarantee that this man is innocent of all treasonable designs?' Jung Lu kotowed. 'Although every man in Your Majesty's Court were a traitor and were plotting against Your Majesty, yet I would stake my life on this man's unswerving fidelity. I, your slave, will pledge the Grand Secretary's loyalty as long as breath remains in my body. If I had a hundred voices I would proclaim it with every one, even though my head should fall under the headsman's sword for my temerity.' The Old Buddha still hesitated, with an inscrutable look on her face and a demeanor of enforced calm. At last she said in a voice of deep warning, 'So be it, then. I place this man under your charge, and if I find that your words are false and that he has been conspiring against me, both of you shall suffer the same penalty.' Jung Lu again prostrated himself and thanked Her Majesty for her gracious kindness. The victory was won. He and his colleagues then took their leave.

Now, Wang Wen-shao was very deaf, and all this time had been kneeling at some distance from the Throne. He had no idea what the Old Buddha was saying to Jung Lu. Afterward Jung Lu told his friends the story, remarking, 'While I was pleading for

Wang's life and the Old Buddha looked wrathfully in his direction, speaking in such a tone that Prince Li and I both trembled and turned deadly pale, while Kang Yi sneered at us, there was old Wang, looking perfectly happy and self-possessed, without the least idea of what was going on.'

To the day of his death Wang never knew of his escape, and would often ask Jung Lu what the Old Buddha was saying to him on that fateful morning of August, 1900.

Finally, from notes written a month after the relief of the Legations, by one who signs himself 'An Imperial Clansman,' we take the following pathetic description of the death of Lien Yüan's son-in-law, Shou Fu, who with all his household committed suicide upon the entry of the Allies, fearing insult and outrage at their hands. Shou Fu was of a type not uncommon amongst the reformers (of whom he was one) — earnest, honest, and impulsive, but not very wise or well informed. A blind impulse, born of ignorance, wiped out all his family; such tragedies were common, however, during those days of battle, murder, and sudden death. For that matter they are common enough in China at this time of writing.

'When Prince Tuan and his confederates had won the ear of the Old Buddha, one of Shou Fu's friends implored him to leave Peking, but he sadly refused. He was then urged to allow his younger brother, Chang Fu, to take his wife and children to his villa in the country, but again he refused, saying, "When the skin has perished, where shall the hair grow? When everything is in such dire confusion, why worry about individual misfortunes?" His brother Chang Fu agreed, saying that he also had lost all desire to live.

'Shou Fu's father-in-law, Lien Yüan,

Chancellor of the Grand Secretariat, was a well-known authority on the philosophy of Chu Hsi. In 1898, while holding office in Hupei province, he heard that Shou Fu was a supporter of the Reform movement, and wrote him a very angry letter. After the interchange of some heated correspondence, all relations ceased for a time between the two men. Subsequently, when Lien Yüan came to hold office in Peking, he realized that his son-in-law's endorsement of the Reform movement arose from sincere patriotism and not from any love of new and strange ideas. When, in June, the crisis became acute, Lien Yüan was received in audience with the rest of the chief officials. There in the audience-hall he wept aloud, and addressed a most vigorous remonstrance to the Empress Dowager, telling her that by the laws of nations, the persons of envoys are sacrosanct. At this Prince Tuan stepped out from his place at the head of the Princes, and angrily exclaimed, "Lien Yüan deserves to lose his head." Luckily for Lien, the Old Buddha made no sign, but continued to listen, apparently unmoved, while he finished his discourse. When he had done, all she said was, "I am perfectly well aware of all you tell me, and I find these long-winded harangues very wearisome." But Shou Fu rightly foresaw that his father would not escape the vengeance of Prince Tuan for thus openly defying him.

'Shou Fu's family moved to Lien's house four days after the latter's execution, that is on August 14. From that day communications were interrupted, between various parts of the city, by the coming of the allied armies. On the 17th of August detachments of foreign troops had been seen in the West city, but it was rumored that all who hung out the white flag would have their lives spared. Nevertheless

Shou Fu and his brother proceeded to poison themselves with opium. Their unmarried sister, aged thirty-two, then swallowed some of the drug, and made her little sister, aged eight, do the same. Her slave girl, named Sa'Erh, stimulated to heroism by her mistress's shining example, vowed that she too would give up her life. By this time, the foreign soldiers had entered the adjoining courtyard. Shou Fu was afraid, as the drug worked slowly, that death would not come in time to save them from insult by the troops, so he led them all into a room on the west side of the court. There he mounted the brick platform and hanged himself to the rafters; but he being very stout, the rope gave way, and he fell with a crash to the ground. His brother Chang Fu raised him and hurriedly assisted him to climb up again and to adjust the rope securely, and this time he succeeded in hanging himself.

'Chang Fu then quietly made ready the ropes for his sisters and the little maid. When he had done so, there was no more rope left, so he hurried out and found a piece of thin cord in an outhouse. With this he returned to the western room, opened the door and hanged himself to the rafter just inside, thus blocking the entrance. It was then ten o'clock in the morning of the 23d day of the 7th Moon. Shou Fu's age was thirty-six, and his brother's thirty-two. Their wives were forcibly prevented by Lien's family from committing suicide, as they too wished to do.

'Later, when the foreign soldiers had left the house, the servants had to cut down Chang Fu's body before they could get into the western room. The five bodies were reverently laid out in the main hall, but the family had no money wherewith to bury them decently. A kind neighbor, named Fu, made them a present of a hundred

taels, and with this they bought five coffins. The remains were taken to the garden at the back and there temporarily interred.

'Ever since the Japanese war,' concludes the chronicler, 'Shou Fu had realised that only by reform could China be saved from ruin. No doubt

he would have preferred to serve his country by living to work for it, rather than by dying for it; nevertheless his heroic resolution must have afforded no small satisfaction to the soul in Heaven of his ancestor, Nurhachi, as well as serving to show his enemies how a true patriot can die!'

THE LOST TRAIL

BY ARTHUR KETCHUM

GREEN woodland pity heals the ancient scar;
 Spring after spring, through still unresting years,
 In little saplings and the tufted pine,
 The old trail disappears.

Forbidden vine and fern-brake come once more;
 Brown leaves have hid the secret deep and well;
 Only the scattered blaze-marks, blurred and dim,
 A fading message tell.

One coming here might seek for it in vain;
 There is no sign above the guarded gate
 To point the path, to where the still wood keeps
 Its heart inviolate.

The old path fades, forgotten; only guessed,
 And scarcely found and once more lost again.
 No record serves to show the long-healed wound
 Of havoc and of pain.

God send all trails forgetfulness as this!
 Such healing pity of the kindly years,
 That no swift-footed memory may find
 Lost places of old tears!

THE VANISHING ACTOR: AND AFTER

BY ANNIE NATHAN MEYER

[Since this article was written certain plays have been put upon the boards which would make it seem that the stage is certainly no longer 'curiously aloof from the spirit of its age.' But is this due to a real and sincere enfranchisement of the spirit of the drama? Is it entirely free from any desire to exploit for profit a momentary sensation? Certainly the sincerity of a dramatist is not put greatly to the test while the box-office receipts roll up cheerily. — THE AUTHOR.]

I

THERE were others besides Paul Delaroche, who, looking upon their first photograph in 1839, declared the art of painting to be dead. And many good souls to-day — after attending their first performance of the modern highly perfected moving pictures — pronounce the death of the art of acting.

Indeed, one hears it on every side: 'There are no more great actors'; 'Acting as an art is dead.' It is all quite easily disposed of, there is no contradiction. Some do not care, others pause to drop a tear, but hardy is he who ventures to dispute the fiat of the wise doctors. All sorts of reasons, or excuses for reasons, are given as the cause of the taking off of the late departed, — the disappearance of stock companies, the rise of commercialism, long runs,¹

¹ It is interesting to note that in the eighteenth century a run of twenty nights, such as Addison's *Cato* had, was considered very long, while the run of *The Beggar's Opera* of sixty-two nights was looked upon as phenomenal. — THE AUTHOR.

the ever-increasing emphasis on scenery, rivalry of managers, absence of rivalry; and even there are those who do not hesitate to lay the blame upon the race to which the majority of managers belong, the very race that has contributed more than its share to the histrionic talent of the world. All reasons and no reasons, but a marvelous agreement: the art of acting is dead.

Some day let us hope that the inter-relation of the arts will be so understood that no critic may hope to be taken seriously who is familiar with the history — to keep up the analogy we might call it the bed-side record — of one art alone. When all goes smoothly with the progress of an art, this need of historical perspective may not be so apparent; but the instant it becomes involved in difficulties, no one can be of any real service in ministering to it who has not more than one art of which he may take counsel. One might as well hope to be cured by a physician who knows only one case. So I am going to ask the reader to look over with me the clinical records of that other patient whose untimely end was so confidently, and so mistakenly, predicted. It will be strange if we do not find a good deal that is of distinct therapeutic value to us of to-day.

Now for all the dire predictions three quarters of a century ago anent the art of painting, it did not die. Sufficiently eloquent is the fact that at the time Puvis de Chavannes, Manet, Degas, Renoir, were still unknown, while even the men of 1830 had certainly by no

means come into their own. And when we realize further that in America the chief cause of discouragement was that no successors loomed in sight worthy the great names of Doughty, Ken-sett, and Durand, we may well ask ourselves, — is, then, the prognosis of this latest case quite so bad as some of our contemporaries would have it?

Perhaps it is difficult fully to understand the panic into which the followers of the art of painting were thrown on the discovery of photography, since to us the place of the two arts is so thoroughly assured and so assuredly separate. But we must remember that to an unphotographed age the art of painting necessarily meant something quite different from what it means to our own kodaked generation. 'Figure to yourself,' cries a writer in shrill excitement in the *Moniteur Universel*, January 14, 1839, 'figure to yourself a mirror which, after receiving your image, presents you your portrait, as indelible as a painting and much more faithful!' And in rendering the image of nature, how immensely significant becomes the language of the bill introduced before the French Chamber to pension M. Daguerre: 'To the traveler the apparatus of M. Daguerre would become a continual and indispensable necessity. It will enable them to fix their impressions without having recourse to the hand of a stranger.'

Perhaps to us who have come to associate those silvery ghosts of a day gone-by with the delicate grace of some ancestor, it is difficult to think of the daguerreotype as a rival to landscape painting. It is necessary to remember, however, that at first the daguerreotype was restricted to the photographing of nature. The exposures lasting for several hours, the inventor Daguerre himself was very skeptical of the process ever becoming of much service in portraiture. The first Amer-

ican daguerreotype was a view of a Broadway church, taken by S. F. B. Morse from a window of the New York University. Its application to life, though 'hoped for' in the report of the commission to the French government, was actually made first by Dr. Draper of the same university. The first published account appeared in the *Philosophical Magazine* for September, 1840.

The photographic or topographical view of painting was brought home to me very clearly once, a dozen years ago, in visiting the collection of one of the typical art-patrons of the Hudson River School. The old gentleman, then within a few months of his death, led me from picture to picture, and I recall very distinctly his chuckling over this or that evidence of exact observation and scrupulous truthfulness on the part of the artist. With great glee, I remember, he pointed out to me in his favorite picture the very seat on the very porch from which he used to view that very bend in the river. It was more, a good deal more, than the reminiscent joy of the nonagenarian; it was perfectly clear that the pictures before him had always been prized above everything else as literal transcriptions of nature. This is quite in line with the remark of our pioneer landscape painter, Thomas Cole, that 'the cause of the American painter's love of nature is the necessity of saving and perpetuating the features of a wilderness which is passing away.'

It is far from commonly understood how largely even the grandiloquent, romantic pictures of Church and Bierstadt owed their character to the state-ly scenes they chose as their subjects, rather than, as one might at first fancy, to the tradition of the grand style of painting. It was Champney the artist, who, in his *Memoirs*, wrote of his frank amazement, on finding, on his travels,

how little Church had permitted himself to deviate from the nature before his palette. To be sure, the landscapes of the period were supposed to reveal 'that high sublimity which elevates, refines and warms the heart, and fills its chambers with proud imagery.' True, the painter was expected to look on Nature 'conscious of the Being who reigned there,' yet the contemporary enjoyment of landscape painting depended largely upon its power to visualize scenes for pleasant reminiscent musing, or to bring before the general public the scenic grandeur of inaccessible parts of the globe. That there were critics conscious that this was not the noblest service of the art of painting is evidenced by frequent exhortations in the magazines of the period, to 'cease painting nature for nature's sake,' and to return to 'the noble heights of historical painting.'

Even if painting never returned to those 'noble heights,' at least after the discovery of the photograph the artists did cease painting 'nature for nature's sake.' It was obvious that painting in that direction was hopelessly outclassed. But the main point that concerns us now is that painting did not die. On the contrary, with the discovery of the art of photography the art of painting took on a new lease of life. Indeed, we may say that this is what is certain to happen to any art which finds itself outstripped by a mechanical contrivance. It does not, as might be expected, betray itself by a hopeless competition; it does not seek to become a conscious rival to the mechanical; it at once sets about to do something which that mechanical contrivance could not possibly accomplish. Outdone in accuracy by the 'sun pencil,' the brush henceforth became the artist's personal instrument of expression in a sense impossible to the camera. As the world grew smaller

and smaller through the photograph and other inventions (the steamboat and the railroad), the particular spot chosen by the painter became of less and less importance, and the emphasis was placed upon his particular way of interpreting it. The topographical interest in the painted picture fell, and the personal emotion in the painter rose.

'Art,' cried Zola, 'is nature seen through an emotion.' Inness declared the aim of painting to be not to edify but to awaken an emotion. Think of the significant change in the whole point of view expressed in these two definitions! We see its beginning back in 1853, when the biographer of Thomas Cole earnestly deplores his hero's departure from painting 'pictures merely descriptive of wild nature to painting those poetically expressive of himself.' 'This was at once regarded,' he continues, 'as an unfortunate step—even the judicious among his friends feared that he was forsaking his only proper path.'

II

And now, before we attempt to make a prognosis of the effect of the photographic germ upon our present patient, let us inquire how its constitution became so debilitated that no one expects it to recover from the inroads of the moving-picture disease.

Now I am frankly of the opinion that it is not the art of acting that is in any danger, but that it is rather that a certain tradition of acting is indeed passing away. Its expected demise has been mistaken for the extinction of acting itself. There is a certain type of acting which bears a strong resemblance to the aims and tendencies of 'historical painting.' Is not the pride in the 'legitimate,' that pride which Pinero so tenderly takes off in Tre-lawny, akin to the eighteenth-century pride in 'the grand style'? When dear

Mr. William Winter grows enthusiastic over the art of Charlotte Cushman because 'she imparted to her audience a conception of noble individuality, and an incentive to noble behavior,' or because 'she did not fill their minds with images of decadence and promptings to degeneracy, recklessness, and failure,' is he not confusing the art of acting with its moral effect, much as Benjamin West found that 'the true use of painting resides in assisting the reason to arrive at certain moral influences, by furnishing a probable view of the effects of motives and passions'?¹ Is he not placing himself as a spiritual contemporary of that patron of the Arts who besought the same West not to waste his time painting portraits, but to devote himself to 'historical painting,' at the same time cheerfully undertaking to suggest 'subjects which would best illustrate the moral effect of painting'? Another adviser of West's, no less a personage than the Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, undertook to make the artist acquainted with the classical literature which would 'give him such a sketch of the taste and character of the spirit of antiquity as would have all the effect of the regular education requisite to a painter.'

The kind of education 'requisite to a painter' in those days, may be suggested by the lectures on mythology which our poet Bryant went on bravely delivering to the students of the Academy of Design long after it was plain that what Dr. Johnson called 'the machinery of the gods,' no longer had its

place in the art of painting. I have an idea that 'the machinery of the gods' creaked its way through the history of the drama long after it had been discarded both in painting and in poetry. In some mysterious way, — mysterious at least to those who are not familiar with the history of the other arts, — the acting of plays far removed from the problems of contemporary life is still supposed to demand a higher order of talent than the interpretation of the life one sees about one at every turn.

Now this is not to fail in appreciation of the plays of the great master of the seventeenth century; nor in the nineteenth-century revolt of painting against tradition was there any question of the greatness of Titian and Veronese or of any other of the old masters. But it was recognized earlier in painting than in the drama that no one is great enough to impose himself with entire authority upon another age. As Professor Butcher has himself so authoritatively and so delightfully hinted, one age can never give another '*enough to live by.*' No serious art critic to-day would hold that it takes less technical skill or less bigness of feeling to paint the life about us than to delve into the distant past. The battle of the contemporaneous has been fought and won in the Fine Arts. When in the face of Sir Joshua Reynolds's wrath, Benjamin West, with true American temerity (though in other respects, as we have seen, complacently of his own period) insisted upon clothing his Indians in blankets and feathers instead of the conventional Roman toga, he unconsciously struck a fatal blow at that 'grand style of painting' which up to that moment had been serenely entrenched above all disturbing manifestations of the contemporaneous. The last shattering of the defenses was accomplished when Constable dared to

¹ It will be remembered that the 'earnest Republicans of the Salon' of 1793 conferred a prize upon an inferior painting by a nobody because it represented 'a free man who sacrificed himself for his country.' The prize for sculpture was not bestowed that year because 'none breathed the right patriotic spirit.' Thus can criticism run amuck when once it substitutes the principles of conduct for the principles of art. — THE AUTHOR.

paint his grass green and his trees in the brightness of a summer day, refusing longer to key his palette to the golden brown tones of 'the old brown fiddle.'

But that 'old brown fiddle' still possesses authority in the drama. Life, with all its conflicting, brilliant colors is not yet fully permitted. There still clings about the drama more than a mere remnant of the grand style, — more than a suggestion of that eighteenth century which delighted in embroiling itself over such controversies as 'whether in order to play tragedy, the actor should or should not have the interior qualification of an elevated soul?' It would seem as if the drama, dealing as it does with human ideas and volitions, would have been the very first of the arts to feel that wave of democracy that has for some time been buffeting (I am tempted to say engulfing) all the arts.

Yet the truth is that the playwright, if his theme is plebeian to-day, must assume as apologetic an air as George Eliot did in her *Amos Barton*, away back in 1856. It seems as if the gallery gods have had enough of wash-tubs and linoleum in real life, and pant for bric-à-brac and mahogany on the stage. And as to that handmaiden of democracy, realism, surely what we have on the stage to-day is rather a realism of setting than of sentiment. The stage in many ways has held curiously aloof from the spirit of its age. It is, alas! still considered more difficult to act Shakespeare than Pinero, to portray Lady Macbeth than Mrs. Ebbsmith. Neither have we entirely emancipated ourselves from the Boswellian attitude which allows that a player of light comedy is 'not entitled to respect; but he who can represent exalted character, and touch the noblest passions has very respectable powers.'

Realism on the stage to-day is so

little understood and appreciated that, incredible as it seems, there were plenty of critics and, more discouraging, plenty of actors, who declared that the Irish players did not act but 'simply walked through their parts.' Such commentators of course place themselves alongside those who in painting saw no art in putting 'Nature unadorned' upon the canvas. Heaven's blue, the luscious green of the trees, the racy red of the soil, these were not fit to hang upon the walls of castle or palace. Those who cannot see the essential greatness of the art of the Irish Players are as those who at this late day would calmly ask for a restitution of the old brown fiddle. For them Nature must still be put into wig and small clothes.

So little was the realistic art of Rodin understood, that on showing his superbly modeled nude, *L'Age d'Airain*, he was bitterly accused by critics and *confrères* alike of not creating a work of art at all but of casting direct from life. The clamor was so great that the Secretary of Fine Arts, who had purchased the statue for the government, was discredited. But this was nearly forty years ago, and since then the critics have had the grace to be ashamed of themselves. It only goes to prove my point that the drama is lagging behind the other arts, inasmuch as in this year of grace, 1913, this same kind of criticism is voiced against the most truthful, and at the same time the most exquisite art the stage has ever seen. It is too truthful to be considered art by those who think Nature should always be 'adorned.' It is astonishing to hear people of fair intelligence — at least in other matters — assuring us that these players from Dublin do not act at all. It would seem as if the test of repetition, of creating the same effect night after night, week after week, were sufficient to prove, not only the art but its high quality. It only goes to

show that concerning the art of acting very little clear thinking goes on at all. As Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton puts it with an acerbity which may be forgiven him, 'Men and women expend their breath upon more foolish chatter about the stage than about any other subject.' And thus Colley Cibber: 'Consider how many more people there are that can see and hear than think and judge.'

The truth is that the freedom of the theatre, its right to mirror life untrammelled and unquestioned, has not been won in the sense that such freedom has been won in the other arts. Progress has undoubtedly been made. Actors and playwrights have fought the good fight together, but very little is known of this most fascinating struggle; little compared to the struggle of the novel to interpret the whole of life, of sculpture to express emotion and mobility, of poetry to sing of the lowly, or painting to portray the characteristic and impermanent.

We know of Sir Joshua's horror at the first approach of the contemporaneous, — that arch-enemy of the Universal or Grand Style, — but we know little of the ridicule and opprobrium that assailed Macklin, the successor of Garrick, when for the first time he appeared as Macbeth, attired in a kilt. The ordinary costume and wig of the day, merely richer or poorer in style according to the station of the character presented, was the only theatrical dress of the eighteenth-century actors; and it may be that this had a certain grim advantage, inasmuch as the only illusion possible was of necessity to be created solely by the illusion of the actor's art. But any hard and fast rule, any powerfully entrenched tradition, necessarily hampers the growth of an art. A purely conventionalized garb as a necessary part of the theatre would have hampered the growth of the drama

in the same way that painting would have been injured had the Roman toga wound itself forever about the painter's model. It is only necessary to look at a portrait by Raeburn to see how a free and great spirit individually escaped from the conventions of his age — the landscape background, and a 'universalized or generalized' style of costuming.

Garrick on his part overthrew countless conventions and traditions. The actor Quin, the great representative of the older school, on witnessing a performance of Garrick's Richard the Third, cried out, 'If this young fellow is right, we have all been wrong!' The critics were astounded to find that Garrick so completely identified himself with his parts, that he gave up the customary 'demi-chant,' with which the actors before him enunciated the author's words. 'He neither struts nor minces, is neither stiff nor slouching,' cries one. The players who were on the stage with him remarked with astonishment, that he was 'attentive to whatever is spoke, and never drops his character by either looking contemptuously on an inferior performer, *unnecessary spitting*,¹ or suffering his eyes to wander through the whole circle of spectators.' This roaming of the actor's eyes must have been a common failing, for Goldsmith thought it worthy of great praise that a popular young French actress of the day did not 'come upon the stage glancing around as though reckoning the receipts.'

We certainly have made progress. George Henry Lewes, were he seated in a modern theatre, might complain of many things, but at least there would be no need to lift his voice in protest against those actors 'who fail to see the absurdity of not looking at the person addressed, as they would look in real life.' 'Why is it?' he goes on to ask,

¹ The italics are mine. — THE AUTHOR.

indignantly, 'Why is it an impassioned lover, instead of fixing his eyes on the eyes of his mistress, fixes them on the upper boxes, or the side scenes?'

We have certainly progressed, and although we may feel, as wise old Dr. Johnson felt, that not near enough progress has been made,¹ nevertheless it is pleasant to reflect that certain conventions of the theatre have passed, never again, let us hope, to be recalled. Gone are the monologues and soliloquies; gone the asides and stage whispers; gone the actor's evident consciousness of the audience; gone 'that solemn unreality of speech and action' which, according to Mr. H. B. Irving, was 'considered the appropriate expression of tragic sentiment.' Gone the tradition that Portia should imitate some leading popular member of the local bar; gone those highly illuminating dialogues between servants setting a table or dusting a room — those 'first aids to ignorant audiences,' as they have wittily been called.

III

But there remains plenty to be done. We are well aware that a certain kind of realism has progressed very far indeed, — the realism of the stage setting, the *mise-en-scène*, — but that is a realism which, after all, has not penetrated very deep, if indeed it may be said to have penetrated at all. The most fantastic deeds take place in these wonderfully real rooms. Any impossible action is accepted if the electrolier is lighted by a real switch turned on by the trembling fingers of an unreal heroine. I am not concerned with the realism of setting, but with the realism of sentiment. What we really have

¹ He protested that for all the reform Garrick brought about there was still entirely too much of artificial tone and measured cadence in the declamation of the theatre. — THE AUTHOR.

been enjoying is a drama of sincere doors and insincere doers — or real tea-cups and conventional feelings. It is beginning to be brought home to us that we have perhaps been guilty of selling our birthright of imaginative drama for a mess of mission furniture. What at first was suspected only by a few is now beginning to be seen by many, that the imaginative drama has become stifled in the commonplace atmosphere of minute detail. A writer on the drama complained as far back as 1883, that the stage accessories had become so substantial that the actors began to wear a shadowy look! But it is easier to see all this than to see that it is but a natural, an almost inevitable stage in the process of obtaining absolute freedom. However, we may have become too absorbed in our plaything — the realism of the setting; nevertheless, it was an inevitable accompaniment to the drama of real thought and action. Even before the photograph with its absolute, faultless realism entered the realm of the stage, mutterings of revolt had already been heard. There is a longing for the opening of windows, for the breaking down of barriers, that the imagination may soar whither it will.² There is no doubt of it, the day of the extravagant spectacle is over, or rather the extravagance will be addressed to the spirit, not the eye.

Obviously there will be no longer reason for importing a troupe of real Arabian actors from Arabia, or toredors from Spain, of copying stone by stone the castle of Elsinore, when a camera sent to the spot will give it to us so much more exactly. Why send to

² We may apply to the drama of to-day what some one has said of poetry, that the difference between the drama of yesterday and the drama of to-day is the difference that lies between an age that fights dragons and an age that fights microbes. But the microbe is essentially romantic, mysterious, magical. — THE AUTHOR.

farthest India for rare stuffs, when all the glory of the Durbar can be given us by the Kinemacolor? If *vraisemblance* is the aim of the stage picture, why endeavor to outdo the original itself? Therefore, I say, the expensive production gathered together from all the ends of the earth will soon be as impossible as it is to-day that a landscape painter should go to the wilds of Africa or the glaciers of Alaska in order, as Cole put it, 'to save and perpetuate the features of a wilderness that is passing away.' If the artist goes in order to give us a personal transcription that no photograph can give us, that is indeed a different matter; but the spectacle for the spectacle's sake, empty of imaginative art, empty of spiritual meat, is as doomed as was the topographical painting.

You will point to the stupendous productions of the past couple of years, but I shall answer that a movement rarely knows when it is defeated. A stricken tarantula victim dances round and round in *furious gayety*. There is no orderly succession in the advance of art movements; one does not succeed another, rather it resembles an interweaving of a pattern that is not easy to trace. There is a confused coming and going. Those who have but a moment to stay, try to impress us with their longevity. Those who are the future conquerors may come on in sorry guise. He who has become uncertain of his wares cries the loudest. So, seeing that extravagant spectacles fail, managers in their bewilderment advertise still more marvelous extravagances. It takes rare intelligence to recognize defeat. From the 'costliest spectacles,' we now read of the 'costliest ever given in the whole wide world.' And still the heart panteth for green fields, for heaven's blue! The wings of our imagination beat against prison bars. Gordon Craig, Reinhardt, the

Irish Players, children's plays, marionettes, miracles, and mysteries arise and come steadily marching on.

For, after all, realism might stultify other arts, but in a different sense than in the drama. The fight against a stifling, deadening realism in the drama is a fight for bare existence as an art — since art and nature are not interchangeable terms. In painting, sculpture, music, or poetry, fight as they did against realism, there was never any danger that it could utterly supplant art. In the very nature of the case there could not be any actual rivalry with nature. Some rearrangement, some restatement was always necessary. The actual hill, or river, for instance, obviously could not be brought within the frame of the picture, the actual frock coat or silk hat could not actually obtrude themselves upon the pedestal, however dreadful their representation might be. The actual cry of the baby at his ablutions could not enter the symphony, or the actual cackling of geese. But in the case of the stage, there was an actual rivalry with an actual object. Actual horses and cows did come on; actual doors and windows, actual cups and saucers, have been brought within the frame of the proscenium. Thus the idea of scenic representation ceased; it was no longer art or imitation, but the thing itself. But the aim of art is never to deceive. Coleridge explained apropos of this, 'You take a marble peach from the mantelpiece and put it down in pettish disgust. A fruit piece of Vanhuysen delights you.' And George Henry Lewes trenchantly puts it, 'We do not admire a man for *being old*, but we admire him for *miming age*.'

And now the movies are upon us — the last word of the actual. And yet is there any such thing as the last word? Clearly if there were, it would be the new 'talkies' rather than the 'movies';

but I understand that even Mr. Edison himself regards them as playthings for the moment, or at least until the duration of their performance can be greatly extended. Much hinged, it will be recalled, upon the length of the reels when the moving pictures were first being developed, and the same problem is now absorbing those who are concerned in the 'talkies.' One gasps to think of what may come in the future when to an improved phonograph there is added the trained speaking voice chosen as carefully as the voices of Caruso, Melba, and others for the singing records. The records of the Victor are reserved for the comparatively few great voices of the world. When the same care applies to the records for the 'talkies' there will be a chance for the revival of the exquisite art of clear and expressive diction. Is the drama, then, on coming into literal, direct competition with the photograph, doomed to die? Or will it, like the art of painting, cease trying to do the thing in which the photograph can so easily outdo it? Will the drama cease to concern itself with an eye-deep realism and concern itself with the soul-drama in which the cinematograph will scarcely attempt to rival it? For now am I buoyed up by my conviction expressed before, that when an art finds itself outstripped by a mechanical contrivance, it at once sets about doing something which that mechanical contrivance cannot possibly accomplish.

This is my hope. For the eye-deep realism of the movies cannot be surpassed. I remember clearly my first performance, — even in those pioneer days which crackled and spluttered and flashed their way across my bewildered eyes, — how I enjoyed the shaking of the lazy, fat shoulders of a huge driver who was guiding a team of horses across the tracks. I cannot help how this confession sounds even if

by my frankness the reader no longer thinks me worthy of addressing him in this matter at all — for the truth will out, that I really found the literalness of the picture highly amusing. Already to-day we see that the first stage of the moving picture has passed. Having startled by an exact and incomparable realism, they have started on a career at once more serious and full of new and significant possibilities. The Famous Players Film Company, under the enthusiastic direction of Mr. Daniel Frohman, is preparing to give to the public in cheap and accessible form the greatest plays of the world. Already upon their list appear *Hamlet*, *Julius Caesar*, *The Prisoner of Zenda*, *The Count of Monte Cristo*, and *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*.

The movement really deserves an article to itself, for there is behind it a very real hope of service. And it is fascinating to discover, in reducing Shakespeare to the bare terms of action, how much remains. There is also the equally fascinating conjecture of its effect upon the *mise-en-scène* — the playwright of the future permitting his characters to wander wheresoever they choose in as jaunty an irresponsibility as the Elizabethan before the exigencies of the realistic scene.

What is going to be the end of it all? I hope I have suggested the answer in the foregoing pages. Hopelessly outclassed in realism, in the apotheosis of the commonplace, by the modern photographic invasion, the drama will — even as painting did before it at the oncoming of the photograph three quarters of a century ago — escape into the realms of a heightened personality and an enriched imagination. As Müther has summed it up for the art of sculpture, 'From the moment one cannot make a thing better, the time has come to make it differently or to make it something else . . . it is quite probable

that men will never come to create anything more beautiful in its kind than the Venus of Milo. The only means, then, to retain one's independence is to put the Venus of Milo out of one's head.'

The only thing for the modern playwrights to do is to put the movies out of their heads, and set about making the modern play something which the moving picture is not. The modern actor must likewise give us an art so personal, so elusive, that the camera cannot follow him into the new realm at all.¹

In the direction of communicating the thrill of a great personality, and of

¹ There is great encouragement for personality in the actor in the fact that both Bernhardt and Sothorn contract to have their photographic appearance the week before their arrival *in propria persona*. They claim that the result is a heightened interest. This to me is the more significant since I have long felt that one way of salvation lay through a greater familiarity on the part of the audience with the plays they go to see. — THE AUTHOR.

freeing the imaginative faculty, may not the drama enjoy a veritable new lease of life? Is it too fantastic to believe that its progress will be so far removed from the sway of the photographic that our descendants will be as amazed to learn that there was ever conflict between the camera and the art of the drama, as we are to-day over the one-time conflict between the daguerreotype and the art of painting?

As an impassioned admirer of Daguerre declaimed in 1883 on the occasion of the inauguration of a monument to him, —

Avant toi, sublime inventeur,
L'art, dédaigneux du prolétaire,
Accaparrant peintre et sculpteur,
Appartient aux grands de la terre.

May we not somewhat differently apostrophize Edison, and express the hope that through his sublime genius the art of the stage may escape from the proletariat, and again truly belong to those who in a larger, finer sense are 'the great ones of the earth'?

THE EMIGRATION OF MARY ANNE

BY AMANDA MATHEWS

THE very soul of Mary Anne clung to Ireland as if with fingers and toes. It was not that she saw any of Donegal's charms with a tourist's eye — on the contrary, she believed it to be merely a poor barren forsaken spot, and loved it all the more passionately for thus believing. She was one of those for whom emigration is not adventure but doom.

But the path to America had been

made easy before her halting feet to the point of slipperiness. A niece of her mother's had a situation waiting for her in the same house where she was herself employed.

The Duffy family had striven hard to accumulate Mary Anne's passage money, but some untoward necessity was always gobbling it. Now Cousin Maggie had most generously arranged to send the ticket. Mary Anne was to

pay her back in weekly instalments before she set about bringing over Pat James.

This showery summer morning the Duffys had already imbibed their morning tea. Mrs. Duffy was feeding a covey of half-grown chickens on the stone flags before the fire. Barefoot Kitty, her black dress full of rents and her red hair sparkling with rain-drops, charged into the kitchen so impetuously that the chickens scattered before her.

'The letter!' she panted. 'Here is the letter from Cousin Maggie!'

Mary Anne bent closer over her sewing.

'Lave the birds alone,' admonished her mother, 'and put the letter on the dresser till I can get the fowl fed and the hearth trigged up.'

'I will be fair destroyed waiting, mother.'

'That letter be's nayther eating nor drinking. Put the kettle over and bring the full-of-your-arms of turf.'

The last of the outgoing chickens met the first of the incoming neighbors. Mary Anne's trembling fingers inserted a table-knife in the envelope. A stiff, folded square fell out.

'The ticket!' Kitty snatched it ecstatically. 'Read out the letter, Mary Anne.'

'One would think it was Kitty going,' remarked Peggy McGarbey.

'Deed, if I had me passage I'd not wait for me breakfast,' answered that emphatic young person. 'Read it out!'

With great effort, her sister steadied her voice sufficiently to begin.

"DEAR MARY ANNE,—

"I write you these few lines to let you know that I am in good health, thank God for his blessings to us all, and hoping you are in the same state as this letter leaves me in at present. I am sending your ticket for the sailing of July 25."

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Mary Anne dropped the letter into her lap; the date had never been set before.

'To-day we stand the third,' mused her mother aloud. 'That gives ye three weeks and a bit over for two blouses more and four shifts.'

'Oh, drive harder at the reading!' implored Kitty.

The next sentences in the letter seemed to reprove with pertness what Mrs. Duffy had just said.

"Do not bring many duds for they won't look like anything over here and will only be to throw away. The shirt waists you can buy for 98 cents would take your breath. That is four shillings and we think nothing of our shillings in New York."

'It is an old woman I will be when me time comes to be fetched across!' mourned Kitty.

'Be first in a wood and last in a bog,' Mrs. O'Brien warned her. 'What more is writ in the letter, Mary Anne?'

"I hope, cousin, you ain't so backward as you was in my time there, but can speak up for yourself and not be put upon."

'I'd like to see anybody putting it over me!' Kitty declared.

Mary Anne took advantage of the instant's pause to resurrect her single recollection of Cousin Maggie. She recalled her as a stranger sitting by the fire in the thong-seated chair now occupied by Mrs. O'Brien. Cousin Maggie had drawn up her blue skirt and blue silk petticoat away from the flagstones. The blue flowers on her hat bobbed time to her strange shrill voice. Altogether she had seemed a highly colored, disconcerting sort of person, and Mary Anne realized that her protecting wing would be anything

but downy. She roused herself to read on.

“‘You will be losing yourself in this great big house for all the rooms and stairs it has, but you will soon forget how you was ever moping out your life in the peat smoke of Donegal, where, as the word goes, we eat the praties, skins and all.’”

‘That is only when the spuds be’s scarce,’ averred Peggy McGarvey literally. Mary Anne’s voice strengthened with her indignation at this last slur of Cousin Maggie’s.

“‘Saving myself that has sense, the hearts of the Donegal girls around here is stuck to their townlands. They are wishing you to bring over what sods you can in your box as they set terrible store on having one to be tying a green ribbon about it for an ornament.’”

‘And us burning them common,’ marveled Mrs. O’Brien, but in a voice so low that it did not stop the reading.

“‘I will be taking you to Moving Pictures and to the Bump-the-Bumps at Coney Island, and plenty of the like, until your face will be froze with astonishment, only you must not gape like a greenhorn.’”

‘They would never be thinking greenhorn on me,’ exulted Kitty.

‘Seems like Kitty has all the consait on Ameriky,’ shrewdly observed Mrs. O’Brien.

‘Mary Anne is a bit backward about going,’ acknowledged her mother, ‘but she is worth two of Kitty at the work, as they will find out when she puts her foot in New York.’

‘Indeed I would not be killing myself to please them,’ Kitty corroborated.

The letter closed with directions and admonitions concerning Ellis Island. Mary Anne laid letter and ticket in a book which occupied a niche over the box bed.

‘Was not Shane O’Donnell sending ye that book of poetries from Dublin, Mary Anne?’ inquired Mrs. O’Brien.

‘He was,’ admitted Mary Anne blushing.

‘Is he no expected home the day?’

‘He is.’ The crimson wave swept from neck to hair.

‘Billy Gallagher seen him in Dublin, and he does be sayin’ that larnin’ and town clothes has taken great effect on his person; so he is the fine upstandin’ young man altogether and might be of the gentry at the hotel — he looks that respectable.’

‘When he is a master he can be giving a woman a grand place to sit down,’ remarked Peggy McGarvey meaningly as she and Mrs. O’Brien rose to depart. Mary Anne’s face was almost hidden in her sewing.

The following morning Shane appeared in his old clothes among those getting home their turf from the bog. As Mr. Duffy was in Scotland, Pat James and Dermot at the Lagan, and Johnneen herding for a neighbor, Mary Anne and Kitty must stack the family peat which had been footed in the late spring.

The Irish have a proverb, ‘There is more nor turf to be found in a bog.’ It is hard to tell whether those who shaped the saying had reference to the pink bell-heather and the bog-cotton like fluttering swan-feathers, or to the vaguely feared ‘water-affairs with red mouths on them fit to swallow a cow’ which are supposed to inhabit the larger brown pools. At all events, whoever said it first felt the brooding magic of the bog’s brown and purple desolation.

The axiom will bear a sentimental

twist as well, for at this season the bog blossoms with Irish nymphs, bare of arms and ankles, red of cheeks, with wind-blown hair, stepping off briskly under the turf creels. Many a shy gossoon with no word in his mouth by the cottage fire becomes quite conversational when he and a maid wait together in the lee of a turf-stack for a driving shower to pass over.

Mary Anne appeared in shoes and an immaculate blue print dress with crocheted collar of her own make. She descried Shane stacking at some little distance. She noted his new self-possession as he banded talk with those around him. Was he not going to seek her out and speak with her? Perhaps she was no longer of his sort. Perhaps he did not wish to remind himself of their boy-and-girl sweethearting. Proudly hurt, Mary Anne betook herself to the farthest side of the Duffy turf rows.

She was too slightly built for the labors of the bog. She struggled, with panting breath, beneath the heavy basket on her back. Suddenly a hand eased the burden; Shane spoke behind her.

'How are you since, Mary Anne? You load the two creels, yours and mine, and let me carry the both of them.'

'That will be too much entirely.'

'It will not. My heart would be burned if I could see you staggerin' along under a dark of turf — though I am no saying I like the news going round, Mary Anne.'

He helped her set down the creel. Then she faced him.

'What news is travelin' about me, Shane O'Donnell?'

'That you are for emigrating.'

'What news is that? You knowed it all the time I was coming up.'

'But I was thinking you would change when you got big enough to

have sense and not go shankin' it to America like the rest of the girls for to get a lump of fine clothes.'

'Oh, Shane, it is not for that at all, at all. It is against me feet I am going.'

'Could you no refuse to budge?'

'I must get me family over. Maybe when they are across I could be let to come back.'

'You won't be the same like you went,' he mourned. 'Your pretty red cheeks will be losted, and your voice sounding like yon corn-crake.'

'Shane,' she ventured, 'was you ever studying on America for your own self? Mostlike you would soon be made an alderman; picture just, — and I would be a bit less lonesome for knowing there was somebody nigh I used to herd with in me young days.'

Shane flung out his arms in a free gesture of impatient scorn.

'How would I look to be emigrating and me joined to the Anti-Emigrating Society in Dublin! Some of us had best be staying with dear old Ireland and work for Home Rule and uplifting our own country instead of deserting her for America!'

'Oh, Shane, those are me same feelings!'

'Then stay in your homeland, alanna,' pleaded the youth. 'Stay along with me,' he added significantly.

Mary Anne drooped toward him, twisting and untwisting nervous fingers.

'I must get Pat James across,' she persisted like one conning a well-learned lesson, 'and Kitty is nigh destroyed with waiting —'

'Look and behold ye!' Shane cried angrily. 'There you are back to where we took our start. And not satisfied with going your own self you will be robbing the country of all your brothers and sisters. It is plain to be seen you are fashed with our ways of going in Ireland and your heart is turned

after the dollars and grand clothes in America!’

The hurt tears burned Mary Anne’s eyes as she ran away from Shane back to her own place, and began tumbling sods into her creel. He toiled on glumly by himself.

Henceforth Mary Anne made an excuse of preparing the house for her ‘American wake’ to avoid the bog on the days when young O’Donnell was working there. The ‘American wake’ was a night of dancing, from which the assembled friends would escort her to the railway station at daybreak. The house was freshly whitewashed both within and without. In ‘the room’ the chintz curtains of the box beds, that filled one side in a manner quite suggestive of a sleeping car, were laundered and put back stiffly immaculate. Even the black kettle was scrubbed free of soot for the once.

Everything was brought down from the dresser, and colored paper cut in fancy designs to edge the shelves before the dishes were replaced.

It was a gloomy dawn, the one before the last. Mrs. Duffy wet the tea and brought Mary Anne her cup in bed as a fond, parting, motherly attention. That day no work was done. Mary Anne and her mother sat by the fire sobbing aloud at intervals. The younger children hung around, tearful and oppressed. Kitty flung herself stormily about the house. Shane came in the afternoon and sat moodily by the fire. He had no chance to talk with Mary Anne, for the neighbors were constantly coming in with parting gifts for her, and commissions to relatives in America. Kitty appeared in the doorway of ‘the room’ dressed in her bravest.

‘You are no going to put your foot outside and this Mary Anne’s last day?’ reproached her mother.

Kitty tossed her head so defiantly

that her shawl slipped back showing the big blue bow in her red hair.

‘Indeed, mother, and it’s weary I am of looking at you all greeting away, so I will be off this sad hour to Barney’s Fair and take me eye around for a pleasant lad.’

‘The looks the neighbors will be giving to see you there, and your sister away the morn!’

‘I will not stay at home for the neighbors! I never see any of them between me and the fire but I wish they was in it!’

‘Child of mortality!’ cried the horrified mother.

‘The cat has n’t eaten the year yet!’ was the indignant warning of Peggy McGarvey.

Kitty’s mood swept into repentance as strenuous as her hatefulness.

‘Oh, Peggy! Peggy dear! I was no meaning yourself! I am liking every bone in your body, I am indeed!’

‘Ye be’s the quare thing entirely,’ responded the mollified Mrs. McGarvey.

‘Ye put the heart across in me, Kitty,’ complained her mother.

‘Oh, mother, don’t be saying that!’

Unexpectedly she dropped down on the flagstones by Mrs. Duffy’s chair with her arms around her.

‘Do not be saying it!’ she repeated sobbingly. ‘I wisht I had been a comfort to you, like Mary Anne!’

Before her mother could answer she was up and embracing her sister.

‘Mary Anne darlin’, do not be thinking hard of me when we have got the four seas betwixt us.’

‘I will not!’ Mary Anne promised soothingly.

Sobbing aloud, Kitty wrapped her shawl about her head and ran out of the house. The mother wiped her eyes on her white apron.

‘Kitty is not the worst there is, only her winds blow from all the points to once.’

Two hours later an old schoolmate of Mary Anne's, from the other end of the townland, arrived with a package of dulse to keep off seasickness.

'I may never be going me own self — worse luck,' she said, 'and I am wondering what a rale ticket would be looking like.'

Mary Ann obligingly reached for the poetry book and opened it.

'The ticket! It is gone!' she gasped.

'It must have got into the box,' cried her mother.

There was a rush for the other room. But the box also was gone. Mary Anne's clothes which had been neatly packed were now in a tumbled heap on the bed. Mary Ann stared white and silent. The company swept back into the kitchen.

Shane announced: 'Here is a letter from Kitty I found in the book.'

'Read it out, Shane,' faltered Mrs. Duffy. 'Read it out!'

'Dear Mother,' it began. 'Mary Anne hates the going. I am killed with wanting it but you would say I am too young. So I took the ticket and the box and am away. Let Mary Anne stay and marry Shane O'Donnell. Do not think hard of me, mother darling. Pray for me and forgive —'

'God save us!' shrieked Mrs. Duffy. 'That wild young thing! She will be destroying herself!'

Shane spoke to the mother, but he was watching Mary Anne.

'Ye could be overtaking her at the ship in Londonderry.'

Mary Anne clung dizzily to the dresser.

'Oh, mother,' she pleaded, 'do let her go instead of me. It will be a hundred times worse now for the one blessed minute I was thinking meself to be free of America!'

The mother hesitated.

'What was that in the letter about you and Shane O'Donnell?' inquired Peggy McGarvey.

At that the two young people made their escape into the open by simultaneous impulse. Shane led the way and Mary Anne followed unnoticingly around the shoulder of a hill until they came to a heap of stones, washed clean of mud and sod by the rains of a decade, but still to be distinguished from the piling of nature.

Shane pointed to the heap.

'What stones are there?'

Mary Anne laughed out in light-hearted reaction.

'They are what is remaining of the bit house you was making for me once when I was a wee one.'

'Do you mind me saying some day I would be building you a better house that would not be falling on you?'

'I mind, Shane. But that was our childish blathers.'

'No blathers whatever. Wait you here at home, mavourneen, the two years until I finish my scholarship and am a master. Then it is the grand wee house I will be making you.'

Across the heap of stones their hands met.

RAYMOND POINCARÉ

BY ERNEST DIMNET

I

I TAKE it for granted that in America at least everybody knows more or less clearly that a French President exercises a more limited authority than an American President: I have read a very accurate article on these limitations and their historical causes in the *North American Review*.¹ I also take it for granted that there is an almost universal consciousness abroad that, in spite of these constitutional restrictions, M. Poincaré's significance is immeasurably superior not only to that of his two immediate predecessors, M. Loubet and M. Fallières, but even to that of any French President since Maréchal MacMahon, — elected at the critical period of 1873, when France hung uncertain between the monarchical and the republican *régimes*. The object of the present article is to explain how a 'mere President' happens to occupy such a very exceptional position.

Certainly M. Raymond Poincaré is a man of rare distinction. He is only fifty-three years old at the present moment, and he has managed in his rapid career to secure a reputation not only in politics but at the bar, — where his only rival is another well-known politician, M. Millerand, — and he is a member of the French Academy. He was a deputy at the age of twenty-eight, a cabinet minister at thirty-two, and he refused to be Prime Minister at thirty-eight. Yet three or

¹ Vol. cxcvii, pp. 335 *et seq.*

four years ago, say at the time when M. Briand occupied almost alone the political stage, the name of M. Poincaré was not often heard outside the law-courts. He was Senator Poincaré, a man of great talent and integrity who gave to politics what little leisure his professional affairs left him; a man upon whom, his intimate friends said, one could count at a pinch, but more of a barrister than a statesman, and more a name than a positive influence. Undoubtedly, when Casimir-Périer was elected President in 1894, — to resign shortly after in despair at his impotency, — he was a much more conspicuous person than M. Poincaré in 1910.

The *prima facie* conclusion therefore must be that the new President is a man who could rise to an occasion, but whom circumstances favored. What these circumstances were we shall presently say, and as we proceed to give an account of them, the reader will notice that it is not quite accurate to speak of M. Poincaré as a lucky man, or even as one whose legitimate ambition has been successful. Such a phrase does not suit the dramatic moment of the history of France which we now witness. It might be better simply to speak of M. Poincaré as a providential man.

II

It is pleasant to find that so many foreign writers refer to the changed conditions in France at present, but I wonder if they realize the extent of

the transformation. If it were possible in this age of wireless telegraphy that a man should have left France ten years ago and returned there without hearing of it in the interval, he would be another Rip van Winkle, with even more subjects for astonishment. At the beginning of the twentieth century the French were in the full enjoyment of that capacity for living on mere abstractions of which they have given so many proofs since the days of the Encyclopedists; to-day, they have gone back to an earlier stage of their development, and they watch keenly the sober facts connected with their country's welfare: realism has taken the place of vague theology.

Until about 1895 France, as well as Germany, lived in constant fear of a war. It is well known that the anxiety over a possible *revanche* poisoned the last days of that strongest of men, Bismarck; and it is no less certain that the memories of the war of 1870 were more oppressive to the French in 1895 than twenty years before, when their army was first reconstituted. In the last years of the nineteenth century, three events took place which went far to tranquilize France. These events were the Franco-Russian alliance, the revelation of the industrial expansion of Germany, and the apparent cessation of the long quarrel between Monarchists and Republicans, thanks to the interference of Pope Leo XIII on behalf of the republican régime. This truce and the 'new spirit,' as it was called, which was its result among Republicans, making them less anticlerical than they had been, gave something like a settled appearance to home politics, while the Russian amity and the consciousness that Germany was henceforward to be more attentive to her commercial than to her territorial expansion made the chances of a war more remote.

These new conditions might have been productive of admirable results if they had not coincided with the appearance of a new factor, helped by a man hitherto obscure, who was, however, promptly to become celebrated. I mean the diffusion of the Socialist doctrines among the workers, and their unexpected representation in Parliament by a small group with Jaurès at its head.

Jaurès took advantage of the contrast between the economic prosperity of the country and the situation of the laborers, and his eloquence, coupled with the apparent security in which the republican régime found itself, carried away the so-called advanced elements in the Chamber. These advanced elements might be classed in two sections which have not disappeared at the present day, namely: the Socialists proper, who believed in the materialist millennium, which they based on Karl Marx, and were ready to make havoc with the existing legislation to bring it about; and the Radicals, most of them men of ample means and influence, who for years deceived their humble constituents, and possibly themselves, with a conviction that they wanted a complete remodeling of social conditions. Until quite recently the Socialists, urged by their very matter-of-fact friends — and in reality leaders — the Syndicalists, put forward practical measures which the Radicals supported in Parliament, knowing they could never be enacted, — no less than eight income-tax bills, for instance, — but which they translated into the vague slang of Progress and repeated *ad nauseam* for the benefit of their unenlightened countrymen. The result was a sort of universal intoxication in which men went on prophesying — and honestly or innocently believing — that war was a thing of the barbaric past, universal fraternity the

certainty of the morrow, and that the first thing to do was to efface the last traces of militarism and use the immediate resources obtained by the suppression of standing armies for social or benevolent purposes.

It is difficult to resist an almost universal conviction, and we must admit that very few were the clear-headed individuals who saw through this enormous trumpery. Very many, on the contrary, were those who were wrought up by it to a state of exaltation which the trivial and at the same time immense incident known as the Dreyfus Affair changed into actual frenzy.

It is useless to expatiate on the Dreyfus case. But the reader ought to be reminded that the spirit which developed during that nightmare, and is even to-day known as Dreyfusism, was much more general than its cause. Practically it was the most extraordinary perversion of a generous instinct in the interests of arrant anti-patriotism, and its outcome was the anarchism which the peaceful vocabulary of everyday history calls the Combes government, but which was in reality the complete absence of government. During three years this wonderful Prime Minister, M. Combes, never took a step without ascertaining, through the chiefs of the various groups in the Chamber, that he was sure of a majority; and his movements were dictated to him by the man without whose concurrence he could not have gone on for a week, namely, M. Jaurès. As to the positive consequences, they are well known: they can be summed up as anti-clericalism bringing about religious persecution and confiscation, on the one hand, and on the other — which is more important in our present consideration — as anti-militarism. During those years, the Minister of War, General André, and the Minister of the Navy, M.

Pelletan, — two men who did not believe in the possibility of a war, — were employed in diffusing their certainty, and, worse than that, in emptying the magazines and arsenals, in flattering the men under pretence of making them 'conscious citizens,' and in molesting the officers in every way, the best known of which is the notorious 'relation' system.

From this dream of universal peace and fraternity, France was rudely awakened. Toward the end of 1906, when the chorus announcing the near advent of the United States of Europe was the loudest, the Tangier incident occurred. While André and Pelletan were acting as if war had been done away with, their colleague at the Foreign Office, M. Delcassé, had acted as if war were a matter of course. After years of patient labor of which the successive cabinets — even premiers — had known only what they could gather from the newspapers,¹ M. Delcassé had succeeded through various agreements (with England, Spain, Italy) in bringing about what was termed the splendid isolation of Germany, and he had just engineered the beginnings of the Moroccan campaign without any reference to Berlin when the appearance of the Kaiser's yacht off Tangier completely reversed the situation. In a few hours it became clear that the visit of William II to the Sultan of Morocco meant war in awful earnest, if the Moroccan operations were not stopped at once, and what had been looked upon as a scarecrow for feeble intellects became the reality of the morrow.

¹ The system of laws known as the Republican Constitution makes it imperative that any act of the President should be countersigned by one minister; but, conversely, it is enough if an act of a minister — for instance, a secret treaty — is countersigned by the President, unknown to the rest of the Cabinet. — THE AUTHOR.

It would be unpleasant for a French writer to recall what happened, were it not that the mistake of a few cannot be saddled on a whole nation. Within a week M. Delcassé had been unceremoniously thrown overboard, and M. Rouvier, the Prime Minister, had begun the three months' negotiations with the German Ambassador which were eventually to result in peace, while France looked on in the speechlessness of astonishment rather than of panic.

During those eventful months, the country re-learned a lesson which it is necessary to bear in mind to understand the position of M. Poincaré: it realized the importance of a man. Since 1879 no individual could have been pointed out as the representative of France — the Chamber was that, and saw that nobody else should be; now, all eyes were fixed upon M. Rouvier. Rouvier was a politician and a financier whose past in both qualifications was doubtful. But in the emergency he was brave to heroism, and whenever he had to speak to the Chamber of what was going on, his words had a ring which nobody could mistake: it meant that the danger of France had been terrible, and could only be averted in the future, not by a change of policy but by something more akin to a conversion. It was Rouvier who reawakened in the French consciousness the very elemental instinct of self-preservation which it had well-nigh forgotten.

After Rouvier came Clemenceau, another man with a past, but capable of rising to the present; an undisciplined mind but fond of breaking others to obedience; a living paradox, denying duty and yet never shrinking from responsibilities, — a puzzling though complete representative of the lawlessness coupled with generosity of the nineteenth century. Clemenceau was the first French leader who had the joy to withstand Germany — at the time

of the Casablanca affair.¹ The arsenals had been replenished after more than a year of feverish activity, and with this background, outspokenness ceased to be folly. Clemenceau, strange to say, was also the first to curb the disorderly spirit which he had so often encouraged among the lower classes. His method in the repression of strikes with dangerous complications was of Napoleonic directness, and no one would have suspected that, so short a time before, pure Syndicalism had seemed to be the government of the future. There was, however, one exception which was of considerable importance, namely, the postal strike.

For more than a week the government was checkmated by the quiet insubordination of the postal clerks, and it was only through a ruse that Clemenceau managed to bring that comic and at the same time tragic situation to an end. This time the country at large was not so conscious of its dependence on one man, but Parliament was. Whoever talked over the difficulty with deputies at the time, must remember their discomfited air, as, day after day, they proposed ineffectual solutions. The quiet abdication of the Chamber from the rights which they had usurped under President Grévy, and had strengthened by twenty-five years of unchallenged possession, dates from that week.

The success of M. Briand as Prime Minister during the year that followed was mostly due to his evident desire to prevent such anarchy in the future; but as he did so, the necessity of hierarchical rights and duties was, so to speak, in the air, and dispelled the most dangerous sophism on which the Radicals as well as the Socialists had lived. Here, as after the Tangier incident, it was one simple fact that taught the

¹ An incident connected with the protection given to some deserters in Morocco.

country the no less simple but all important lesson: to beware of such dangerous formulas as the identification of the Republic with unrestrained individual freedom.

In the summer of 1911, Germany, for the second time, did France the good turn to administer to her a strong tonic in the shape of another bullying action. The Agadir demonstration was exactly a replica of the Tangier affair, but circumstances had changed and the effect produced was very different. The French were sufficiently recovered from their former bewilderment to be wide awake and self-controlled, and they had considered the chances of a war long enough to regard it as a possibility, nay, a necessity.

The present writer remembers one of those vivid impressions which differentiate history lived from history read. He was at the moment of the Agadir surprise in an industrial town in the North of France which had been, and on the face of the matter still is, honey-combed with Syndicalism. The tone of the workmen in that particular centre as well as in practically every other, was startling. There was no more question of Socialism or Ideologism in any form: the only feeling discernible was wounded pride, and the simple patriotism of past generations; as to the impulse, it was decidedly military, and the formula which expressed it was as elemental as could be imagined: *il faut taper dedans*. I doubt whether at any period of her history France was more conscious of the soldierly spirit without which she never appears quite herself.

After Agadir, as after Tangier, negotiations averted a war, and the outcome was the Franco-Prussian agreement which made over a rich French colony, the Congo, to Germany, in exchange for a mere permission to have henceforward *carte blanche* in Morocco.

These negotiations had been conducted on the French side by the Minister for Foreign Affairs, M. de Selves, and by the Prime Minister, M. Caillaux. Subsequent revelations made it clear that M. de Selves, who was brave, and on several occasions was the true mouth-piece of the country, was nevertheless unprepared for his task and showed extraordinary gaps in his information, while M. Caillaux, who is the ablest financier in the Republic and a man of unequalled facility, gave proofs of singular unscrupulousness, negotiating over the heads of both the Foreign Minister and President Fallières, and finally re-appearing before the nation with worse results than M. Rouvier had obtained under far less favorable circumstances.

The public in democracies is generally slow to realize the work of diplomacy, and it took France several months to make up her mind that her representative had been timid while she was for fighting, and that the consequence had been to give her an unpleasantly gullible appearance. This, however, was enough to do away with the old Republican fallacy of indifference to what passes beyond the frontiers, and to bring into strong light the crudeness of the principle of non-interference. A slow but complete evolution of the national mind caused even the man in the street to realize that shutting one's self up at home to ponder over social progress and social philosophies is no terrestrial attitude, and that the Biblical maxim identifying man's life here below with unceasing warfare is, after all, also a political maxim.

Since then, the Balkan experiences have only strengthened the impression. At the present moment no European nation is indifferent to what used to be termed 'mere politics,' and was skipped in schoolbooks as belonging to that superannuated chapter of history,

'battles and treaties.' Nowhere has the lesson been taken so much to heart as in France; at all events, nowhere has the tone of the tribune and the press changed so completely in the short space of seven years. I could quote a passage from an address of M. Steeg — since then twice a member of the ministry — so full of vague millennial optimism clad in cheap clap-trap that it cannot be read without amusement, and place beside it certain more recent passages from the same politician, and even from Socialist orators, perfectly indiscernible from Nationalist utterances.

To sum up this *exposé*, without which the position of M. Poincaré would be unintelligible, we may therefore say that, in the last seven years, a real revolution has transformed French mentality, creating a deep distrust of the pacifist and anti-militarist ideas which used to be regarded as essentially Republican notions, compelling governments to accept responsibilities, and as Nietzsche says, 'to learn how to live dangerously,' and finally depriving the Chamber of its usurped privilege of centralizing the executive as well as the legislative power.

Is there an immediately visible connection between this new state of mind and the peculiar situation of M. Poincaré? Evidently no, for the New France, as she may well be called, has sprung into existence during the seven years which exactly coincided with M. Fallières's presidency, and M. Fallières will appear in history as the typical King Log, not only resigned, but convinced and satisfied. So that there must be both in M. Poincaré's character and in his previous position special features to which the new presidency owes its unexpected importance. We need only look eighteen or twenty months back to discover these features.

III

The chief difference between M. Poincaré and his predecessors lies in the fact that at the time of the presidential election his name had a distinct significance. Instead of being an obscure outsider like Felix Faure, or a man more distinguished for his character than his mental power, like Carnot, or above all, like M. Loubet and M. Fallières, a President of the Senate in the enjoyment of the most magnificent sinecure in the French Republic, he was a Prime Minister with a programme and difficulties, with warm friends and irreconcilable enemies. And being a Prime Minister meant more with him than it had meant since Gambetta's days. He had been urgently entreated to take office at the time of M. Caillaux's retirement, when the country seemed to be in exceptional difficulties; the best patriots in the Chamber and Senate had sought him in his political isolation and asked him to take the lead in the most remarkable Cabinet since 1881, with such men as Briand, Leon Bourgeois and Millerand as collaborators. He had been eminently the representative of France at the time when France had become anxious about her representatives.

His programme was clear and honest, but by no means likely to secure him universal approbation. It was summed up in a decidedly patriotic, that is to say, militarist attitude — emphasized by the choice of M. Millerand as Minister of War — and in a measure of parliamentary reform known as Proportional Representation. To the military effort the Socialists were of course resolutely opposed; to the Proportional Representation there was a much wider opposition, about which it is necessary to say a few words.

At the time of the postal strike, M. Briand, then Minister of the Interior,

had been struck by the difficulties he found in removing or punishing some of the offending officials. Most of them had been appointed through the interest of some deputy who at present backed them, more or less overtly, against the regular authorities. Here appeared the connection between the electioneering system and some of the quiet corruption going on in France. The deputies were elected, thanks to a handful of local leaders, — let it be remembered that France as a country is utterly indifferent to minor politics, — and these leaders in their turn were rewarded by appointments given to their relations, friends, or clients. There was only one remedy to that state of affairs: it was the suppression of what M. Briand called '*les mares stagnantes*,' stagnant pools, by the substitution of a wider for the local electioneering systems. Given an election including much larger areas, it was evident that the petty influences would lose their force, and at the same time that the candidates would be compelled to appeal to higher and broader interests. This the country seemed to realize, as half the deputies returned in 1910 felt constrained to promise Proportional Representation for the election of 1916; but to this the Radicals strongly objected.

I have pointed out above how the Radicals pretended to hold Socialist principles whenever they thought them popular and yet unlikely to result in definite measures from which their purse might suffer. They would probably have taken up the patriotic strains now in vogue if Proportional Representation had not been one of them. Their whole *raison d'être* having been selfish interest, and their sole method political jockeying, they felt at once that the new system would turn against them, and easy calculations — which they more than once brought

cynically to the tribune — soon convinced them that their misgivings were not unfounded. Now, the Radicals, although not in the majority in the Chamber, form the most numerous group there, and they have a majority of the Senate. The consequence was that when M. Poincaré promoted patriotic measures, he was more or less hypocritically followed, but whenever Proportional Representation was in question, he had to threaten the Chamber with his resignation to muster a sufficient majority. While this was evidently agreeable to the country, it created a sore feeling among the mere politicians in Parliament, and lobby intrigues were not lacking. Some months before the presidential election took place, the Radicals had openly chosen M. Caillaux as their chief, and they watched an opportunity to pit him against M. Poincaré. It was in this atmosphere that the very short campaign which precedes a French presidential election began, — five or six weeks before the appointed date, January 17.

The presidential election is made in Congress, that is to say, in a plenary assembly of the Chamber and Senate in the old Versailles palace. Legally it ought to be left entirely to their choice, but the custom has gradually been established among the Radical groups in both houses of designating a candidate a few days before the election, and this candidate continues to be called the Republican candidate, as if there really were a monarchist candidate against him. On several occasions the Republican candidate has been known to be replaced by another at the last minute, and it was in this way that Felix Faure was elected on a suggestion of Clemenceau, though his name had never been mentioned before. Needless to say, then, that a French presidential election is completely different from that of an American President, and that it

is practically given up to Parliamentary arrangements or intrigues, while throughout the country the feeling is one of curiosity rather than interest.

This year the conditions were different. In the last weeks of 1912 the reinstatement by M. Millerand of a territorial officer who became well known during the Dreyfus agitation, M. du Paty de Clam, gave the Radicals a handle against M. Poincaré. His friend Millerand had been looked upon as his right arm, and was in fact the living incarnation of his patriotic ideas as well as the idol of the army. Getting rid of such a minister of war was at the same time dealing a hard blow to the Prime Minister. The Radicals did not take into consideration for one moment that M. Millerand was the embodiment of French defense in the most critical period of the Balkan War. They decided on his ejection, and, to the universal amazement, they found an instrument in the Cabinet itself. The Minister of Agriculture, M. Pams, declared himself in the Chamber against his colleague, and M. Millerand was constrained to offer his resignation. M. Pams was one of the Radicals whom political necessities had made it inevitable that M. Poincaré should take into the Cabinet. He had been known for several years as a rich business man from a Southern *département*, with a great deal of mild ambition, no particular intelligence, and no particular principles, a belief in hospitality and a persuasive cook, — the accomplished type of the good-natured politician whose conception of politics does not go further than give and take according to an easy formula.

This placid, kind, ordinary man did the incredible thing we have just mentioned, and publicly divided his cause, apparently from that of Millerand, but, to all intents and purposes, from that of Poincaré. Only a strong incentive

could have inspired such a weak man to a step of this character. What the incentive was soon appeared when M. Pams was designated as the Republican candidate by the Radical caucus.

It would be superfluous to narrate how, after the refusal of M. Leon Bourgeois, M. Poincaré was prevailed upon, or made up his mind, to fight the Southron. When his intention was known there was a furious outcry in the Radical camp: Poincaré ignored the Republican discipline, — as the phrase goes, — and his audacity was extreme. Deputation after deputation went to him to remonstrate on the enormity of his conduct, and the Radical forces indulged for almost a fortnight in very violent language against him.

However this agitation was merely political, and consequently superficial. It soon appeared clearly that it would not infect the country, and that the reverse was much more probable. For the first time since the institution of the Presidency the man in the street saw clearly the ins and outs of an election and took proportionate interest in it. In ordinary times M. Pams would have been a likely enough candidate, provided the Presidency was what President Grévy said it was, — ‘an honorable retirement for an old servant of the country.’ At the critical moment in which France found herself, this candidacy was tragi-comic. Just at the time when the country needed a man the Radicals offered it a Pams. Was it not a thousand times a blessing that Providence should offer it a Poincaré?

The reader must now see the significance of Poincaré’s election: it was a national victory against a crew of mere politicians represented to unhopèd-for perfection by an ambitious nonentity. The programme of Poincaré was defense of the country through necessary sacrifices of men and money, along with an indispensable reform of political

manners; the programme of Pams was only a vague promise of an improved state of affairs with no more definite indication of ways and means than the league of greeds and ambitions known as Republican Concentration, glorified in the jejune language of which the country, after thirty years, has become heartily sick, but which Radical eloquence will use as if it were everlastingly fresh.

It also must appear evident that the words 'new presidency' applied to the incumbency of M. Poincaré mean more than the accession of a new man to an old office. Circumstances and the character of M. Poincaré have suddenly lifted up the position of the French President from the insignificance to which it had fallen, especially under MM. Loubet and Fallières, and the contrast is so strong that it suggests the idea of a constitutional change, which of course it is not in the least.

IV

The question now arises: what will M. Poincaré do? What is his rôle likely to be in European politics? what is right, and what is exaggerated, in what has been said in various quarters of his Russophil tendencies, of the influence which Russia is supposed to have had with him in originating the Three-Year-Service law? and so forth.

These questions can be answered not by prophesying, but by explaining.

First of all, it is obvious that there will be a state of more or less open warfare between the President and the Radicals in the Chamber, and especially in the Senate — where, as I said above, they are in the majority — until new elections bring in a better class of politicians. This war began on the morrow of the election, and the first event was the defeat by the Senate of M. Briand's government, on that very

measure — Proportional Representation — which was an essential item in M. Poincaré's programme. In beating Briand, the Radicals in the Senate did nothing else than wreak their vengeance on the President.

Since then, M. Barthou has been Prime Minister, and has given proofs of exceptional and one might say of unexpected decision in the defense of the Three-Year law which has occupied the Chamber's attention since the month of March. In the long debates over this momentous question the Radicals and Socialists have vainly watched their opportunity to hit the President once more through a premier whose tone and intentions make him his evident representative. It is difficult at present for mere political passion to use as a snare a question which the nation follows, and we can easily foresee the future. The Radicals will stand in the way of any government trying to support Proportional Representation or political reforms akin to it, in hope of discouraging the President, but they will not dare go against them when military or international measures are in question.

Who will be ultimately defeated in this contest between the legislative and the executive powers? Is it possible for a President either to fight the Parliament or even to withstand its antagonism? President Casimir-Périer, who found himself in 1895 in a position somewhat similar to that of Poincaré, did not think so, and resigned after six months of what he later on described as everyday torture. But many jurists have since expressed their opinion that M. Casimir-Périer had not even begun to use the rights which the Constitution gave him.

The year after that President's resignation a very young but already distinguished deputy, addressing his constituents at Commercy, did not take

sides as between Casimir-Périer and Parliament, but said in very forcible language that the rôle which the Chamber was constantly assuming was anti-constitutional. This young deputy was M. Poincaré.

Will the President make use of the restrictions which the Constitution places at his disposal? He may, for instance, prorogue the Chambers twice in the course of a session, and he need keep them in session only five months in twelve. The mere exercise of this right would give him and a congenial Cabinet perfect freedom from parliamentary control during the greater part of the year. It is not likely that he will adopt this policy, to which his enemies would easily give the appearance of a *coup d'état*. The probabilities are that he will pretend to ignore the schemes and intrigues of the Radicals, and will good-humoredly replace government after government as it falls, counting on the powerful influence of the new public spirit to force a patriotic attitude on Parliament, and counting on popular common sense to see through the manœuvres of politicians. The brisk buoyant manner in which he has until now accomplished the official part of his task, appearing everywhere, speaking everywhere, displaying more activity in his first six months than M. Fallières in his whole seven years, appears to me as revealing both a mood and a resolution. The mood is evident happiness in feeling himself in communion with France, and the resolution is to let France find out more and more for herself how remote she is from the petty Radical disposition. On the other hand, the transformation of M. Barthou from a clever politician into a real head of government shows the continuous presence of a stronger will, which is no other than that of the President embodying that of the country. So that

this at least is certain, that M. Poincaré will fight the battles of France against inferior Frenchmen at home, and will, in all likelihood, fight them successfully.

Of his foreign and European policies one can speak only in the most general terms. An impression seems to have prevailed abroad, thanks to ill-informed comments on the Three-Year-Service law, that M. Poincaré might be a warlike and somewhat adventurous President, with a Lorrainer's background and the memories of 1870 still fresh in him to encourage him in that attitude. Such an impression is one which only false presentments and insufficient knowledge of the European atmosphere at the present moment can create. All Europe is in arms, and it would be treason for a French president to adopt Jaurès's language in favor of disarmament. As to the Three-Year-Service law, those persons who have even cursorily followed the debates of the Chamber on the question can have no doubt that it is a mere defensive measure, securing six hundred thousand men — instead of four — against the eight hundred thousand of Germany.

The so-called Russophil tendency of the President is of exactly the same order. How could a French President be otherwise than Russophil, whatever his personal sympathies may be, when the Russian alliance is the only French alliance, and during the sixteen years of its duration has never once appeared to be other than merely defensive? M. Barthou formally denied in the Chamber that Russia had anything to do with the extension of the military service, but the briefest examination of the *pros* and *cons* of the measure would be enough to demonstrate it. The international interests of France at the present moment are too apparent to admit of two policies, and the policy

of M. Poincaré as President cannot be different from his policy as Foreign Minister, which was approved by everybody outside a blindly antagonistic party.

The conclusion of this article need not be long: no situation was ever clearer than that of the new French President, and the reader surely realizes that it is more the situation of the country than that of the man. With all his talent and popularity, with his capacity for work, his clear-sightedness and self-command, M. Poincaré would

not be the President he is if his past had not enabled him to be in an emergency simply a patriot instead of a politician. As it is, his own personal interests are fused with those of the nation, and indiscernible from them. This may be called rare luck, but it ought also to be called rare civic virtue. Certain it is that M. Poincaré appears as an excellent representative of France when she is passing from the anarchy of dreams to the self-possession of definite ideals, and nobody can name the man who would hold his position as well.

FRIENDS AND FOES OF LOVE

BY RICHARD C. CABOT

I

LOYALTY IN LOVE

WRITING of love and marriage in *Virginibus Puerisque*, Stevenson says, —

‘I hate questioners and questions. “*Is it still the same between us?*” Why, how can it be? It is eternally different and yet you are still the friend of my heart. “*Do you understand me?*” God knows; I should think it highly improbable.’

Stevenson hated such questions because he found it impossible to answer them truly. But I wager that he hated them also because of their dearth of venture and generosity. Such a timid questioner, anxiously scanning the weather-gauge of affection, finds it steadily falling toward zero. Under such anxious observation no love can

grow or flourish. We need not contribute *all* the warmth without waiting to be invited, but surely we must contribute some of it.

I lived for a time some years ago in a community whose members seemed to me more tempest-tossed and unhappy than any human beings I have ever known. They were so ‘stupid in the affections’ that they had never learned the most elementary lesson about human relationships, — that a passive attitude never works. Two of them happened to notice that they felt fond of each other; they married. Shortly afterward they observed no particular fondness for each other, and therefore separated. The winds of feeling blew them now together, now apart. Mated or severed, they drifted quite helpless, and apparently quite unaware that they could do anything to help them-

selves or to maintain any single direction among the veering currents of feeling.

Probably every one of them knew that, if he consulted his feelings each morning as to whether he should wash his face or not, he would find the forces of desire often at the zero point or on the negative side of the scale. But being moderns they probably paid no attention to their feelings as regards so important a matter as cleanliness! In all practical affairs (among which the average American does not include affection) we know that loyal adherence to one's original intention, however one happens to feel, is one of the greatest forces that make for success. Passivity, reliance on the moment's whim, literalism in reading the face of the future or of the present, is fatal to happiness and to success. No business venture and no human creature can bear the passive stare of the utterly disengaged soul.

Chesterton reminds us that if we face man with the cold and fishy eye of science, we cannot overlook the ludicrous and damning fact that he has two legs. To see him waddling over the ground on these two points of support is more, he says, than any one could bear with composure, did he not view the apparition with a gaze tempered by affection, good nature, and faith. Yet, as he tells us, there is one still more unforgivable fact about man when we view him with the literal eye. How can one ever again view with favor, still less with love, a being whom one has actually caught in the act of making an opening in his face into which he puts portions of the outer world?

The point of these illustrations is this. Without commitment, faith, the power to distinguish and disregard what is unessential, there is no stability in any human relation. It takes but

little experience to show us that no human being is merely what he is seen to be at any one moment. He can no more display himself in a single act or a single year than a musical theme can be expressed in one of its notes. A musical theme is all that it can become before the desire which launched it is slaked. So a human being is in truth all that he has been and can become, not because he now embodies it, but because that vast arc is the only sufficient explanation of his behavior, the only working basis for affection.

But this attainable personality he certainly will not attain without your help. His fate is determined in part by what you do about it, and the most important thing that you can do is to expect of him always a little more than you can see, projecting your vision toward the unseen depths of his soul, not arbitrarily but in the direction suggested by what he has already done.

This creative act of loyalty as it overcomes another's diffidence is not unlike a football team 'getting the jump on' its opponents. The opposing teams face each other in the rush line. The game, pausing after one of its 'downs,' is renewed. Each side tries to push the other backward. But it is not chiefly a predominance in weight or in strength that determines which line shall make an advance, which shall yield. It is rather a question of alertness. One of the teams will 'get the jump on' the other by being the first to lunge forward. Whichever succeeds in preempting this initial *ictus*, takes the other slightly at a disadvantage and puts himself into a correspondingly stronger position. The opponent's disadvantage still further weakens his opposition and lets the successful team advance with increased momentum.

You can 'get the jump on' another's diffidence if you shoot into his soul a message of welcome, of encourage-

ment, of faith in his power to do something better than he has yet done. You do not wait for him to show his best. Your impulse of welcome breaks down his reserve, melts his shyness, and brings him nearer to the thing that you expect of him. This is mirrored in his face. You see it, and your original faith is reinforced. You follow up the trail of sparks which you have spied within him; the spirit and exuberance of the quest redoubling in him the fire which you seek.

No one can set a limit to this wonderful give-and-take, as the lightning of two souls leaps back and forth. Yet it is no mystical or unusual affair. Emerson referred to something of the kind when he said, —

‘I have heard with admiring submission the experience of the lady who declared that “the sense of being well dressed gives a feeling of inward tranquillity which religion is powerless to bestow.”’¹

Mr. Slack, a timid citizen, emerges from his door unusually well dressed, and thereby ‘gets the jump on’ his passing friend Bouncer. The good impression made upon Bouncer is written in his face and instantly makes him more attractive and stimulating to Slack, who brightens and responds by giving something better than his ordinary pale gruel of talk; a delightful exchange is set in oscillation, the day becomes brighter, and the two march downtown to business in a path of glory.

This process of ‘getting the jump on’ any one is an expression in modern slang of a spiritual truth which sustains the life of industry, invigorates science as well as religion, and is the essence of psycho-therapeutic ‘suggestion.’

A fine example of this occurs in Shakespeare’s *Henry V*. The king is

¹ R. W. Emerson: ‘Social Aims,’ in *Letters and Social Aims*.

before Harfleur. His soldiers lean on their scaling ladders, taking breath in a pause of the fight. By all they hold sacred in home and country Henry urges them once more to the attack. Then his creative faith breaks loose: —

‘I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game’s afoot;
Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,
Cry — God for Harry! England! and Saint
George!’

He saw them straining, — yes, with the eye of faith. They tugged like greyhounds in the slips, — especially after he had recognized their eagerness. He brought to birth in them more spirit than had otherwise been born, and they in turn brought to his lips, as he faced them, the very nobility of his words. A disloyal or uninterested spectator would have seen merely a crowd of dirty, sweaty soldiers. King Henry saw that, too. But within the gross total of what he saw, he selected and summoned forth what most belonged to him and to them, — their germinating souls, their destiny, the courage which they had when he believed in it, not otherwise.

Thus the best of one’s loyalties, those to vocation and to one’s mate, begin — with a choice. With this profession, with this person, we determine to unite our forces. But if we are to keep these pledges and preserve the spirit of youth, the initial choice must be renewed again and again. After choosing the physician’s calling, I have still to determine what sort of physician, and finally what particular physician, I shall be. Within the broad field of medical service I must select the kind of work (research, teaching, public health, surgery, midwifery, general practice) which is best suited to me and seems most needed at the present time. Then within that field I must find some particular path, some combination of methods and manners

which are individual and progressive. Year by year the choice is thus revived and made more sharply distinctive. Success and happiness demand that it shall be so.

It is the same in marriage or in friendship. Again and again we repeat and reform our original choice. Within the domain of our friend's life we find a certain corner (his recreation, perhaps) where we can contribute something to enrich the friendship. There are other parts—say his family life—where, with our present ignorance, we are in the way. We choose and cultivate the parts that we are fit for, leaving the rest for the present undisturbed. Next year, when we come to choose again, we may be able to direct our efforts more effectively. Here we can learn; there we are baffled. Here we are in full sympathy; there we are in the dark. We select and select again, as often as a wave of enlightenment strikes us.

But selection goes further still. There are double and triple meanings in many of your friend's remarks. You can make a sentence or a person mean different things by the emphasis you put on selected bits. Then if you are tactful, you pick out and answer the meaning most in harmony with the whole texture of your friendship; the other meanings you ignore. I do not mean anything subtle. A woman hears in her husband's greeting at night fatigue, anxiety, a shade of irritability and a touch of playfulness. She ignores all but the playfulness, and by encouraging that healing element helps him to recover his balance. Just so she starves out some of her child's faults by choosing to ignore them and to cultivate his best.

You can be willful and cruel instead of beneficial in this selection, or in all innocence you may go clean astray, but you cannot escape the necessity of

choice by remaining passive, for even passivity is never neutral. It reinforces some element in your friend's character. If you decline to choose, the wheel of chance makes selection for you.

An old Scotch phrase describes a lively companion as 'good at the up-take.' He is responsive, always ready to help out, always keen for the game. If he pauses it is but to make sure what game it is. On such responsiveness friendship thrives. When we ask a friend for the loan of his cloak he is swift to strip off his coat also. When we ask for advice he gives us also sympathy. Later, as an historian, he may place and judge us, but now and as a man of action he takes his chances and contributes to fate his best strength.

To meet our opportunity as Newton met the falling apple, to greet our friend as the 'wasteful woman' greeted Jesus when she poured out the box of precious ointment (and was chidden by the onlookers for doing so much more than was demanded), this is the way not only to friendship, success, and health, but to originality and creative power. It is when we 'greet the unseen with a cheer' that we and our opportunity enter into one another. Then of our union something new is born.

In love, as in work and in play, give-and-take is *the* great source of novelty, of creativeness, and so of miracle. Therefore between friends there should grow up a child,—new truth and vision sprung from both. This miracle of sprouting friendship and truth is not best described as 'giving' or 'getting.' It buds while we talk or merely sit together—fruit of our lives like other children, common delight to all, gift of God to all. Each of us contributes something; God over our shoulders contributes far more, which neither of

us is conscious of giving, but each of receiving.

Friends always face the unseen child of their friendship, if they are true to their unspoken oath. Faithfulness to this child should guide every moment, every sentence. In every hearty hand-clasp, in every flash of eye to eye, something new is created. As you speak to a responsive friend you feel him speaking through your surprised lips. Then your words live and fit the occasion. We would eagerly thank our friend for giving us such thoughts to utter. But it is rather God's bounty — his perpetual miracle of new life sprung up between our two lives — that deserves our gratitude.

For our 'child' and in his name, we can accept laudation without shame or self-consciousness, just as we welcome money for precious ends. For the work, or the new insight which we create together, we can take — nay, demand — 'favors' which modesty would prevent our taking for our naked self, unclothed by the loyalties which dignify our clay. We can accept money, time, love, in quite an amazing way, provided it is for the palace we are building. For this palace is one not built with hands, — eternal in the heavens.

II

IMPERSONALITY IN LOVE

One of the most sacred things about human ties is this, that in any intimate and sincere affection you discover what is unique and, choosing it out of all the world, unite yourself with it. To you if you love your father there is literally no one else like him on earth. To outsiders he looks much like the rest of mankind, not so to you. It is true that you did not choose your parents, yet much that is most precious in your family tie is of your own making. Your

own family life you have helped to build up; the family jokes and customs, the pet words, tones, and gestures are sacred to you in part because you have helped to create them by what you have encouraged and what you have discouraged.

The more durable relationships are moulded and perfected by a multitude of distinctions. If these distinctions are blurred, the love within us that should go to build up a family life, a centre for our other activities, may burst its proper channels as electricity darts from the overcharged wire, destroying itself and other lives outside. When marriage is late or unhappy, because of poverty, because people cannot find their mates, or for less worthy reasons, love becomes impersonal, a blind, gigantic world-energy, hardly a blessing, easily a curse. When it fails to build up a home or a happiness, it may ennoble us like any other lost cause; failing that, it may drag us lower than the beast.

In perverted forms love falls from the spiritual heights of choice and mutual understanding, and is swept into a current where there are no distinctions between right and wrong, between higher and lower, between person and person, or between person and thing. The essential shame of perverted affection is its impersonality. It is so impartial that almost anything will serve its purpose. Losing the miraculous clear-sightedness of loyal love, we are mastered by the blind vague urgings of a force that stupefies and debases us until we bump up against a human being as though he were a post. Persons are treated like machines. Indeed, a clever machine might do as well.

If I am right in charging up the sins of the flesh to the score of impersonality, the scope of our campaigns against them must be widened and the tone of our just condemnations must

be changed. In a recent book called *Hygiene and Morality* (though it deals almost wholly with disease and immorality) the great power of the truth is weakened by a bitterness which stimulates that most disastrous of all class antagonisms, the antagonism of women against men.

Such bitterness would be impossible if we realized that the essence of the sin against which we fight is impersonality, — the sin of treating a person as less than a person. For is it not a sin of which all are guilty? Is there one of us who does not sometimes treat a person like a machine? Do we always think of the railroad conductor as more than a machine for taking tickets? Do we not often treat our fellow creatures like masks on flat cards without substance and personality? I have been striving for years to overcome in myself and in my medical fellows the professional habit of treating a person as a 'case' or a walking disease. But the habit of impersonality persists, like original sin, in myriad forms and unexpected ways. In law courts we treat a human being as a 'prisoner at the bar,' as the 'plaintiff,' or 'defendant,' to the exclusion of the fact that he is as real and sensitive as ourselves.

I often hear my faculty colleagues talk about 'the student,' his failings and malefactions. But few of the teachers who speak in this way know their students even by name. They are further still from grasping the personalities which make up their classes. Yet merely from the point of view of success in teaching, it is folly not to know those whom we are trying to teach. I have often found that after a man has given me the opportunity to learn something of his personal life, his home and family, his hopes and forebodings, he begins to do better work in class. Such improvement goes to show that we never get the best out

of people so long as we treat them as a class, ignoring the unique interest and value of each individual. Love at its best is a command as well as a desire and an intimacy. Its law reads, 'Find and create a new personality in so far as loyalty to your previous pledges and insights allows you.'

If your love is pledged to one God, it is sacrilege to worship others. If you have sworn fealty to one country, it is treason to work against it in the interest of another. If you commit yourself to the faith of Christ, you cannot experiment with teachings which contradict it, unless you first renounce your faith. You hate to see a dilettante meander from flower to flower of literature, or friendship, because you know that such a life is full of broken pledges and is falling apart from the rottenness of its own structure.

But in many of our most poignant experiences we seem to love what is impersonal, and to make no pledges of loyalty. When a man drinks his wine or jumps into a mountain stream for pleasure, we do not reproach him with unfaithfulness or brutality. Some people certainly love animals as much as they do human beings. I think that Emerson preferred companionship with trees, flowers, brooks, and skies to the company of men and women. Many a musician loves music, many a poet loves 'inanimate' nature as passionately as he is capable of loving any being. Yet these affections seem to involve no loyalty. We turn from one to another in a way that would be villainous if we were dealing with persons.

Love of food and warmth, of reading and sewing, of adventure and research, love of beauty — these may be very lukewarm emotions in some of us, yet no cooler than our love of persons. From birth to death, tepid may be the hottest one knows in human relation,

and there is no standard of normal temperature in affection. Neither is there any standard for the degree of personality which we should recognize in our fellow men. Most of us can be justly blamed, when we stumble over a fellow creature as if he (or she) were a chair — most of us, but not all.

On a crowded sidewalk of the tenement district have you never felt a baby wandering between your legs and fending you off with its hands precisely as if you were a tree? A few years later he will duck and dodge around your person in the heat of an exciting pursuit, with just as little realization of your august and delicate soul! Such impersonality is normal enough in babyhood. But some of us grow long and wide, put on the dress and occupation of adults, and are piloted about the streets, without ever ceasing to be babies at heart, without ever acquiring the heart that recognizes a person as a person. More often we get over the baby's absent-mindedness but never grow beyond, say, the ten-year-old's or the adolescent's limited sense of individuality.

Swedenborg expresses this by saying that, in its early and elemental forms, our love is attracted by *sex*, not yet by *one of the sex*. Even in babyhood girls may show a decided preference for men. Love of a whole sex is already awake in them, but they are rarely devoted to one man to the exclusion of all others. A newcomer is especially welcomed. This means that their love is at first general and vague, though later it may attach itself to one individual and cleave to him, forsaking all others. This lesson we sometimes fail to learn. We then remain impersonal and desire the emotions of love, as many people desire the emotions of music, without any awareness of an individual, or of the meaning of the piece. To yield to such a desire is villainy in case we really

know better (as we usually do); but not otherwise. When we listen to good music we are actually listening to the outpourings of the composer's heart. He is speaking to us earnestly and intensely, and we are listening to him, not to it. And yet it is often no crime to drink in music merely as pleasure; indeed for most people it cannot be a crime because they know no better. But it is always a ghastly mistake, for it is treating music, which is a bit of a person's life, as a means of sensual gratification.

Do not misunderstand me. I condemn the act of man or woman who, knowing the nature of the act, uses another as a means of pleasure. But I insist that there are some who do not know the nature of their acts, loose livers who have no more idea that they are dealing with immortal souls than most of us have when we drink in an artist's music merely for our pleasure. Ignorance is often their curse. Sin there may be, but if so, it is the sin of impersonality and of sentimentalism. For the rake is a sentimentalist, — that is, he loves emotion for its own sake. He will take or buy emotion from many, just as a girl may dissipate her energies in a multitude of suitors or novels, sucking in the enjoyment for its own sake without answering by word or deed, without learning anything or building anything out of the experience. Her mind is too feeble to recognize individuality, and to treat it accordingly. Let us blame her as we blame the ignorant sexual offender. For if we exclude (as in some cases we can) the evils of disease, alcoholism, slavery, secrecy, and violation of marriage vows, the curse of prostitution is this: it involves degradation because it treats life as less than life. That is a grievous error, but one of which every one of us is guilty in some degree.

To recognize the universality of the

sin which we are discussing makes us condemn ourselves enough and others enough, but no one too much. It is essentially the same sin which we meet in many forms, in official insolence, in professional blindness to the person behind the medical or legal case, in heartless gossip, flirtation, prostitution.

Have I been justified in using the sacred word love so broadly as to include sex-relations outside marriage? It is easier and cheaper to draw a sharp distinction between love and the more elemental sex-relations which we condemn as merely 'physical' or brutal. But I believe that the use of these distinctions often does harm. To condemn even the most impersonal and momentary attraction as 'merely physical,' is like calling a man a mere brute, or a child a mere blockhead. The name of the act tends to brand itself on the person, and to degrade him at a time when he most needs help.

Call a dog a bad name and hang him. Throw mud enough and some of it will stick. The more degraded a man is the more he is hurt by our contempt. But in their ordinary context 'merely physical' or 'mere lust' are words of contempt, not of scientific description. To condemn any conscious human act by calling it 'merely physical' is not only bad psychology: it is an attempt to push a living act out among the dead, and the attempt may succeed. It is like cutting an acquaintance or disdaining a poor relation. Just when an act is most in need of improvement, we damn it with a phrase. Just when a traveler is most dreadfully astray from his road, we dishearten him by telling him that he *has* no road. In the less personal types of love, falsely called 'physical,' an elemental impulse, almost blind to the sacred meaning of

its trend, is groping its way along. We should help it to find its goal, instead of branding it as forever outcast. If I think of my sight and my hearing as 'merely physical,' or if I am convinced that I am tone-deaf and color-blind, in either event no spiritual comprehension of music and color is possible for me. I can only give up trying.

Those who are color-blind and tone-deaf in their affections are rare. They include, among others, the 'moral imbeciles' of the courts. If we have accurately named them, they cannot do right or wrong, and cannot be hurt or helped, whatever term we apply to them. But in the vast majority of instances we apply these terms with reproach and condemnation. First we separate body and soul by an impassable chasm; then we attempt to spiritualize and subdue the body. A hundred recent books on 'sex-hygiene' tell us that we should teach the sacredness of the body and of sex. But the instant we have branded love as 'body' or as 'sex' we have begun to deprive it of sacredness. For the sacredness of love comes from choice, and a 'body' cannot choose. The sacredness of love springs from enthusiasm and self-direction such as no 'body' possesses.

It is with an *instinct* that we are dealing, and the sacredness of an instinct is developed by showing its profound though vague spirituality. The lower can be rationally governed by the higher only if they share a common nature. Passion can be mastered only by an intenser passion, not by any power that stands aloof and contemptuously denies its kinship. Personality is what we want in love, because personality is always both physical and spiritual. In the impersonal, one of these elements often seems to get lost, though it is never gone beyond recovery.

A PROPHET OF THE SOUL

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I

IN taking this line from Emerson for the title of an essay on Henri Bergson, I would indicate at once the aspect of his philosophy that most appeals to me. The over-arching conception in his writings is the immanence and the potency of spirit or consciousness in matter, and his *Creative Evolution* is the unfolding of the drama, as he conceives it, of the struggles of this spirit with the opposition which it encounters in the material world, and its triumphs over it. Arnold said that Emerson was the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit; we may say of Bergson that he is the friend and aider of those who would see with the spirit and enter into the mystery of creation through intellectual sympathy or intuition, instead of making the vain attempt to do so through the logical and scientific understanding. The true inwardness of living things, or of the creative movement, cannot be reached through the practical intellect, available as it is only for our action upon concrete bodies and forces.

I am not familiar with all of Professor Bergson's published works. I have read the essay on the philosophy of laughter, the *Introduction to Metaphysics*, and his *Creative Evolution*, perhaps his masterpiece. It was also my privilege to hear some of his lectures at Columbia University last winter, and to meet him personally.

A view of the man always seems to

bring one nearer to an understanding of his work. In person Bergson is a small, slender, rather shy man, with a wonderfully beautiful and symmetrical head — a large brain, filled out and rounded on all sides; face smooth and thin, with a close cropped moustache, prominent, finely chiseled aquiline nose, small, expressive eyes in deep sockets overhung by heavy, mobile eyebrows — an Emersonian type of face with more than the Emersonian size and beauty of brain, lacking only the powerful Emersonian mouth.

His lectures in French were delivered without notes, in an animated conversational style, his hands, within a narrow circle, being as active as his mind. Not an imposing figure on the platform or off, nor an aggressive and dominating personality, but a gentle winsome man, the significant beauty of whose head one cannot easily forget. Those who were privileged to hear him may well have felt that they were seeing and hearing a modern Plato or Kant or Hegel, for surely his work is destined to make as distinct an epoch in the history of philosophy, as did theirs.

His essay on laughter is undoubtedly the most convincing and satisfactory exposition of the subject that has yet been made. One phase of its central idea — namely, that we laugh at inanimate objects when they behave like human beings and *vice versa*, I saw illustrated at a farmhouse in the Catskills last summer. The water from a spring on the hill was brought to the house in a pipe which discharged into a

half-barrel near the kitchen door. Into the end of a pipe a plug had been driven with a good-sized gimlet-hole in the end of it. Out of this hole a jet of water came with great force, striking the water in the tub a few inches from the rim, at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and driving deeply into it. One day I was washing some apples in the tub, and while they were floating about I noticed that they all tended to line up on the west side of the barrel and then move up in a slow hesitating manner to a point just behind the jet of water. I became an interested spectator. Slowly the apple procession in close line turned toward the little vortex made by the jet; the one in the lead seemed to hesitate just on the edge of the danger-line, as if it would fain draw back; then, while you were looking, it would so suddenly disappear beneath the plunging jet, that the eye could not trace its movements; its hesitation was followed by such a lightning-like plunge that it astonished one. One fancied that one could almost see tiny heels flash in the air as the apple went down. Then it came bobbing up in the boiling water on the other side of the tub in a very hilarious manner, and slowly took its place at the rear end of the line, while the apple next in the ranks approached the jet in the same coy, doubtful manner, and made the instantaneous plunge. Then the next and the next, till an endless procession of apparently demure, but fun-loving apples was established that kept up the circus day and night.

I was wont to take my callers out to the tub, without any explanation, to let them see my apple performers. Invariably every one of them, after they had gazed a moment, broke out into a hearty laugh. 'What are you laughing at?' I would inquire. 'Why, it is so funny! see how those apples behave, — like little people.'

If I looked at them every hour in the day I was bound to laugh. My little granddaughter, seven years old, 'a moody child, but wildly wise,' spent hours watching the antics of those apples. She would replace them with others to see if they would all behave in the same way, and then would take them all out and lay them in the sun as if to rest and warm them. After some days the apples began to have a bruised and overworked look, and one felt instinctively like taking them out. On the whole it was one of the most human performances I ever saw inanimate objects engage in, and confirmed Bergson's theory completely.

II

The reception of Bergson's philosophy by different types of mind has of course been very diverse.

He conquers easily his humanistic readers — the lovers of good literature — because of the superb literary style of his work; his philosophical readers do not succumb quite so readily, though many of these are enthusiastic, and all are interested; but he has a hard fight with many of his scientific readers. I have noted but one man of science, the eminent physicist Sir Oliver Lodge, who is in accord with the main drift of his work. It is probably the philosophical, not to say theological, strain in Sir Oliver, and his love of good literature, that make him respond so cordially to Bergson, especially to his conception of life as a primordial creative impulse pervading matter. He declares that the work is 'peculiarly acceptable and interesting to men of science.'

Professor Poulton disputes his doctrine of instinct as a form of sympathy, and argues forcibly and fairly against it. Sir Ray Lankester, an eminent Darwinian biologist and zoölogist, in

introducing and indorsing H. S. R. Eliott's attack upon *Creative Evolution*, expresses his dissent with angry and insulting epithets.

Mr. Balfour and our own William James express deep sympathy and admiration for the work of the French philosopher. Most of our university philosophers fight shy of it, I hear, probably because it discredits or limits pure intellectualism as giving us the key to the real inwardness of life; we enter into this mystery only through spirit — real sympathy or intuition — and not through our logical faculties. Men who attack the problem of living matter with the same tools which they use upon the problem of dead matter, namely our logical understanding, will not, according to Bergson, get very far.

The flexible, sympathetic, and intuitive type of mind, the type that finds expression in art, in literature, in religion, and in all creative work, will take to Bergson more naturally and kindly than the rigidly scientific and logical mind.

In this shining stream of ideas and images that flows through Professor Bergson's pages, or from his mouth in the lecture room, the strictly scientific man will probably find little to interest him. He may approve of it as literature and philosophy, but he is pretty sure to feel that unwarranted liberties have been taken with scientific conclusions. He will deny the validity of the principal actor in the Bergsonian drama of evolution; the cosmic spirit, as something apart from and independent of cosmic matter, has no place in his categories; matter and the laws of matter are all-sufficient for his purpose. He must keep on the solid ground of the verifiable. Apparently, to Huxley consciousness is as strictly a physical phenomenon as the lamp of the glow-worm, or the sound of a clock when it

strikes; and the tremendous psychic effort which Bergson sees in organic evolution would probably have appeared to him and to others of the mechanistic school as only a poetic dream.

But it is a philosophy that goes well with living things. It is a living philosophy. In my own case it joins on to my interest in outdoor life, in bird, in flower, in tree. It is an interpretation of biology and natural history in terms of the ideal. In reading it I am in the concrete world of life, bathed in the light of the highest heaven of thought. It exhilarates one like a bath in the stream, or a walk on the hills.

Those who go to Bergson for nothing more than scientific conclusions will find bread where they were unconsciously looking for a stone; but those who go to him in the spirit of life will find life — will see him work a change in scientific facts like that which life works in inorganic matter. His method is always that of the literary artist, and looking at the processes of organic evolution through his eyes is like looking into the mental and spiritual processes of a great creative artist.

Mr. Balfour mildly objects that the vital impulse, as Bergson reveals it, has 'no goal more definite than that of acquiring an ever fuller volume of free creative activity.' Sir Oliver Lodge replies that that is a good-enough goal. 'Is it not the goal of every great artist?'

III

To some readers *Creative Evolution* has opened a new world. To open a new world to a man is within the power of unique and original genius only. I think we may say that Bergson is a distinct species. He is *sui generis*. He has the quality of mind which we call genius. One cannot read far in his book without feeling that here at last is an inspired philosopher, and inspira-

tion always carries the mind through into the poetic and the romantic.

The new world which Bergson opens to his reader is the world of organic nature seen for the first time through the creative imagination of a great literary artist and philosopher combined. Bergson recreates this world for his competent reader by showing it like a living stream issuing from the primal cosmic energy; and it is reflected in his pages with a morning freshness and promise. The novelty of his thought, the beauty and vitality of his style and the telling picturesqueness of his imagery, make the reading of his book a new experience to the student of philosophical literature.

It is as if one were to open a gate or a door, expecting to be admitted to the closed-in air of academic halls, or the dim light of monastic aisles, but instead sees before him a wide prospect with moving currents and growing things and changing forms of earth and sky. It was doubtless this quality of Bergson's work that led William James to say of it that it was 'like a breath of the morning and the singing of birds.'

I think we may say that no new world can be opened to a man unless that world is already in him in embryo at least; then the poet, the seer, the inspired teacher, like Bergson, can open it for him. Wordsworth opened up a new world to John Stuart Mill, Goethe opened up a new world to Carlyle, Emerson and Whitman have been world-openers in our own land and times. The world-opening to which I here refer, is almost a sacrament; it implies a spiritual illumination and exaltation that do not and cannot come to every mind. It means the opening of a door that our logical faculties cannot open. Positive science, of course, opens its own new worlds of facts and relations, and speculative philosophy opens its new world of ideas and con-

cepts; but only the inspired, the creative works admit us to the high heaven of spiritual freedom itself. We do not merely admire such writers as Goethe, Carlyle, Emerson, Whitman, we experience them, and they enter into our lives. I think this is in a measure true of Bergson. With more method and system than any of the others I have named, he yet possesses the same liberating power, the same imaginative lift, and begets in one a similar spiritual exaltation.

Bergson is first and foremost a great literary artist occupying himself with problems of science and philosophy. The creative literary artist in him is always paramount. His method is essentially that of literature, the visualizing, image-forming, analogy-seeking method. He thinks in symbols and pictures drawn from the world of concrete objects and forces. Probably no system of philosophy was ever before put forth in language so steeped and dyed in the colors with which the spirit paints this world. His style illustrates his theme; it is never static or merely intellectual; it is all movement and flexibility.

Open his book anywhere and your mind is caught in a flowing stream of lucid, felicitous thoughts that seem of the very quality of life itself. He visualizes mental and emotional processes. He sees spirit and matter as two currents, — two reverse currents, — one up, one down. He sees life struggling with matter, stemming its tide, seeking to overcome and use it, he sees it defeated and turned aside many times. Life or spirit is freedom. Matter is the seat of necessity; it proceeds mechanically; it is obdurate, unwilling, automatic. Life humbles itself, makes itself very small and very insinuating in order to enter into and overcome the resistance of inert matter. It 'bends to physical and chemical forces, consent-

ing even to go part of the way with them, like the switch that adopts for a while the direction of the rail it is endeavoring to leave.' 'Life had to enter thus into the habits of inert matter in order to draw it little by little, magnetized, as it were, to another track.' 'Ages of effort and prodigies of subtlety were probably necessary for life to get past this new obstacle' — the tendency of organized matter to reach the limits of its expansion.

Thus on every page does Bergson visualize and materialize his ideas. He envisages the process of evolution of the whole organic world. He sees one tremendous effort pervading it from bottom to top. He sees thought or life caught in the net of matter. 'It becomes a prisoner of the mechanism by which it climbed.' 'From the humblest of organic beings to the highest vertebrates which just antecede man we are watching an endeavor always failing of success, always re-undertaken with an increasingly wise art. Man has triumphed — but with difficulty, and so partially that it needs only a moment of relaxation or inattention for automatism to recapture him.'

The creative impulse does not itself know the next step it will take, or the next form that will arise, any more than the creative artist determines beforehand all the thoughts and forms his inventive genius will bring forth. He has the impulse or the inspiration to do a certain thing, to let himself go in a certain direction, but just the precise form that his creation will take is as unknown to him as to you and me. Some stubbornness or obduracy in his material, or some accident of time or place, may make it quite different from what he had hoped or vaguely planned. He does not know what thought or incident or character he is looking for till he has found it, till he has risen above his mental horizon. So

far as he is inspired, so far as he is spontaneous, just so far is the world with which he deals plastic and fluid and indeterminate and ready to take any form his medium of expression — words, colors, tones — affords him. He may surprise himself, excel himself; he has surrendered himself to a power beyond the control of his will or knowledge.

We must remember that man is a part of the universe — a part of the stream of life that flows through organic nature, and not something apart from it. But he alone among living beings has come to self-consciousness and is capable of the creative act. Is it not therefore entirely reasonable that the method of nature should be reflected in his mind? that he should be a god, too, though a puny one? So far as he knows his own powers, so far he knows those of the Infinite; so far as he is a creator, his method mirrors that of his Creator.

The vital impulse is finite, it cannot overcome all obstacles. The movement that it starts is sometimes turned aside, sometimes divided, always opposed, and the evolution of the organized world is the unrolling of this conflict. Contingency enters into the course of evolution at every point. 'Contingent the arrests and set-backs; contingent, in large measure, the adaptations.' Contingent, Bergson thinks, the way life obtains the solar energy from the sun, namely through the carbon of carbonic acid. It might have obtained it through other chemical elements than oxygen and carbon. In this case the element characteristic of the plastic substances would probably have been other than nitrogen, and the chemistry of living bodies would have been radically different from what it is, resulting in living forms without any analogy to those we know, whose anatomy would have been different, whose

physiology also would have been different. 'It is therefore probable that life goes on in other planets, in other solar systems also, under forms of which we have no idea, in physical conditions to which it seems to us, from the point of view of our physiology, to be absolutely opposed. All life requires is slow accumulation of solar energy and its sudden release in action, and this accumulation may take place in other systems by a chemism quite unlike ours, in which the carbon of carbonic acid is fixed and stored up by the chlorophyllian function of plants. Life releases this energy by an act analogous to the pulling of a trigger, and the resultant explosive is the power living bodies exert. How figurative and yet concrete and seeable it all is! Though man seems to be the aim and crown of evolution, yet we cannot say that it was all for him.

'It is abundantly evident that nature is not solely for the sake of man; we struggle like the other species; we have struggled against other species; moreover, if the evolution of life had encountered other accidents in its course, if thereby the current of life had been otherwise divided, we should have been physically and morally far different from what we are.'

We aim to look upon a problem of science or mathematics understandingly; we try to regard a work of art — a novel, poem, painting, symphony — appreciatively, to enter into its spirit, to become one with it, to possess ourselves of its point of view, in short, to have an emotional experience with it. The understanding is less concerned than our taste, our æsthetic perceptions, our sympathy with beautiful forms, and our plasticity of mind. We do not know a work of art in the same way in which we know a work of science, or any product of analytical reasoning — we know it as we know those

we love, and are in sympathy with; it does not define itself to our intellect, it melts into our souls. Descriptive science is powerless to portray for me the bird or the flower or the friend I love; only art and literature can do that. Science deals with fixed concepts, art with fluid concepts.

This is Bergson's position as I understand it. Living nature is like a work of art, and our descriptive science fails to render its true meaning, or grasp the nature of the evolutionary movement. The feelings, the perception, and the spiritual insight that go to the making and the appreciating of a creative work are alone equal to the task.

Resolve all the processes of organic nature into their mechanical and chemical elements, and you have not got the secret of living bodies any more than you have got the secret and meaning of a fine painting by resolving it into its original pigments and oils, or of a poem by cutting up the words into the letters of which it is composed.

Bergson's attitude of mind in *Creative Evolution* is foreshadowed in a passage in Royce's *Spirit of Modern Philosophy*. Royce is speaking of the series of purely physical events which our descriptive science shows us in evolution: 'Nothing but matter moving instant after instant, each containing in its full description the necessity of passing over into the next. Nowhere will there be for descriptive science, any genuine novelty, or any discontinuity admissible. But look at the whole appreciatively, historically, synthetically, as a musician listens to a symphony, as a spectator watches a drama. Now you shall seem to have seen, in phenomenal form, a story. Passionate interests will have been realized.'

Bergson reads the story of organic evolution in this creative and sympathetic way. He does not deal with it solely through his equipment as a man

of science, but primarily through his equipment as a great creative artist and inspired seer. Not intellectual analysis, but intellectual sympathy, gives him the key to the problem of life. Intuition is his method, which he opposes to the analytical method of science.

Science sees the process of evolution from the outside, as one might a train of cars going by, and resolves it into the physical and mechanical elements, without getting any nearer the reason of its going by, or the point of its departure or destination. Intuition seeks to put itself inside the process, and to go the whole way with it, witnessing its vicissitudes and viewing the world in the light of its mobility and indeterminateness.

All the engineering and architectural and mechanical features of the railway and its train of coaches, do not throw any light upon the real significance of railways. This significance must be looked for in the brains of the people inside the coaches, and in the push of the civilization of which they are some of the expressions. In like manner, when we have reduced biological processes to their mechanical and chemical equivalents, we are as far as ever from the true nature and significance of biology.

Organic evolution is something more than an illustration of the working of the laws of dead matter. A living body is the sum of its physico-chemical factors, plus something else. The dead automatic forces of the earth went their round of ceaseless change for untold ages without escaping from the grip of mechanical necessity in which they were held; then there came a time when the spell was broken and the current of life arose. We have to speak of the event in this anthropomorphic way, as if it were an event, as if there were discontinuity somewhere, as if the creative spirit began its work as we

begin ours. But evidently life did not begin in our human, practical sense, any more than the line we call a circle begins, or any more than the sphere has ends and boundaries. Our logical faculties, cast in the moulds of our experience, fail to grasp these problems. Life *is*, and, in some inscrutable way, always has been and always will be, because it is one with the cosmic spirit.

IV

One phase of this new world which Bergson's *Creative Evolution* opens to us is this play and interplay of spirit and matter, or this struggle for the mastery — or shall I say for the union — between them, of which organic evolution is the drama, — a real drama unfolding through the biologic ages, with vicissitudes, failures, successes. We see the current of life, spirit, consciousness, making its way through matter, struggling with it, hampered and retarded by it, as a stream wearing its channel through the soil wastes itself and is delayed, divided, but ever onward flowing, by reason of its essential mobility. The branchings and the unfoldings of life in the process of evolution have been contingent and indeterminate in the same way — inevitable, but plastic, yielding, accommodating, taking what they could get and ever reaching out for more. Life has succeeded, but its triumph has not been complete. It has been very human and fallible. Indeed, it is the complete humanization of life that makes Bergson's conception so pleasing and stimulating. It is the taking of it out of the realm of mechanical necessity or fatality, and the surrounding it with the atmosphere of the humanly finite and contingent, that is new in philosophy. I hardly know why we should wish to believe that what we have always called God should have its problems and difficul-

ties and set-backs, just as we do, unless it helps us the better to understand the failures and imperfections in the world — the condition of struggle and unrealized ideals that is the common lot of mankind, and, in a measure, of all that lives. The soul dreams of perfection, but it is hampered and defeated by the body it animates; so did or does the Cosmic Spirit, but the obduracy of the matter through which it works makes it fall short of the perfection at which it aims.

There are two short sentences in Bergson which hold the key to his philosophy. 'Living nature,' he says, 'is more and better than a plan in course of realization.' And again, 'Everything is obscure in the idea of creation if we think of *things* that are created, and a *thing* that creates.' This view is the work of our practical intellect. When we see a house, we think of the builder, when we see a watch, we infer the maker, and this attribute of mind is necessary to our successful dealing with concrete things; but in organic nature the house and the watch are always being made, and every day is a day of creation; the forms of life are like the clouds in the summer sky, ever and never the same; the vital currents flow forever, and we rise to the surface like changing, iridescent bubbles that dance and play for a moment, and are succeeded by others, and ever others. The vital impulse absorbs Bergson's attention, 'not things made, but things in the making; not self-maintaining states, but only changing states. Rest is never more than apparent, or, rather, relative.' This is the way Bergson gets rid of the old conception of design and finalism in nature. He thinks of the creative impulse or tendency in terms of the mobile, the incalculable, the ever-changing.

Life hovers forever between the stable and the unstable. We cannot de-

scribe it in terms of the fixed, the geometric. Motion is not in place, it is in transition — neither here nor there, but forever between the two. Hence our conception of life seems a contradiction, or two contraries united, which seems an absurdity; an ascending and a descending current balanced, a perpetual explosion, integration and disintegration going hand in hand.

The effort of matter and force in the inorganic world is to find a stable equilibrium; their effort in the organic world is to find an unstable equilibrium, to hang forever, as it were, on the pitch of the torrent, suspended between mobility and immobility, constantly passing from one to the other. Life is an interchange of the two, the perpetual translation and transformation of the immobile into the mobile. The effort of the inorganic forces to find a stable equilibrium gives us all the forms of mechanical energy and shapes the surface of the globe; the efforts of the organic to find and hold a state of unstable equilibrium, give us all the forms of life. Gravity rules in one. What rules in and determines the other?

One may think of Bergson's conception of a living body under various images. I am reminded of it when I see at the fountain a little ball dancing in the air at the top of a slender column of water — the upward push just balancing the downward pull of gravity, and the ball playing and hovering perpetually. It is mobility and stability equalized. Diminish the force of the upward current and the ball sinks and sinks till it lies motionless at the bottom. So, when the pressure of life goes down, the living body fails and fails, overcome by the opposite tendency, till death ensues.

One may think of it under the image of the bow in the clouds, so frail and fugitive, yet apparently so permanent.

It is not involved in the fate of the raindrops through which it is manifested. They fall but it does not. It is ceaselessly renewed; it hangs forever on the verge of dissolution. If the sun is veiled, it is gone; if the rain ceases, it is gone. Its source is not in the rain, but is inseparable from it. So matter is only the seat of life, not its source. Its final source is in the *élan vital*, as the source of the rainbow is in the sun. The sunbeams still pour through space whether they encounter raindrops or not.

Bergson thinks that consciousness, or the soul, is not involved in the fate of the brain, though momentarily dependent upon it. The true way in which to regard the life of the body is to postulate that it is on the road which leads to the life of the spirit. Souls, he says, are continually being created, which nevertheless, in a certain sense, preëxisted in the cosmic spirits as the rainbow preëxisted in the sun.

v

In a limited sense Darwin was a creative evolutionist also; in his view nothing in animal life was fixed or stereotyped; ceaseless change, ceaseless development marked its whole course through the geologic ages; his animal series is as mobile, or as much a flowing current, as Bergson's; species give rise to other species through the accumulation of insensible variations, but Darwin looked upon the whole process as mechanical and fortuitous. He did not hit upon any adequate reason for variation itself.

It has been aptly said that while natural selection may account for the survival of the fittest, it does not account for the arrival of the fittest. In Darwin's scheme, nature was always blindly experimenting and then profiting by her lucky strokes; but why

she should experiment, why she should try to improve upon her old models, what it was and is in the evolutionary process that struggles and aspires and pushes on and on, did not enter into Darwin's scheme. He did not share the Bergsonian conception of life as a primordial creative impulse flowing through matter. This were to transcend the sphere of legitimate scientific inquiry to which he applied himself. As living forms had to begin somewhere, somehow, Darwin starts with the act of the Creator breathing the breath of life into one or into a few forms, and then through the operation of the laws which the same Creator impressed upon matter, the whole drama of organic evolution follows. Secondary causes, by which he seems to mean the laws of matter and force, complete the work begun by the Creator.

After all, the differences between Darwin's and Bergson's views of evolution are not fundamental. They conceive of the creative energy under different symbols, and as working in different ways, but it is finally, in both cases, the same energy. Whether living beings are evolved as the result of laws impressed upon matter at the first, or whether they arise by the ceaseless activity of a psychic principle launched into matter, at a definite time and place, as Bergson teaches, is mainly a difference in the use of terms. Both theories start from the same centre; they diverge only as they are worked out toward the periphery. Darwin conceives of primary and secondary causes, Bergson conceives of an original creative spirit, ceaselessly struggling to evolve living forms out of inert matter. Creation as a special event is a past history with Darwin; it is an ever-present event with Bergson. New species are accidental with Darwin, they are contingent and unforeseeable with Bergson; the creative impulse, like the

genius of the creative artist, does not know the form it is looking for till it has found it; on other planets, amid other conditions, evolution may result in quite other forms.

When I try to conceive of Darwin's laws impressed upon matter, I can see only the creative energy immanent in matter. I see the *élan vital* of Bergson framed in another concept. When I recall the famous utterance of Tyndall in his Belfast address of over thirty years ago, — namely, that in matter itself he saw the promise and the potency of all terrestrial life, — I see, in another guise, Bergson's principle of creative evolution. How matter came to have this power, Tyndall says he never ventures to inquire. Elsewhere he speaks of the primeval union between spirit and matter. The scientific mind, like Tyndall's, so conversant with the protean forms hidden in matter, and so moulded by the method of verification, hesitates to take the step which the more philosophical and imaginative mind, like Bergson's, takes readily and boldly. But whether we conceive of the final mystery of life as hidden in the molecular mechanics of Tyndall and Huxley, or in the entelechy of Driesch, or in the *élan vital* of Bergson, it seems to me makes little difference. Life is a species of activity set up by something in inert substance, as unique and individual as that set up by heat or electricity, or chemical affinity, and far less amenable to our analysis. As so many of its phenomena, such as metabolism, reproduction, assimilation, adaptation, elude all interpretation in terms of exact science, we can only appeal to philosophy or to teleology — to the light that never was on sea or land — for an explanation. And when we invoke the light that never was on sea or land, positive science turns its back and will have none of it. Things not on sea or land have no place in its catego-

ries. But Bergson is full of this light, it radiates from nearly every page, and this is one great source of his charm, and of his power to quicken the spirit. It is his art, his vision, the witchery of his style, the freedom and elasticity of his thought, and not the net result of his philosophical speculations, that carry him, as a prophet and an interpreter of nature, so much beyond the sphere of Darwin and Spencer and Tyndall.

Thus at the centre of their conceptions, at the point they start from, our natural philosophers do not seem to differ radically. They all begin with life in some form, hidden somewhere in matter. There is no dead matter.

All our philosophers look to the sun as the source of the energy which the organism uses and manifests. But M. Bergson fixes his attention upon life as something working in the organism and releasing at will the energy which the organism has stored up. There is always in his scheme this free agent or being, called Life or Consciousness, which works its will upon matter, while with Tyndall and Huxley and Haeckel attention is fixed upon this mysterious force which they conceive of as potential in the ultimate particles of matter itself. Out of this force comes life; vitality is in some way identified with molecular physics, matter has no forward impulse or current as Bergson conceives it, but the phenomena of life appear when the atoms and corpuscles are compounded in certain proportions and in a certain order. One sees a psychic principle launched into matter where the other sees mechanical and chemical principles; one humanizes a force, and makes it of the order 'willed'; the other dehumanizes it, and makes it of the order 'automatic.' Both deal with mysteries, but one is a human or spiritual mystery, the other a scientific mystery; one puts a Creator behind nature, the other finds a creator

in nature, but calls it molecular attraction and repulsion. Tyndall pays homage to the mystery that lies back of all, M. Bergson pays homage to the freedom and plasticity, the creative activity of all. A mechanical movement is translation, a vital movement is transformation. In Bergson's scheme every living thing is creating itself continually; this creation of self by self for self is what separates living matter from the not-living by a gulf. The life process is indivisible, it is whole every moment. It is symbolized by the curve, which returns forever into itself, and a curve is no more made up of straight lines than life is made of physico-chemical elements. The intellect working through science can only explain the genesis of life in terms of physics and chemistry. 'Analysis will undoubtedly resolve the process of organic creation into an ever-growing number of physico-chemical phenomena, and chemists and physicists will have to do, of course, with nothing but these. But it does not follow that chemistry and physics will ever give us the key of life.' To get a correct notion of life we must break with scientific habits of thought, we must 'go counter to the natural bent of the intellect.'

Is one's own apprehension of the truth of these distinctions of Bergson's intuitional or logical? In my own case I feel that it would be hard to give logical reasons why I believe that we are nearer the truth when we think of life under the image of a curve, than when we think of it under the image of a right line; or why I see that nature's method is an all-round method, like the circle, while man's is a direct method like a straight line.

We seem driven to the conclusion that all transcendental truth — truth that transcends our reason and experience — comes by way of the intuitions. The daring affirmations of a writer

like Emerson — the very electricity of thought — are intuitional. The great truths in Whitman, shining like beacon lights all through his rugged lines, cosmic truths of the moral nature, one may call them, glimpses into the depths profound of the moral universe — he never came at by any logical or ratiocinative process. 'Logic and sermons never convince,' he says; 'the damp of the night drives deeper into my soul.' They are truths of the intuitions. Bergson's conception of life seems to transcend logic and reason in the same way.

VI

Probably never before was there so successful an attempt to reconcile contradictions, to make the difficult, not to say the impossible, the easier way, as Bergson's.

It is so easy to prove determinism, fatalism; so difficult to see the road to free-will, liberty, and the ascendancy of the spirit. The weight of the whole material world is on the side of determinism. All our intellectual and logical faculties are trained in this school; we can act successfully upon matter only when we regard it as held in the leash of irrefragable law; through the conceptions of geometry and mechanics we conquer and use the material world. Our civilization is the product of these conceptions. Any indeterminism, any inexactness in measurements and calculations, any of the freedom of life admitted into our dealings with matter and force, and we come or may come to grief. If we built our houses as we often build our arguments, they would fall upon our heads. But Bergson's philosophy does not fall upon our heads because it is buoyant with spirit; it is not a mere framework of logical concepts; it is a living and not a dead philosophy; it is more like a tree rooted in the

soil, not a framework of inert ideas. It is Gothic rather than classic, its symbols and suggestions are in living things.

I can fancy how like a dream or the shadow of a dream all this may seem to the rigidly scientific mind — the mind that has always dealt with the solid facts, the measurable forces of the mechanical world. And science, as such, can deal with no other. Its analysis necessarily kills living matter, and when it deals with the living animal none of its vital functions fall within the sphere of the mechanical and chemical categories. When it tries to formulate the psychic, it finds itself dealing with the vague, the unforeseeable. What is true of the psychosis of one animal is not always true of another of the same species. As soon as we enter the sphere of life, we enter the sphere of the variable, the incalculable, the supra-mechanical; and when we enter the sphere of mind, the doors of the unstable and unpredictable are thrown still wider open.

In theory Bergson says it is a kind of absurdity to try to know otherwise than by intelligence or reason. How can intelligence go beyond intelligence? Is not this step of setting bonds to intelligence taken by the aid of the very faculty to which we prescribe limits? By life alone is the contradiction solved; as in swimming, the fearless plunge cuts the knot; and we swim by the same members we walk with. A man can lift himself over the fence if he uses the fence as a fulcrum, and life can overcome matter when it enters into it and uses it.

Our scientific faculties will carry us through the inorganic world and unfold for us the processes of inorganic evolution — the foundation of all suns and systems; and they will account for the present state of the earth on physical and chemical principles, and can with

reasonable confidence forecast its state or condition in the far-distant future. But when it comes to the living world those faculties are baffled; when they pass from the astronomic and the geologic to the biologic, their mathematics and their physics do not go very far. They can analyze many of the life processes and unlock many secrets with their mechanical and chemical principles, but they cannot account for life itself, they cannot reduce vital functions to scientific categories; they cannot account for the mind, for consciousness, or show us the relation of thought to matter. Here some sort of philosophy is necessary, and here arise the scientific philosophers, like Spencer and others, and offer us their guesses or interpretations. Each and all take a leap in the dark; their science fails them and their philosophy comes to their aid. Many of the physical objects of life can be dealt with by science, but its psychic aspects cannot be so dealt with; a science of psychology is impossible. Bio-physics are not the same as geo-physics; there is a new, unknown factor to be dealt with. Evolution is not a mere process; it is a progress; it is not a circle, but a spiral.

Creative Evolution is likely to live as literature even though it should be discredited as philosophy. Attacked its philosophy of course will be, and has been. William James said one of the duties of a philosopher was to contradict other philosophers, and Bergson will not escape. But vitalized by such a style and humanized by a spirit so in fellowship with the highest emotions and aspirations of the soul, Bergson's philosophy, I think, stands a better chance of surviving than any other system of our time. It is a proclamation of emancipation to minds in the bondage of materialism and mechanism. It makes free as the spirit alone can make free. Coming to his work

from the dry, arid pages of Spencer, for example, is like coming from the atmosphere of a great manufacturing plant to the air of the summer hill-tops. It leavens what to many minds is the

heavy world of scientific matter with the leaven of the spirit. Bergson is an inspired man, and he begets in us that inward joy and exultation which is the gift alone of 'a prophet of the soul.'

LIFE'S LITTLE RUSES

BY LUCY ELLIOT KEELER

MENDELSSOHN went to call on a friend, the story runs, and learned that he was still abed. Going to the piano, he played one loud chord of the seventh and sat down to await events. In a moment a commotion was heard above, boots were thrown on the floor, and soon the sluggard rushed down the stairs to the piano and played the resolution of the chord.

The tale has always amused me and served as an unflinching point of departure in my ruminative hours. Never the time and the place and the loved one! But given two sides of this coveted triangle and the third may often be found, as life's little ruses for some three thousand years go to prove.

Something blithe hovers about the ruse, lifting it immeasurably above its synonyms. One scorns a trick, despises a cheat, loathes fraud and cunning, repudiates artifice and finesse, chicanery and subterfuge; but the Ruse, though she clap her hand hard over your eyes for one moment, looks squarely into them the next, — and you see her an honest lass, likable and droll and endlessly efficient.

A mere three thousand years of her history and philosophy spares me from any charge of exaggeration, and elimi-

nates any consideration of the household of Zeus, whose progeny by their superlative rusiness stretch out half-human hands to our own. This limitation of survey enables me also to pass lightly over the ways of the serpent with Eve and of Isaac with his father, and, cutting short the Egyptians, who grew sophisticated through much association with the Sphinx and the mother of Moses, — cutting short, I say, we come down to the old Greeks.

Of one thing we may be sure: the ruse of the ancients was no extraneous thing, but twin sister of our own. Plutarch assures us that the Athenians under Solon made things pleasant that be hateful by calling them so, as taxes, contributions, and prisons, houses. One can almost see the dimple in old Plutarch's cheek as he wrote that down, unless perchance his tongue by pressure from inside countervailed the dimple. The same delectable biographer goes on to recount how the Roman Numa gave banquets of coarse fare and told his guests they were eating fine and delicate meats, and they 'thought it nothing incredible if he would have it so.' This quotation I consider one of the most useful in my repertoire, having yet to encounter a difficult con-

versational mire over which it will not bridge me.

Pericles was well proportioned except that his head was too long, which explains why all his statues wear helmets. Was this a ruse of classic art or of masculine vanity? The ingenuous Nero had a portrait of himself painted which was a hundred and twenty feet high; and when Alexander the Great returned out of India he made armor larger than his own proportions and bits far heavier than the common sorts, and had them scattered abroad. These devices the natives found and saved.

Some critic wrote of Whistler's portrait of Carlyle that it was not life-size. 'No,' was his reply, 'few men are.' He cannily made the portrait of Sarasate smaller than life-size, to simulate the effect of seeing the violinist far off on the concert stage.

One ruse of the Greek artists the world will never have done admiring, namely, the calculation of their temples in relation to a fixed point far above them. The columns were all slanted inwards in such a manner, so slightly and so imperceptibly, that if they were prolonged they would meet in an apex a mile above the temple. That invisible point in the heavens, as some one has said, like a raised crucifix, drew all the members of the temple together in a single act of recognition. 'Such is the æsthetic value of an adequate inspiration.'

I wish that one of the gemlike pillars of the Greek Anthology had been dedicated to the Ruse. That Meleager of the Garland, for instance, had carved one, he who said, 'And if I am a Syrian, what wonder? We all dwell in one country, O Stranger, the world.' Or that Antipater, of whom Cicero and Pliny both mention the curious fact that he had an attack of fever on his birthday every winter — recalling by

some association of ideas the American who had been celebrating the twelfth anniversary of his wife's thirtieth birthday.

I crave an epigram, too, from that poet who in a few felicitous lines shows us the bust of Dionysius standing against the wall in the schoolroom and yawning with weariness on hearing his own words repeated over and over by the pupils. Busts of Longfellow and Burns, are you not with him?

And for 'the time, the place and the person,' dropped so casually from my pen a few moments ago, the fun is to find the missing third. Consider Borrow's shrewd old man who had learned the difficult Chinese language from inscriptions on the pottery, and from that the laws of hospitality, but could not tell time by the clock until by a little ruse he got it out of the Romany Rye. Consider Hæckel, who, urged by his father to study and practice medicine, set his office-hours between five and six in the morning, by which means any reader of his elaborate *Riddle of the Universe* will be satisfied that he found time.

The mechanical reader who was kept at the same book for a whole year by the unfeeling ruse of a flippant relative who shifted the bookmark each night, illustrates the successful search for place. The Chinese, too, solved that problem when they used their houses as time-ovens for roast pig; and the pious architects of the Middle Ages who engraved mazes on the floors of their cathedrals, as at Chartres, so that the faithful in tortuous ways might accomplish the semblance of a pilgrimage while their compatriots were on their way to the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre.

As to the detection of the person, Mendelssohn's ruse would suffice for illustration; but it is impossible to resist instancing the felicitous sign in the

Paris theatre: 'All ladies over thirty-five may retain their hats.'

Children's ruses are as pleasant to dwell upon as other products of their unspoiled imaginations. When Burne-Jones's nurse, puzzled by his silences, asked what he was thinking about, he used to answer 'Camels.' Darwin, when a child, invented a whole fabric to show how fond he was of speaking the truth; and Peter Pan expresses the feeling of all childhood when, goaded past endurance, he breathes quick short breaths, five a second. He had heard that every time you breathe, a grown-up dies.

Over certain adult children we linger as gratefully, geniuses who really applied imagination to life, — perhaps the rarest of applications. Balzac's bare room at Les Jardins had stage directions charcoaled on the plastered walls: 'Rosewood panels, Gobelin tapestries, Venetian mirror, an inlaid cabinet stands here; here hangs a Raphael.' Dickens painted the walls of his library at Gads Hill to represent bookshelves in tiers around the entire room. The titles on the sham tomes were likewise of his own invention: *A History of the Middling Ages*, in many volumes; *Has a Cat Nine Lives?* *Was Shakespeare's Mother's Hair Red?* Paul Verlaine died in a golden house, the last amusement of this big child of abject poverty having been to brush everything about him with liquid gold.

We not-geniuses wear our ruses as our rue, with a difference; but we take off our hats to those brave souls and try afar off to imitate their self-enchancements. No man possesses all that he wants or is quite happy; but by bluffing a bit, as Max Beerbohm says, a man can gain some of the advantages that he would possess by really having it. Those who have nothing on earth have a right to claim a portion of the heavens. In resolute hands much

may be done with a star, as George Meredith demonstrated in his *Countess of Selden*. On a clear night of May, 1860, Garibaldi gazed at the unwonted brightness of Arcturus, and half in jest told his aides that Arcturus was his star, chosen by him when a sailor, and that its splendor foreboded victory. How it came!

Whoever craves the grand thrill has but to take down Balzac's *Country Doctor* and read that marvelous chapter of the Napoleonic legend, with its pounding 'He had a Star!' Besides his star, Napoleon had a consummate mastery of the ruse. How he put it forth as a feeler, — watch him drop his handkerchief in front of Markof, the Russian ambassador, and then stand waiting to have it handed to him. But two can play at a *ruse de guerre*. Markof instantly dropped his own handkerchief beside the other, and stooped to pick it up, leaving Bonaparte's where it lay. That settled that.

After Napoleon put the Duc d'Enghien to death, Paris was so horrified that the tyrant's throne tottered. A counter revolution would doubtless have taken place had not Napoleon ordered a new ballet to be brought out with the utmost splendor at the Opera. The subject he pitched on was Ossian, or the Bards. In Southey's day it was still remembered as the greatest spectacle ever exhibited in Paris, and in consequence the duke's murder was forgotten and nothing but the new ballet talked about. It is a familiar device of great tacticians, this of operating a diversion. The probable origin of half the ghost stories of old English houses is that the room which contained the secret stair and the trap-door was said to be haunted merely as a ruse to discourage prying investigators. In our occasional zeal *à la ruse*, however, we should not let the method overreach

the result, as when Tolstoï recognized Demosthenes by the pebble hidden in his golden mouth.

Lubrication is not the engine, nor the power that drives its wheels, yet without it the machinery is motionless or tears itself in pieces. So one of the pleasantest phases of life's little ruses is that which deals with our social selves. A friend of mine recalls seeing her grandparents adding up the same column of figures to discover if they corresponded, and when they differed the man said, 'Dear, I must have made a mistake.' I think the narrator herself had caught something of the charm, the joyousness, from the way those early family divergencies were adjusted.

De Craye in *The Egoist* made a man act Solomon by praising his wisdom. Palmerston used to greet all whom he did not know with 'How d'ye do, and how's the old complaint?' which fitted all sorts and conditions of men. Trivial illustrations, indeed, which we may dismiss with this single note of recognition, that they are every whit as socially sincere as 'literal truths' told often in such a way as to create an entirely false impression.

At times the ruse rises into a fine art. I recall the cunning artist who painted the beautiful Irish girl, twice a duchess, with a sunflower that turns from the sun to look at her; and Mrs. Gaskell's heroine who, as amateur clerk, tries to make the old bookkeeper forget that she is a woman, by whistling. A millionaire peasant of Russia wished Engel to give piano lessons to his daughter, but in order to lessen the cost thought that she might do without learning the black keys. The master sat down at the piano and played Chopin's Étude on the black keys so divinely that the father exclaimed, 'The devil take the five roubles: she shall learn to play on the black keys too.' Richard Bentley's

engagement is said to have been broken off because he expressed a doubt about the book of Daniel. Nebuchadnezzar's golden image is described as sixty cubits high and six broad. 'Now,' said Bentley, 'this is out of all proportion: it ought to have been ten cubits broad at least'; which made the good lady weep. The lovers' difference was arranged, however, on the basis that the sixty cubits included the pedestal. Aldrich, we know, wrote each set of 'Margery Daw' letters in a different room, with different ink and pen and on different paper. Turgenieff so identified himself with the nihilistic theories of his hero Bazaroff that he kept a diary in his name, appreciating the current events from both points of view. As an artist, too, admit Moses, of whom a well-known lecturer suggests, 'When the lawgiver wanted to say, "It seems to me," he put it, "And the Lord said unto Moses."'

Not infrequently, given the ruse we can reconstruct the man, the type, or the race-perpetrator. What body of legislators but the British would hold to the Chiltern Hundreds? Custom says that a man cannot resign his seat in Parliament; but he may apply for the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, accept it, and immediately give it up. He cannot hold another office while in Parliament. Chiltern is not an office, but an exit. By another official fiction, the Island of Ascension is considered a vessel of war, and as such is commanded by the Admiralty — one joke which Gilbert omitted from *Pinafore*. 'Gild the farthing if you will, it remains a farthing still.'

We are all familiar with the complacent, dogmatic delusions of our acquaintances, typified possibly by the woman who marked her penny before putting it in the collection-box and triumphantly received it back next morning from the grocer, having 'knowned

well that the heathen never got it'; proof which it is not for a mere commentator to parry. If some one asked you who wrote 'An Ode to Duty' and then considered he had done with that subject, could you by any chance have named Lamb instead of Wordsworth? or if you were asked who turned away his head as he opened a letter from an office-seeker, so as not to see if any money fell from the envelope, and then 'homed to dinner,' could you have failed to mention old Pepys?

'T is a sonsy vista, twinkling with dancing leaves and beckoning flowers, this rusey lane, leading to the rainbow and the pot of gold. Never to lose the halo around life was Susan Ferrier's ideal; while Nietzsche proclaimed loud and often that life needs fictions as a safety valve from the pressure of life. The most solemn of us has the power in some degree to transform the light of the common day and commonplace people into something rare and strange.

'Never chop the hash too fine: it might poison the family!' my mother used to say — all our mothers! The first time it caused a horrified stare and all chopping ceased; but ever after-

ward the order made the little hand work extra fast, to the accompaniment of a laugh.

Often just the gymnastics of a ruse, oblivious of the result sought, tone our mental and spiritual muscles. 'A smile on your lips!' was the command of Louis Philippe when he watched his children at their riding lessons and noticed a frightened look on some little face; 'a smile on your lips!' Cultivate the twinkle of social lures, a royal philosophy admonishes us; do things with a swing and a rhythm, as Japanese sailors do; trick yourself if need be, for the infusion of the play-interest ameliorates the tediousness of the task; mystify your suitors sometimes, by raveling out by night the garment you wove by day; make a lever of the ruse in your hand, for self-protection and self-encouragement and cheer; to enlighten and urge and inspire others; as a link with the past and a claim on the future; as a bluff and a pastime; as a fine art.

Come, strike that chord of the seventh, and if the sluggard does not rush down and play the resolution, resolve it yourself, and then go the more gayly back whence you came.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

RETURNING

THE spirit of returning is one of the most profoundly beautiful influences that help to mould the wayward life of man. Perhaps it is even the most beautiful, the most deeply significant. The very waywardness may be its work, since only out of departure can any return come to pass, since strife and restlessness alone can bring forth rest.

The philosophers say that God projected creation away from Himself in order that it might hunger and thirst to get back to him; and certainly the whole course of our human life bears out this theory. We are born with a cry on our lips, we grow up blindly, rebelliously, our entire development is a process of effort and pain; paradoxically, the more intelligently we enjoy things, the more they sting and fret us. Why? Because our finiteness oppresses us, our separation from the serene, competent Whole. We feel that all our experience is boundless, fathomless; and we have only a little dangling plummet with which to sound it. No wonder we long after the infinite capacity which seems to be our birth-right but which our mortal destiny has inexplicably forfeited.

We do not always realize this with our human reason, although our instinctive preferences confess it accurately. From high to low and low to high in the range of experience, there are few of us who do not prefer the systole of things to the diastole. What an effort we have to make to resist the law of gravitation, and how comfortable is the inevitable giving over of the attempt and the serene descent of the

hill! Still more commonplace is the every-day truth that most of us like to go to bed and hate to get up. There is a significance in the rapture with which we sink into the arms of sleep, letting ourselves go, entirely abandoning ourselves. And equally full of meaning is the reluctance with which we pull ourselves back in the morning, gathering, piecing ourselves together, taking up our partial ways.

Do we not make all our journeys largely that we may know the bliss of coming home again? We set forth blithely enough (the need of change is inherent in all humanity), and for awhile we feel no regret for the familiarity which we have left behind us. We glory and rejoice in the new, refreshing our eyes and hearts. But by and by comes the turn, the hesitating, pausing, and the slow looking back. The glory around us fades as if a cloud had come over the sun; and behind us the glow rests on the distant spot from which we set forth. Ah! then, according to our dispositions, we run or we saunter back, devouring the miles in our eagerness or protracting the pleasure that we may taste it fully. And when once again we stand on the thresholds of our quiet, familiar homes, was there any gladness of going forth to compare with this flooding bliss of return? We are back where we belong. We have tasted novelty and have found it good, chiefly as a spice to quicken the familiar. We have filled our hands; we would empty them now, and fold them, and yield them into the hands of the spirit of peace. We have come unto our own again, and our own has received us.

The grandeur of autumn has its source in this idea of return. The spring and the early summer are restless, quick and vivid, and thrilling with life, but unsatisfying. They are lavish in promises, half of which can never be fulfilled and the other half of which disappoint more than they gratify. They are contagiously vigorous, enlisting all life in the energy of their onward march. Way! Way! for the universe. It is at last going to declare itself, is going to make its goal. But after the full tide is reached in the most commonplace and uninteresting month of the year, after July has bored us with its heavy, monotonous foliage and its sultry days, after we are satiated with progress, then comes the blessed turn. August lays slow fingers of peace upon the year. Never mind; come back. Perhaps it was not quite worth while, all this mighty stress and effort; perhaps the achievement was rather negligible. Coming back is always worth while, is always worth the most futile departure. Come back, come back, come back! All shall thus be well! Blessed August! It is as full of hope and healing as July is heavy with dissatisfaction. Come back? Indeed, we come.

But the return is gradual. Through weeks and months it feels its slow, sure, quiet way. It knows no relapses; with the coming of August, the stress has once for all gone out of the year. There is never any doubt which way the tide is facing. But there is an untroubled delay, a happy lingering. Returning is too dear a process to be wasted. Little by little, through the strong, serene days of September, the fingers of our peace reach after us and gather us. Sometimes, for very joy of our capture, we turn our faces and pretend to look the other way; September has some seemingly aggressive and independent moods. But never is there any deflection of our footsteps, any

resistance to the blessed power that has laid hold upon our lives. We come, we come.

The whole symbolic earth expresses the spirit of its autumn peace. The mown meadows lie content, vibrant with the drowsy song of grasshoppers and crickets; the hills dream round the valley, veiled in sun-woven mists; the dim blue sky is full of slow, vague clouds. But the woods are the best home, nay, the very temple of the returning bliss. More and more silent they grow, as the days draw onward. Even the hermit thrush, their priest, ceases to chant in them; their shadows passively yield up the little flitting presences which filled them with subdued animation during the early summer. They become graver, more austere and gentle.

With the first frosts, the outermost trees begin the great change that makes their order the prophets of the autumn. They dip their fingers in the red sunrise. Little by little the glory spreads, stealing inward in waves of crimson and gold. One who worships the woods can then not afford to leave them a day unvisited, the phases of their transfiguration are so incessantly wonderful. They grow august and holy. A golden light floods them — not from the sun, but from their own being, like the face of a saint. Deep within them, the ferns, transmuted to pale spirits, bow in frail ghostly ranks. There is no sound. The very wind forbears. The return would seem to be almost consummated.

But it is the falling of the leaves that sets the seal upon the beautiful, significant process. There is no more thrilling, solemn sight in all the range of nature. In the beginning, a few at a time, they come drifting, circling downward, utterly careless and unobtrusive, yet deeply purposeful. With a sigh they seek the warm, pungent earth which is

to each one of them the ultimate breast of God. Then more and more of them come. By and by, the dim, shining temple is full of the soft stir of their passing — frail shapes, crossing the motionless lines of the trees, floating athwart the shadows, animating the inner gloom. Their faint, sighing whisper voices the silence of the forest more poignantly than the hymns of the hermit thrush. If the wind still forbears, they fall slowly, freeing themselves of their own accord, knowing the uttermost joy of self-abandonment. Multitudes fall together, however, going hand in hand to their common end. Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision. They know what they want, and they take it together, deeply satisfied.

Death: it is just that. The word that we all combine to avoid, disparage, translate; yet surely one of the most beautiful words in our language. It is death that the leaves seek, the brook seeks, the year seeks, death that we all seek together. This is not unnatural in us; it is the most profoundly natural thing we do. We are partial creatures, temporarily blinded to all but fleeting, uncertain glimpses of reality; of course we long for the clear vision which we hope that the dissolution of our teasing senses will give. Heirs of infinity, inexplicably hemmed in now on every side, we inevitably wish that we might come of age. We cannot, we would not hasten the coming, for the process itself is very good; but every step that lessens the distance deepens our content.

The day becomes more solemn and serene,
Now noon is past.

That is a song of returning. Poetry is full of such songs, and so is the common speech of every day. If we listen, we shall hear the burden everywhere the same.

Oh, dear, dim Goal, which incites in

us such longing, the only longing that is ever satisfied, — what wilt thou do with us when we find thee? Allow us to rest in thy freedom and know thy immensity, or send us forth again to work among the shows of things? That is no concern of ours, that is thy business, we must leave it to thee. Our concern is to find thee now, find thee, find thee. For surely we have lost thee, and surely we are thine.

OUR VILLAGE ARTIST

THE way to the studio lies through a stretch of pines, whose green arms, uplifted, seem to pierce the intense blue of a southern sky. You tread a narrow, needle-strewn path, drinking in deep breaths of sweetness, until you reach the house on the hill. Its exterior gives no hint of the owner; any one might live there. Within, a winding stair brings the visitor up to an open door near the landing, and a cheery voice pipes, 'Come in.'

You pause on the threshold in astonishment. Here is no studio proper, with its column of light descending upon the rich furnishings, the collection of beautiful pictures, and the easel holding some half-finished sketch that shows in every bold stroke of the brush the master hand. Here, instead, is a bedroom, having all the distinguishing features of a back bedroom. The floor is rugless. A gaping chest of drawers, refusing to keep its back to the wall, stands in one corner. The faded glories of a poppy field cover the dry, brown breadths of a screen, which half-heartedly, and not at all successfully, attempts to hide a washstand. A pitcher with a broken nose, and a jar encircled by a border in imitation of an autumn sunset, are shamelessly exposed. Another glance reveals a bureau doing duty for a writing-desk and a magazine-rack, a tall bed, and two sewing

machines drawn up near the window. Newspapers full of ancient history, scattered in every direction, flutter their pages hysterically whenever the wind seeks entrance. An incompetent, round-faced clock points its idle hands to six-thirty, and stares vindictively at its gaudy cousin across the room. The latter is ticking industriously. The walls are decorated, not with rare paintings, but with newspaper clippings; one fully describing the proper methods of preparing fruit punch and stuffed tomatoes, another commenting on street-car manners in Buffalo. The only pictures are those of women in autumn frocks.

And the artist? She is a tight little woman, spare of face and form, carelessly dressed. Her black hair stands up in defiant spikes, and her gray eyes snap behind steel-bowed spectacles. But you can see traces of good humor round the mouth, and a vagrant twinkle behind the spectacles.

This is Miss Vermell Crimm, our village artist.

'Artist!' you cry. 'Am I in some futurist dream where all my ideas of law and order are upside down, my conception of the beautiful twisted out of shape until past recognition, my visions of an artist and his workshop totally destroyed? Are not one's surroundings indicative of one's self? Surely, this untidy room, which lacks a single lovely object, speaks loudly of the absence of any artistic taste. Artist, indeed! Why, Miss Vermell would not make a half-way housekeeper! one can see by the whirlwind look of the room that she is always rushed. Even for a hungry, home-coming husband she would not have dinner on time, and the appearance of her parlor would shrivel the soul of a New England housewife.'

It is a natural conclusion, a just criticism. But look again. Over the bed lies a fluff of diaphanous fabric,

exquisite in texture and shade; here are lustrous satins and silks, shrouded from the dust, partly concealed in the gaping drawers; the machine needle is running a scarlet thread through the bright folds of a serge dress; this finished waist of lavender flecked with amber was brought to its state of perfection by skillful fingers. These are the materials with which our artist works; the needle shares equal honors with the brush. Moreover, any lady whose pocket-book is not in the habit of undergoing a fast, or does not exist chiefly upon a nickel diet, can serve as a model.

Yes, the soul of an artist burns within this little gray wisp of a woman. What matter if she turn scrubwoman, and scour the kitchen floor by candlelight? In the morning she is the artist, — planning, arranging, stitching, mixing her colors with a fine discrimination, fashioning garments of beauty and grace. She nods gravely at a middle-aged black silk, but watch her eyes sparkle over the possibilities of an evening gown. Her hand caresses its delicate, shining lengths, while her mind is busy weaving it into wondrous attire for some stately débutante. To her the making of a dress is a labor of love. She delights in the subtleties of color and effective contrast, the flow of drapery, the gleam of ivory satin, yet no detail is too small for painstaking treatment.

I look at the room, and then at my little gray artist bending over her task, reveling in the joy of creation. The two are incompatible. Yet I believe that her workshop is not so much an expression of herself as is her art, — that is the breath of life to her. She will not stop to rest, even on Christmas Day. She lives spiritually and mentally as well as financially by her needle, and the stamp of her individuality is upon each completed work of art.

I am sure that her soul 'goes clad in gorgeous things'; that the dexterous fingers and keen eyes are guided by the same beauty-loving soul. Whatever the stuff of souls, I know that the Great Artist fashioned hers in the early bloom of the morning, and gave to it all the radiance that one misses in her strange little person.

A TRUE STORY

A WAR correspondent was riding over the blood-soaked plains of central Macedonia; his horse was tired and stumbled occasionally, but was still sufficiently wide-awake to shy and wince uneasily when an unburied corpse lay across its path or the stench of some unusually large pool of blood reached its twitching nostrils. The correspondent, however, paid no attention; such sights and smells were customary. For days he had ridden with the Greek troops in the wake of the flying Bulgarian army — he had passed through the burnt and devastated villages where dogs fed on charred remains, he had seen the awful well where the bodies of women and children were piled so thick and so high that the Bulgar murderers had pressed and forced down with tombstones wrenched from the adjoining Turkish cemetery the recalcitrant heads and limbs that *would* protrude over the margin. So toward the close of his long day's ride, he sat loosely in his saddle and nodded wearily.

Suddenly, something attracted his attention, — a very simple thing: two new white wooden crosses on two freshly turned graves. Of graves there were plenty in this land of death, — death that was glorious or ignominious or pitiful, — but of crosses there were none: the Greek army, hot in pursuit of the panic-struck enemy had little time to mark the burial places of the brave who had already fallen by thousands in

the great battles of Kilkish Lachana and Doiran. The cry was ever 'Forward! Faster and faster still! Forward, to cleanse the land of our fathers from the savage murderous breed! Vengeance for the slaughtered and liberty for the living! Later we will count our dead and mourn for them!'

Those who were buried in these two graves must be men of note, officers of high rank, perhaps. Well, he would rest his tired horse a while and ask.

The graves were on the top of a hill, and as he drew nearer he noticed that a soldier knelt beside them praying. Only a few yards away stood six Bulgarian guns, and around the guns a knot of Greek soldiers sat talking and smoking in the cool of the evening. They greeted him courteously, made room for him, and offered him cigarettes.

The correspondent had been a long time in Greece and understood the language perfectly; when he mentioned the graves a soldier rose and spoke to his comrade who was still praying, heedless of all else. The man stood up immediately and came towards the correspondent; his face was white and drawn and his eyes glittered, but there were no tears in them.

'We were four brothers,' he said, 'three of us served in the same foot-regiment; I am an artilleryman. On the first day of the battle of Kilkish, my brother Nicolas fell. When the enemy was driven back the others searched everywhere for him, hoping to find him alive. They found him — ah, God!' (The man ground his teeth and shook his clenched fists.) 'May the lowest hell take those devils! They found his corpse savagely, hideously mutilated. Then they swore a great oath; they swore by the Holy Virgin and by the salvation of their souls, to have vengeance; such vengeance as the whole world should hear of. Two days later, our troops were ordered to take

these guns; Bulgar infantry was intrenched below — see the trenches — and the guns wrought fearful havoc amongst our men; rank after rank went down; the first attack was repulsed. But my brothers contrived to slip unseen through the enemy's lines — we are mountaineers and know how to hide behind a rock or a bush or a stone. They gained the foot of the hill and rushed up; those below did not notice them, the guns above could do them no harm. Up they went at full speed. The gunners were unarmed. With their bayonets, and then with their knives, my brothers fell upon them, and slew and slew! Holy Virgin! how they thrust and hacked and hewed! The spirit of the slaughtered one stood beside them and was glad. The guns were black with blood and silent, sir, silent, for there was no one left to fire them. Thirty-seven gunners they killed, and took six guns; my brothers, two men alone; six great guns that will slay no more Greek soldiers! And then the end came, for three officers ran up with revolvers.

'Below, the Bulgar infantry broke and fled, and our men came up at the double. They found my brothers lying dead on a heap of corpses; their bodies were pierced through and through with bullets, but they were well content; I saw them later, they were smiling.

'Our king has promised that those guns shall be melted down into medals; medals for those who, like my brothers, have done great deeds.

'And now, I am the only one left; I think God will spare my life, so that I may take the tale home to my village and to my mother. My mother! she will be proud and she will not weep for her sons, for they kept their vow and they were very brave men.'

The correspondent said not a word; he rose to his feet and with uncovered head stood for a few minutes beside the

graves. Then he took out his pencil and scrawled a few words on a sheet of paper; he also would take the tale home, — not to a small village in the Greek mountains, but to the great cities, so that the brothers' vow should be completed and the whole world should hear.

The correspondent knew now why he had come upon the graves in the twilight.

THE KNOCKING AT THE DOOR

A NUMBER of years ago I read that part of De Quincey's *Confessions* which has to do with 'The knocking at the gate in Macbeth,' and at that time, I remember, it brought to my mind some rather strange but immature thoughts. Having recently reread this little essay the thoughts have come again.

De Quincey speaks of the effect, on his mind, of this particular knocking at the gate, and explains the reason for the act in a very plausible way by saying that it was the genius of Shakespeare recognizing the need of it, as an act of transition from the passion incident to the murder to the resumption of normal actualities. 'For,' he says, 'we must be made sensible that the world of ordinary life is suddenly arrested, laid asleep, tranced, racked into a dread armistice; . . . and all must pass self-withdrawn into a deep syncope and suspension of earthly passion. Hence it is that when the deed is done, when the work of darkness is perfect, then the world of darkness passes away like a pageantry in the clouds. The knocking at the gate is heard; and it makes known audibly that the reaction has commenced; . . . and makes us profoundly sensible of the awful parenthesis that had suspended them.'

Beyond doubt he is speaking specifically of the knocking in Macbeth, and

of that which pertained particularly to an act of murder. But, to me, all knocking at a closed door is fraught with the tragic, an imperative summons to open to the unknown; to suspend, for the time, the present action or conversation to make way for that which may not be denied. I have observed, with myself particularly, when in a room alone, that a sudden knocking at the door, coming without previous warning as to who might wish admittance, suspends, as if in mid-air, the thought or act upon which I am engaged. A feeling of vague apprehension possesses me, a momentary wonderment at the sudden and unexpected interruption of thought. And I have observed, too, when in a room with others, that at a knocking at the door all will turn toward it, suspending action, leaving the speech uncompleted, with a strained expression in their eyes, as if fearing some disaster; while the shadow of silence will fall upon us until the door is opened, and the cause of the unknown summons discovered. Though the shadow of silence, in such an instance, is of such short duration, and may fall so lightly upon some that it may be unperceived, to me it is none the less real.

What is the cause of this feeling of apprehension? What movement of the soul takes place in so short a time? This is a subject for the casuist, or psychologist; but it seems to me that all, or most, of the tragic things of life come upon us suddenly; the information, or warning, is followed so quickly by the act, that one has not time to bring reason to bear upon the situation and thus rob it of its terror; for with warning given in ample time to prepare ourselves for the possible catastrophe, when reason has exercised the faculty of analysis and there has been a consequent acceptance of the inevitable with such fortitude as

one may bring to bear, the terror is, at least partially, eliminated.

We stand surrounded with the darkness of the unknown; the vague shadows of things possible but unforeseen constantly press upon and around us. Somewhere, beyond our present knowledge, the wheels of Destiny and Fate are grinding out the grist of events which make up life. We cannot know at what instant the web may fly out from the loom and entangle us in its meshes. A feeling of fear, intangible, unexplainable, possesses us. The fear of the unknown — except when one has time and quiet in which to contemplate its appearance, and so to order one's thoughts that it may be received with calmness — lies dormant within us, yet ready to spring to attention at the least signal of danger.

Ordinarily we give our attention to the matter in hand, our thoughts are concentrated upon some special subject, or have wandered far afield in reverie. Then comes the sudden knocking at the door. The normal action of the mind is temporarily suspended, and the immediate subject is instantly displaced; the thoughts which followed leisurely the broad highway of purpose, or the devious by-paths of fancy, are arrested by a sudden shock, even brought back quickly with a spasmodic jerk of the senses. We are confronted, unprepared, with the unknown. A vague feeling of fear and apprehension fills the void made by a cessation of active cerebration, and we approach the door with hand outstretched to ward off that which may possibly bring us uneasiness, discomfort, or disaster. And whether the messenger who knocks bring us good tidings or bad, there will be a moment of internal unrest until the soul has resumed the state of tranquillity from which it has been rudely aroused. And if there be two in the room, at the first jarring sound of the knocking

each will look toward the other with a glance of constraint, an unspoken questioning, and a wondering.

I speak here particularly of knocking, rather than of any other method of seeking admittance, or making one's presence known. The ringing of a bell, or a calling, has on me no such effect as I have described, or on others whom I have been able to observe. Although there are times when the sharp, clamorous ring of a bell may startle one, it seems to me that this effect is entirely physical.

The ringing of a bell seems to indicate, to me, the presence of a person at a distance, or the action of a known force; a voice, when calling, holds some human quality that does not alarm the dormant consciousness, which, at another time, might arise with fear. And even if the voice be insistent, if it urge haste, or possess the quality of distress, we realize, though perhaps unconsciously, that the thing or thought from without has passed through, touched, or affected another being similar to one's self.

With the knocking it is entirely different. There is something strangely insistent, something imperatively indicating that there must be no denial, in the rapping of knuckles against a closed door. The invisible is *here* and *now*. We cannot see what manner of person it is who desires the barrier removed which stands between us. There is no tone of voice, no visible gesture, no glance of eye, conveying the nature or attitude of the messenger awaiting us. And though we may arrive at

some knowledge of the matter, or person, by the manner of knocking, — according as it is timid and cringing, backward and hesitant, or loud and vibrant, forceful and impelling, — we must still open wide the door to come to a full realization of its meaning. And until we do open wide the door, uncertainty must remain with us. And how quickly we spring forward, though we may place our hand hesitatingly on the knob, to relieve ourselves of this uncertainty.

For one fact is evident: the knocking is pregnant with meaning. And one realizes this by the moment of silence which intervenes between the knocking at, and the opening of, the door. It may mean to us a smile or a tear; probably no more than a momentary interest. But no matter; the knocking has come from without, and one may not rest in peace until the cause has been ascertained. And though by quiescence or effort we refrain from opening the door, making no movement by which we may arrive at the identity of the one who knocks, after he has gone we shall have a much greater feeling of unrest than if we went at first to receive the messenger; and this feeling will remain, with a haunting speculation, until it is absorbed by something of greater moment.

To me a knocking at the door is fraught with much meaning; it brings to me a queer feeling of the approach of the unknown; and even though my soul stands upon its threshold in open-eyed wonderment and expectation, I must arise quickly to meet it.